

THE LEATHERNECK

September, 1935

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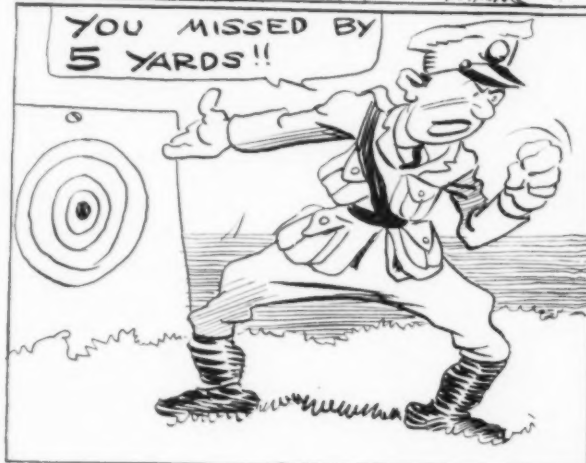
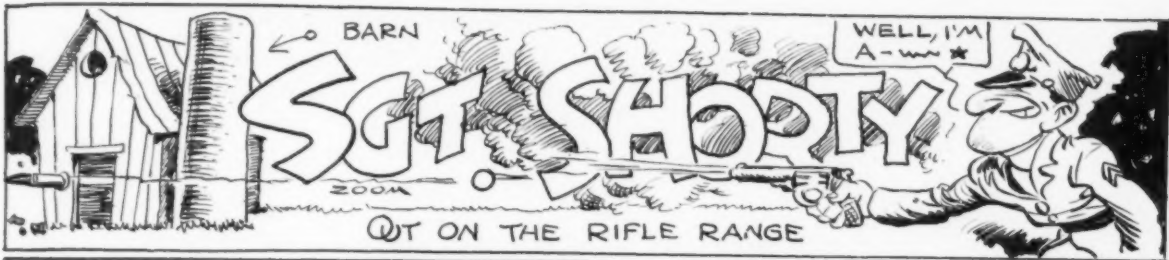


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PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM HERE AND THERE



The Cafe of the World and the famed Botanical Gardens reflected in the Lagona Je Espero (see page 12)



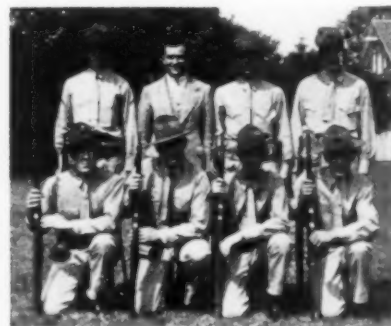
The immortal "Teddy" on his visit to the Panama-California Exposition of 1915 (See page 13).



Mr. Tom Brown of movie fame, taken aboard the USS *Arkansas* during the filming of "Annapolis Farewell" (see page 35).



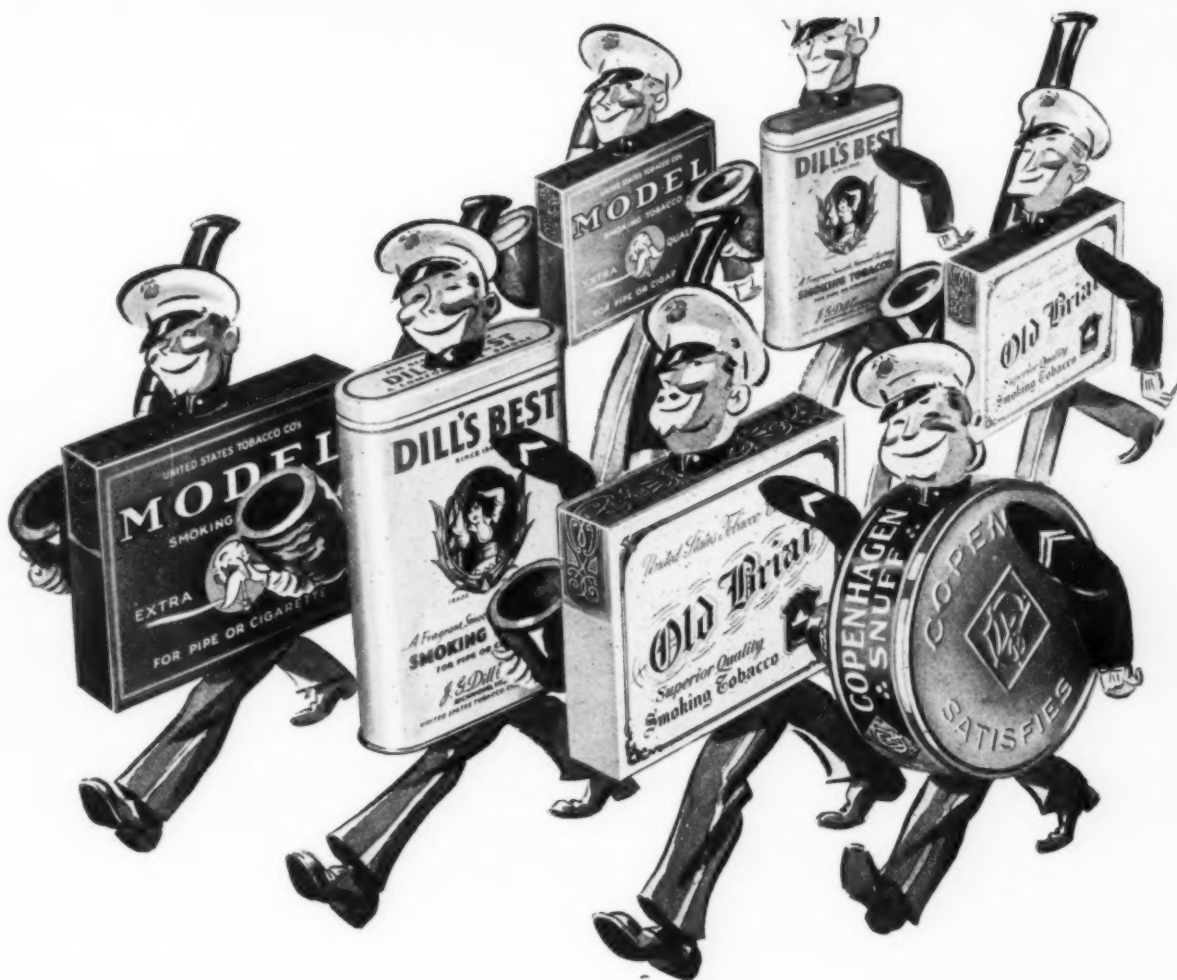
"Who'll buy my flowers?"—one of the attractive flower vendors at the Fair (see page 12).



2ND SQUAD, CO. A, BOSTON
RESERVES

Front: D. Moore, O. Person, E. Ambrose, Cpl. L. Poplawski. Rear rank: A. Melnitski, M. Sodano, A. Baronas, and P. Murphy (see page 55).

THE LEATHERNECK



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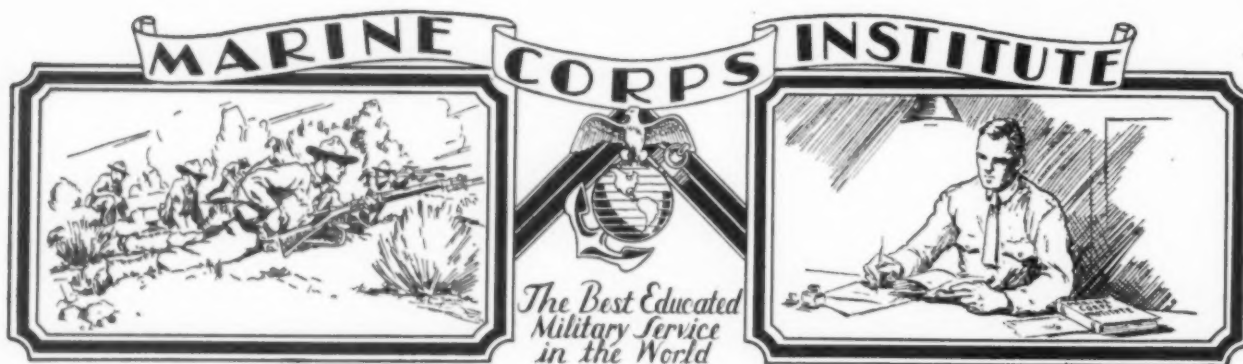
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sound like "Greek" to you, you *should* do something about it.

Don't envy the person who can speak a foreign language.

Your opportunity to learn one is FREE

Vacancies for Instructors and Clerks, Marine Corps Institute, See Page 61

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Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

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☐ I am interested in the subject before which I have marked an X; please send me full information.

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Name.....Rank.....

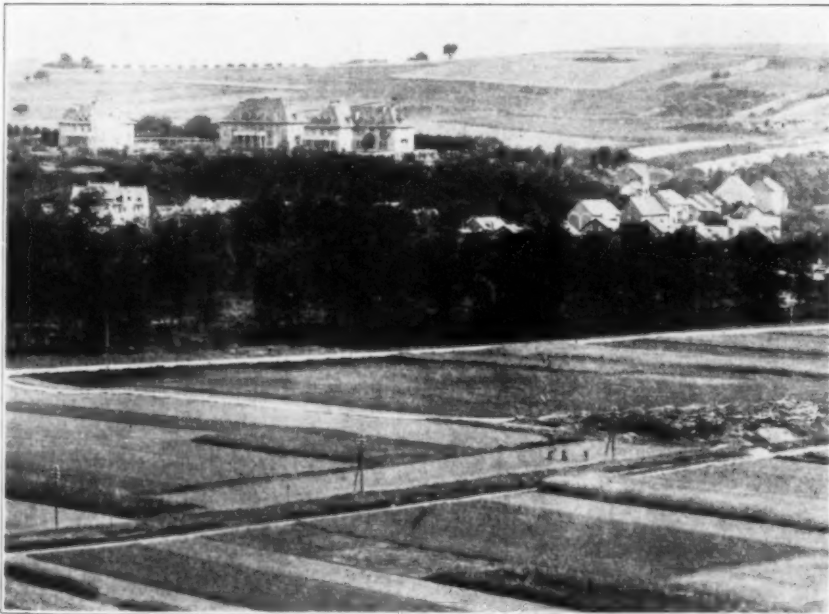
Organization.....

Station.....

PICTORIAL FLASHES FROM THE PAST



Full Dress Blues of 1904



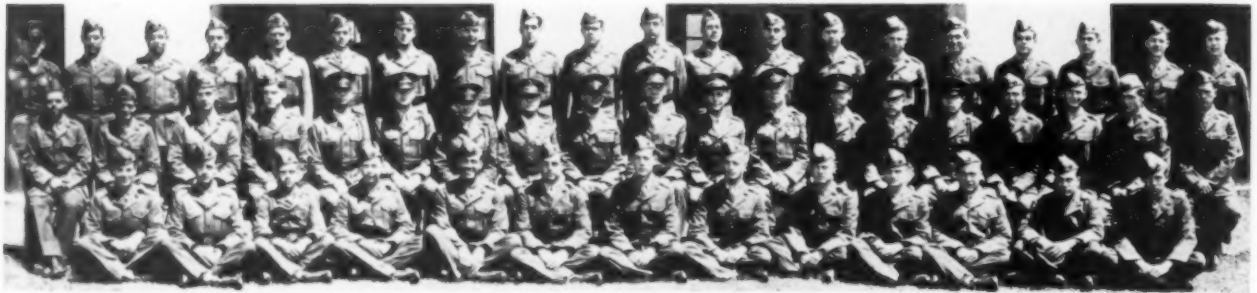
General Neville's 4th Brigade Headquarters at Nieder Bierber, Germany, 1918

September, 1935



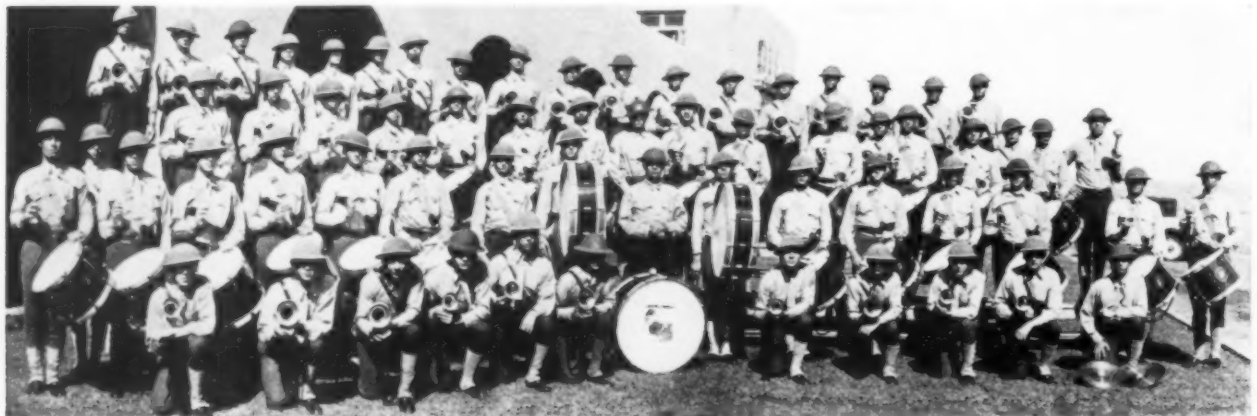
On April 12, 1925, General McDougal, then Lieutenant Colonel, relinquished command of the Gendarmerie d'Haiti. He was presented the above cup by the officers of the Gendarmerie.

SOME OF THE WEST COAST PERSONNEL



WESTERN PLATOON LEADERS CLASS, CANDIDATES FOR COMMISSION, SAN DIEGO CALIFORNIA

Instructors: Major Herbert Hardy; Capt. Edward A. Craig; Capt. Francis M. Wulbern; 1st-Sgt. Walter M. Hooper; Sgt. Nathan Segal; Sgt. Walter Standish; Cpl. Edward R. Browne; Cpl. Leonard Galiher; Cpl. John W. Kenton; Cpl. Paul Rumley; Cpl. Dallas H. Warden; Pvt. Edward P. Kalt; Pvt. Melvin M. Peavey; Pvt. David R. Welch and Pvt. Daniel P. Zorn. Candidates: Pfc. Joseph Y. Barnett; Thomas R. Belzer; Paul H. Bird; John H. Blue; Edward A. Clark; Ralph H. Coyte; Albert Creal; Bruce W. Dunbar; George L. Faires; Calvin Gaines; Felice A. Garcia; Howard M. Gottschall; James W. Hawkins; Edward J. Horgan; Alma R. Jensen; Herbert R. Kapin; Thomas C. Kerrigan; Harry I. Leddel; Don G. Magruder; Austin B. Milhollin; Donald F. Moir; Richard L. Mosher; Herbert R. Nusbaum; Edgar W. Olson; Robert G. Parker; Robert J. Putnam; Andrew H. Rose, Jr.; Paul F. Sackett; Shirl L. Sadler; William J. Slinkard, Jr.; Cornelius C. Smith, Jr.; Eugene C. Smith; James E. Spittler; Wallace B. Stanford, Jr.; Clarke E. Stephens; Rathvon McC. Tompkins; Glen G. Tyler; William S. Vasconellos; Gordon Warner; Kenneth H. York; and Donald M. Schmuck.



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RECRUIT DEPOT DETACHMENT, MARINE CORPS BASE, SAN DIEGO

Lt-Col. Harry L. Smith; Major Adolph B. Miller; Captain Oliver A. Dow; Captain Augustus T. Lewis; Captain James P. Schwerin; Sgt-Major Charles Davis; 1st-Sgt. Barton W. Stone; Gy-Sgt. Edward Nixon; Sgt. Paul R. Agar; Sgt. James W. Burnworth; Sgt. Brice E. Conquest; Sgt. James P. Evans; Sgt. Louis L. Gorski; Sgt. Asa B. Hudson; Sgt. John Kuhar; Sgt. Leonard C. Payton; Sgt. Edward C. Stein; Cpl. Ward A. Galbreath; Cpl. James S. Harris; Cpl. Walter E. Harris; Cpl. William C. Hulburd; Cpl. Henry Kane; Cpl. Mathias W. Marty; Cpl. David R. McGrew, Jr.; Cpl. Louis L. Noe; Cpl. Carl V. Privett; Cpl. Edw. D. Smith; Cpl. Reuben L. Tyson; Pfc. Robert E. Schmidtman; Pfc. Robert N. Twombly; Pvt. Willie M. Taylor; and Pvt. John A. Walters.

The LEATHERNECK

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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Robert H. Williams, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunnery Sergeant Frank H. Rentfrow, Corporal Charles S. Adams, Private Lewis E. Berry, Private Sidney D. Dowell, Private John W. Chapman, West Coast Representative, Sergeant D. S. Catchim.

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Cover Designed by D. L. DICKSON

Will Rogers' Steer

THE steer that started Will Rogers on to fame and fortune wasn't a bum steer.

Will was just a Cowboy with a Wild West show at Madison Square Garden in New York. During a performance a steer broke loose, jumped the barricade, and landed among the spectators. A panic was in the making, but Rogers was "there" with his little rope and brought the steer to its knees in the twinkle of a lasso. Next day he landed on the front page with his boots on, and he's been there ever since.

Now, wasn't that a lucky break? If it hadn't been for that steer breaking loose, the chances are that Will Rogers would have been just a cowboy the rest of his life. But wait a minute; let's see.

When the steer broke loose, Will knew what to do, and how to do it, and he did it. That was something. There were other cowboys who could have done the same thing, but they didn't—they are still cowboys.

But that's not all. A week elapses and Rogers lands a vaudeville contract as a result of the publicity. There's more money in vaudeville than in roping steers, if you have what it takes—and Will had it. If he hadn't delivered on the stage he'd soon have been back on the ranch at thirty dollars a month. Now he gets about thirty dollars a minute for making after dinner speeches—with the dinner thrown in.

A steer breaks loose in everybody's life some time, if we only know how to lasso it. It has probably happened several times to each of us, but we didn't grab the steer by the horns. It is likely to happen again before very long. Don't let another steer get away; bring him to his knees, and ride him to fame and fortune, like Will did.—*Western Field News*.

Editor's Note: The news of the death of Will Rogers and Wiley Post arrived after the above Editorial had gone to Press. We join the rest of the world in lamenting the untimely end of two great men.

Salute to the Coast

IN THIS issue THE LEATHERNECK salutes the far-away West Coast. Although many miles separate the Marine Corps Base of San Diego and the LEATHERNECK office in Washington, D. C., the Marines of the West Coast have extended themselves to assist in making this issue the largest and one of the best ever produced.

In addition to the regular broadcasts and stories, we offer this month's readers several unusual features: The story of the great Exposition, and account of the Junipero Serra Museum, and evidence that history was in error when she credited Freemont with the honor of being the first person to raise the American Flag over California.

These features are of especial importance. The removal of the Fleet Force from Quantico to the Marine Corps Base of San Diego, makes the West Coast a focal point for all eyes.

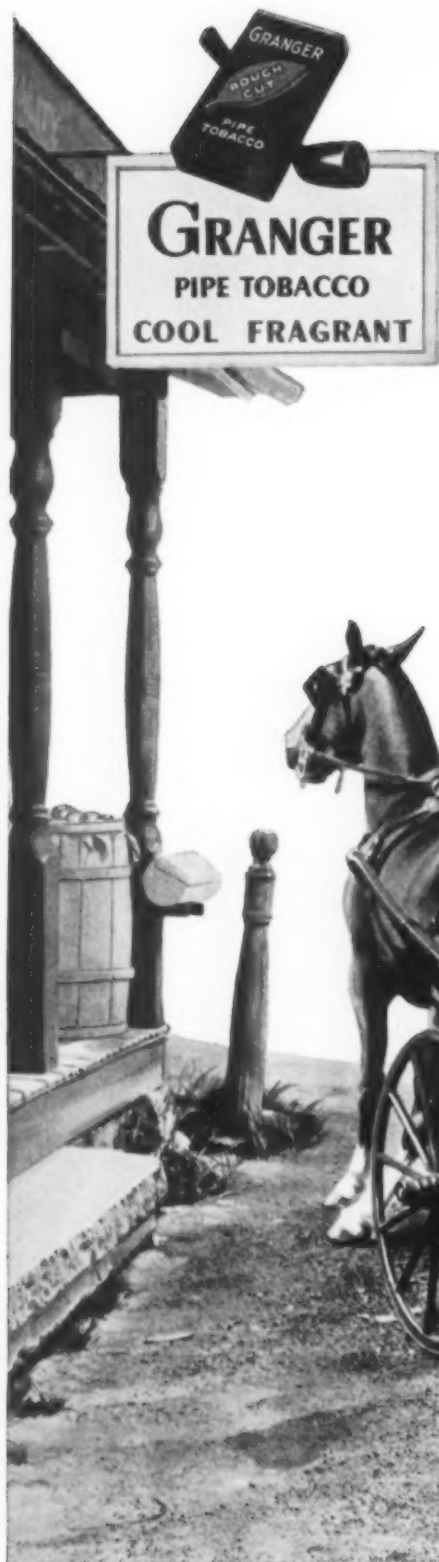
Mission Completed

FIRST LT. ARTHUR W. ELLIS, who has served as Editor and Publisher of THE LEATHERNECK for the past year, bids farewell to the scissors and paste-pot for other assignments. His relief is 1st Lt. Robert H. Williams, late of Shanghai, China.

Lieutenant Ellis achieved no inconsiderable success during his tenure of office. It is significant to note that during this time, many commercial magazines were swept away in the flood of financial adversity; even some of the better founded magazines failed in this period of depression. Faced with the difficult task of keeping a non-commercial enterprise on a self-sustaining basis, Mr. Ellis not only accomplished this, but maintained an unusually high standard of art and editorial content. The staff of THE LEATHERNECK takes this opportunity to thank Mr. Ellis for his many considerations, and to hope his new duties will prove pleasant.

Lieutenant Williams anticipates no immediate changes in editorial policy. He expresses the hope that all contributors and agents will offer the same splendid cooperation that was extended to his predecessor.

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Whoa!

fetch out the **Granger**
you need that **COOL** tobacco
if you're going to drive this nag

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WHO RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG IN OLD SAN DIEGO?

BY WINIFRED DAVIDSON

ONE of the most impressive flag-raising ceremonies ever held in the southwest was that of July 29, 1906 in Old Town Plaza, in celebration of the taking of the pueblo of San Diego sixty years earlier. It is sad, it is pathetic, it is embarrassing in the extreme, today to find indubitable evidence that the tribute then paid Col. John C. Fremont (who had he been alive would have disclaimed the honor) was due Lieutenant Stephen Clegg Rowan, U.S.N., commanding "a Marine guard and a few sailors."

The San Diego ceremony of nearly thirty years ago was preceded by an elaborate procession. It was made memorable by the presence of Miss Elizabeth Benton Fremont, daughter of the "Pathfinder of the West," and other notables. The bronze tablet unveiled by Miss Fremont reads:

ON THIS SPOT
THE UNITED STATES FLAG
WAS FIRST RAISED
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The original error in regard to who raised the American flag at San Diego on July 29, 1846, was made by the historian H. H. Bancroft at page 267, Vol. V, of History of California, where he says:

"Of Fremont's operations at this time, no official report or other contemporary account is extant. He sailed with his battalion in the CYANE July 26th from Monterey; and had reached San Diego on the 29th, taking possession and raising the flag without opposition or incident, so far as may be known."

Other historians have simply copied this error, so that it has become fixed in the annals of San Diego. Bancroft very evidently did not have access to the Rowan journal or the log of the CYANE.

BY COL.

JOHN C. FREMONT
JULY 29, 1846

The old Indian "Chief Iodine" who was among those present was the first to raise his voice in protest against the honoring of Fremont and the overlooking of Rowan.

We find in his crabbed handwriting this statement made to Mayor John L. Schon July 23, 1906:

"... on the Forenoon of July 29th 1846 the Sloop of war Cyane came in the harbor of San Diego we had a

sentinell station on a hill she came in & came to ancore about 200 yardes frome the becon she furled saills & east loos guns & lored boats & had dinner they sent 4 or 5 boats a shore under Lieutenant Rowan with a party of me & marines to hoist the flag at Old Town that was the organ the (of) San Diego ... this watt hapen as I can member watt hapen at the time as I did nott keep a book it was about 2 or 3 o'clock wen the flag was rais the sun was west.



The Sloop of War Cyane landing Fremont's California Battalion

I remain yours

Chief Iodine Indian Scout"

Chief Iodine went to his grave without having convinced any San Diegan that he, a living witness of the events, was right and others (who had gathered their materials for a guess from books written generations later) were mistaken. Rowan's connection with American history in the making on the Pacific Coast was transitory; Fremont's name was on everybody's tongue. The bronze tablet embedded in its granite boulder continued to draw attention to a place hallowed by an outstanding event in the Mexican War, and to shed honor upon the memory of Fremont.

When two years ago a copy of Chief Iodine's old letter turned up among the archives of the San Diego Historical Society, a diligent search was made of the Fremont writings, in the hope that some definite statement might be found in regard to what happened in San Diego July 29, 1846. In *Memoirs of my Life*, pp. 563-564 he says:

"... Here no enemy was found."

"... still waters reflected the quiet of the town."

Realizing that so important a function as capturing a town and raising there the victor's flag could not have escaped mention by the chief participator or contemporary writers, we searched other authorities. Not one author of the time makes the claim that Fremont raised the flag at San Diego. It should be stated here however that the historian H. H. Baneroft writing long afterwards in *History of California*, vol. v, p. 267 says:

"He (Fremont) had sailed with his battalion in the *Cyane* July 26th from Monterey; and had reached San Diego on the 29th taking possession and raising the flag without opposition or incident, so far as may be known. A week was spent in obtaining horses. . ."



Vice Admiral Stephen Clegg Rowan, who, with Marines, raised the American Flag in Plaza at Old Town, July 29, 1846.

*Copy of the letter sent to the
Major John C. Rowan.
San Diego July 29, 1846*

My dear Sir

*I was at Los Angeles with the most of the
most honorable situation gave orders to Captain
F. Fremont on the 26th of July 1846 the ship of war
Cyane came in the harbor of San Diego we had a conference held
on a hill she came in to anchor a boat 100 yards from the
shore she fired a salute (cast 1000 round shot) had
divisions they sent 400 men to shore under the command of
with a party of me, I mentioned to him the flag at Old Town
that was the origin of the San Diego flag Captain Rowan self
left Los Angeles July 26th with 400 men on horse back
to San Diego we had to travel part of the night to get
there in the night we had a great deal of firing with the
Mexicans we did not lose them till dawn & went to
momentarily this wall paper as Jean we then with paper
at that time as I did with the flag it was a boat
200 or 300 men the flag was raised the sun was west*

*I remain yours
Chief Iodine Indian Scout
at San Diego
on July 29, 1846*

Facsimile of Chief Iodine's letter.

This statement has been so often repeated that it is no wonder the public has been led away from the historic facts, which any investigator can prove for himself, and which in our case have developed out of correspondence between John Davidson, Curator, San Diego Historical Society (Junipero Serra Museum), North San Diego, and A. P. Lawton, Lieutenant, U. S. Navy, Acting officer-in-charge, Washington, D. C., office of Naval Records and Library. In response to Mr. Davidson's inquiry, Lt. Lawton wrote as follows:

"Your letter of 17 August, 1933 was referred to Captain D. W. Knox, U.S.N. (Ret), of this office, and in his absence, the following is submitted from the records of the Manuscript Section. The hoisting of the flag of the United States in San Diego 30 July, 1846 was performed by Lieutenant Stephen C. Rowan, Executive Officer of the U.S.S. *Cyane*. Later, Captain Fremont entered the city in compliance with the orders issued to him by Commodore R. F. Stockton, dated 23 July, 1846. These orders directed him to embark on board the *Cyane* with the detachment of men under his command, to sail for St. Diego where he was to disembark his troops, procure horses and make all necessary preparations to march through the country, encamping as near to St. Diego as possible in order to permit of daily communication with the *Cyane*. There are enclosed two photostats, one taken from the Journal kept by Lieutenant Rowan, and the other from the log of the *Cyane* for 29 and 30 July, 1846, establishing as a fact the above-mentioned hoisting of the flag by Lieutenant Rowan."

The journal of Lieutenant Rowan contains these words: "... Fremont's party consisting of one hundred & sixty men were mustered into service by Stockton. Fremont made Major of Battalion (Continued on page 62)

JUNIPERO SERRA MUSEUM

BY JOHN DAVIDSON

JUNIPERO Serra Museum, housing the historical collections of the San Diego Historical Society and the Pioneer Society of San Diego County, is an architectural gem crowning Presidio Hill: the cradle of California's civilization. It stands as an appropriate monument to Fray Junipero Serra, preaching Franciscan missionary, first president of the California missions, who headed the ecclesiastical division of the 1769 Sacred Expedition of Galvez—dispatched hither to confirm the possession by Spain of Alta California.

It was one hundred and sixty-six years ago the first day of July that the weary band of Spanish soldiers and priests, accompanied by certain civilized Indians from Lower California, having journeyed through the inhospitable wildernesses of the peninsula, were reunited—after a separation of six months—with the captains, officers and soldiers and sailors who had previously arrived on the packets *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*. Many of the latter were ill, some at the point of death, as the result of scurvy. Already many of the crews had been buried at the foot of Presidio Hill.

The place of reunion was near where Serra Palm rises, a place now known as Franciscan Gardens, but known to the first Spaniards as El Jardin del Rey, the King's Garden—from the fact that here so many of the King's men were buried, most of them soldiers and sailors in the royal service. To the Indians the place was known as Cosoy.

A Thanksgiving ceremony was held here during the first days of reunion; followed immediately by an important council, during which it was decided that Governor Gaspar de Portola should continue the journey overland in search of Monterey; that Captain Juan Perez of the *San Antonio* should sail back to the San Blas for fresh supplies; and that Father Serra should remain here at San Diego caring for the sick, burying the dead, and awaiting the arrival of the third ship, the *San Jose* which never arrived.

A few days later on the height overlooking this Spanish camp the cross was with great solemnity raised, bells were suspended and rung and the first California mission, that of San Diego de Alcalá was dedicated. Already a barricade had been begun, as the Indians hereabouts were giving evidence of hostility; and the Presidio or Fort of San Diego thus founded, the first in California. Later

adobe walls were built around the enclosure containing the chapel, commandante's house, officers' and

soldiers' quarters, workshops and household apartments, the ruins of some of which may still be seen.

Where the Spanish presidio of San Diego had stood was chosen by Mr. George W. Marston as the most fitting site for the erection of a Spanish type public building, a permanent tribute to the beginner of civilization on the Pacific Coast of what is now the United States, and to his followers and comrades. Junipero Serra Museum was built at Mr. Marston's expense and dedicated with splendid ceremony July 16, 1929, San Diego's 160th birthday.

The museum stands in the center of what is now known as Presidio Hill park. About forty acres have been beautifully landscaped under the personal supervision of Mr. Marston. Hundreds of thousands of shrubs and

trees—some of them very rare specimens—have been planted. Museum and Park have been presented to the City of San Diego and they constitute one of the city's most valuable possessions.

Until recently little attention was paid to San Diego's matchless historical heritage. Many of the finest landmarks, adobe dwellings and other buildings, have fallen into decay. Researchers from other places have combed this coun-

ty for documents, relics of other days, and all sorts of historical treasures; carrying them to other cities and museums. For the purpose of preserving the remaining evidences of our interesting Spanish, Mexican and early American periods, the San Diego Historical Society was founded December 14, 1928; and upon the completion of Junipero Serra Museum this organization occupied the building.

Organized, as stated in its by-laws, for the "purpose of discovery, collection and preservation of books, pamphlets, maps, genealogies, portraits, paintings, relics, manuscripts, letters, journals, surveys, field books, articles or materials which may establish or illustrate the history of Western America, particularly the City and County of San Diego and the State of California," the San Diego Historical Society has continued during the past six years along these lines. Visitors to Junipero Serra Museum making use of its maps, rare books, diaries, Indian relics, histories of city and county, photographs of pioneers, scrap books and the like, have pronounced it one of the best equipped depositories of local history to be found in California.



Marston Museum in San Diego



The Beautiful Skyline of San Diego

A VISIT TO CALIFORNIA PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

BY GAYNOR PEARSON

"**U**NA Gardenia, Señor?" the dark-eyed flower girl interrogated as I passed the turnstile and gave my ticket to the college boy with the sombrero. There amongst the crimson poinsettias, the geraniums, and the golden gleaming nasturtiums I gazed awesomely at the Spanish Colonial Palace of Natural History. As I climbed the steps to that center of natural science, a pistol shot and exciting shouts reverberated from across the way. What would you have done?

Ascending, I hastened through the Blackwood trees, and on the opposite side of Avenida de los Palacios read the sign: "GOLD GULCH. Days of '49. Admission free." A group of bewhiskered miners were gathered about the Chuck Wagon Opera Boys who were harmonizing:

*"Rattler was a good ole dog;
As blind as he could be.
But every nite at suppertime,
I think that dog could see."*

I went over to the "rip-roarin'" mining camp since the days of '49." Avoiding the heels of the burros, the descent of the deep twisting ravine was begun. Along the way Deputy Sheriff Robert L. Fowler, cane in hand, was chasing elderly ladies, men, and boys from the knotholes of the board-fenced Zoro Garden wherein Nudist King Adolph and all the girls basked in the California sunshine. Sheriff Fowler quipped: "If I didn't run them away, they would break down the fence."

If you saw Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa" you undoubtedly marveled at the authenticity of the Mexican sets. Art Director Harry Oliver, who staged those sets, also designed Gold Gulch. It is an exact replica of a raw Western mining town. All the romance, melodrama, and pathos, and somewhat disreputable humour of Mark Twain's "Roughing It" are

there. Bret Harte's gambler, adventurer, desperado perhaps, and the bedraggled women are there also. The colour and the atmos-

phere of the days of "Old Mother Lode" are kaleidoscoped by the Sheriff's office and jail, the hitching posts, the iron-barred bank, the Old Mill where "the best cider ever drunk is turned out, and the tin-type gallery—"Step right up, Gals, and have your picture taken." The Gulch Chuck Wagon serves coffee in a tin cup; beer by the seupper. One can dance with hostesses in costume for ten cents at the Old Stamp Mill where signs read: "Check all guns, hats, and coats here" and "Holler for Sadie for Grub." At Gold Nugget Creek old sourdough Fred Henkel and Claude "Dirty-Shirt" Nelson present a gold-panning drama enlivened by much shooting, and ending with: "You—You Nasty man."

"Some say life begins at forty; others say at eight forty-five," spieled a barker, "but, life begins when you see Gold Gulch Gertie. Before we proceed with the beginning of the starting of things I can tell you that she does the dance that caused John the Baptist to lose his head."

"The Drunkard" presented at the Gold Gulch Theatre is popular. John Wagner, the villain, Kathleen Fitz, and Tom de Graffenreid present the old allegory in a manner which caused many to exclaim: "Great." To attract attention, a trio plays "The Drunkard's Song" in front of the theatre.

Boarding a rumbling stage-coach, I left Gold Gulch. The driver reined the horses on El Prado, and I got off and entered the \$350,000 Federal Exhibit Palace. Of colorful Mayan-Aztec design the new building is adapted from the Governor's Palace, Uxmal, Yucatan. The structure is windowless; the light comes from above. A varied array of interesting exhibits depict over twenty depart-



ments of governmental activities. Old relics and historical objects from the Smithsonian Institute are displayed, and of particular interest is the postoffice department exhibit showing the evolution of mail transport from pony express to air mail.

According to the newspapers, the United States Marines are there to guard a \$1,000,000 bill displayed by the treasury department. However, they have other duties. Gunnery-Sergeant David E. Cruikshank is in command of this special Exposition guard. Two Military Police, Sergeants Burney L. Vinson, and Joseph J. Karynaske; five men to explain things in the Federal Building; and ten men for guard duty compose the remainder of the detachment. The Marine Corps Exhibit shows an aeroplane machine-gun taken from a German Fokker plane brought down by the 6th machine gun battalion U. S. Marines at Thiaucourt, France (St. Mihiel Sector) on September 14, 1918, and the Croix de Guerre awarded the Marine Brigade of the 2nd Division during the World War. A huge map showing twenty-nine places where Marines have served attracted unusual attention. A series of very interesting pictures of "U. S. Marines in gridiron battle," "Marines raise flag on Virgin Islands," "Sightseeing Marines in Brazil," etc., commanded much investigation. A selection of pamphlets, *i. e.*, "A Story of the U. S. Marines," "Our Flag, Its History and Traditions Told by the U. S. Marines," "Semper Fidelis," and a beautiful copy of the Marine Hymn are distributed free of charge to the public.

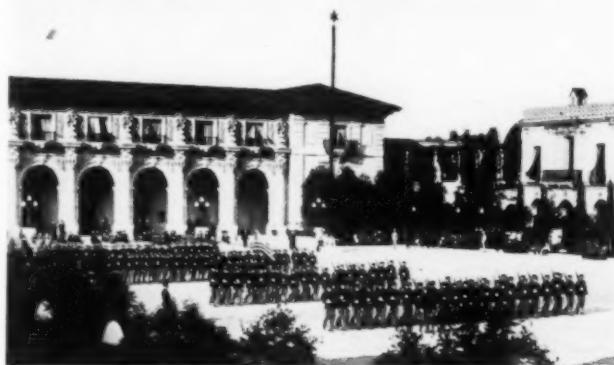
In the palisades facing the Ford Building and flanked by California State Building and Palace of Electricity are the six dome-shaped Firestone Singing Fountains—a modern marvel of sound and color, and said to be the only spectacle of its kind in the world. Scientists spent years perfecting the mechanism whereby the notes of music, the changing colors, and velocity of the spray could be synchronized. The misty, magical fountains which flaunt their tone-controlled spray into the air from a crystal pool affords a majestic foreground for the Ford Bowl and Ford Building—the most elaborate single exhibit of the whole exposition. Ford's great circular building can be seen from distant Point Loma, and serves as a landmark for air pilots. Every process of auto manufacture is shown therein. A revolving hemisphere of twelve dioramas in the rotunda graphically portrays how the Ford car is used in foreign countries of the Pacific, and flanking these are twelve other dioramas, six on each side, representing pictorially how the principal raw materials—copper, zinc, lead, cotton, wool, soy beans, sillimanite, iron, aluminum, asbestos, and cork—under the mystic spell of post-depression ingenuity are converted into the modern automobile.

THE magnet of the exhibit is three historic old Ford cars. On display are Henry Ford's first car built in 1893, the first Model A Ford of 1905, and the first Model T built in 1908. Also, a picturesque ride for you and your girl in a new Ford V-8 along the "Roads of the Pacific" awaits you. Replicas of fourteen historic highways—Tokaido of Japan, Benguet of the Philippines,

Gold Road of Panama, Old Peruvian Inca road, Chinese Summer Palace Road, Santa Fe Trail, Western Highway of Australia, Oregon Trail, Old Spanish road in Mexico, El Camino of California, and Fairbanks Highway of Alaska—are reproduced with characteristic scenery.

Unquestionably the most lavishly beautiful spot in the Balboa tropical paradise is the exotic Plaza del Pacifico where multi-coloured pigeons beg visitors for food, where strolling Mexican serenaders and belled donkeys herded by musical-voiced Indians are evident, where a colorful flower mart patterned after one in the Mexican capital, and where two large pools of iridescent water banked by hedges and flower beds of illimitable petunias, yellow gerberas, pink fuchsias, and roses lend a striking pageant-like Old Spain effect. This busy focal quadrangle fronts the magnificent Palace of Fine Arts on one end and the Spreckels Organ Amphitheatre on the other. A domineering statue of Cid Campeador (Lord Conqueror), "Sovereign of Valencia" and the most celebrated of Spain's national heroes looms on horseback over the flowered plaza. In the center of Plaza del Pacifico is the huge, triumphant 50-foot Arco del Povernir which spans the main thoroughfare, Avenida de los Palacios. In the evening it becomes a rainbow of many colors due to the under-water lighting.

Although my knowledge of art is limited to the two facts that Da Vinci placed a subtle, mysterious countenance on the "Mona Lisa" and Whistler became famous by painting his Mamma, the Palace of Fine Arts was a revelation. The ornamentation of the building is the plateresque style of the Spanish Renaissance, and many of the main features have antecedents in Spain's Salamanca University. From the beautiful façade of the palace the stone faces of Cabrillo, Viscaino, Portola, and Vancouver gaze out over the plaza. Three large niches



Twenty years ago, at the Panama-California Exposition, the Marines gave Exhibition Drills every day on the plaza.

feature the figures of three great Spanish artists, *i. e.*, Velazquez, Murillo, and Zurbaran. The gallery holds some of the world's finest collections of art. Unable to describe them I can only say that I was impressed most by the following: The English Galleon (1600) in the Children's room; an oil-painting, "Hopi Kachina Dolls," by San Diego artist Everett Gee Jackson; an Old World masterpiece, Rubens' "Holy Family"; and a contemporary painting, "Primal Wing" by Agnes Pelton. For those interested in entertainment of the higher type, the Ford Bowl and Spreckels Organ Amphitheatre are havens of delight. Various philharmonic organizations, among them the famous Mormon Tabernacle Choir of 335 members, presented interesting programs at the Bowl, and the Outdoor Amphitheatre boasts a new and colorful program each day. An enormous bed of purple petunias carpet the Plaza del Pacifico from the Amphitheatre to El Cid.

Perhaps, by this time, you are curious why San Diego assumed the responsibility of staging such a big show, and what it is to represent. The California Pacific International Exposition is a pageant of achievement in epitome. It celebrates four centuries of progress, the creation of an empire, from the days of Cabrillo, through

the present, to the future. In an age when color, action and speed are interwoven with man's restless urge for achievement you can see how California reached the heights built upon a glorious past and dedicated to a glorious future. As San Diego is the oldest city on the Pacific Coast and the birthplace of California, its citizens deemed it expedient to stage America's Exposition—"The Miracle of 1935." Governor Frank F. Merriam at an opening speech said: "... the people of California should be proud of San Diego, and should join heartily and enthusiastically in inviting visitors from all over the world to come here to see and enjoy the magic spectacle." San Diego's initial experiment of this sort, the Panama-California Exposition of 1915, when the population of the city was only 40,000 drew a gate of 3,747,000 visitors. The San Diego of 1935 with 148,000 inhabitants expects the California Pacific International Exposition to draw over 8,000,000 visitors and make a net profit of over \$6,000,000.

ALTHOUGH the Exposition is dedicated to yesterday, is a toast to today, and a good-speed to tomorrow, the architecture is truly historic. The style is Spanish Renaissance and Spanish Colonial, and owes its origin to Old Mexico where its design is adapted to the climate and the temperament of that country. The Baroque ornamentation, intricate carvings, Polychrome tile, and the painting and gilding of sculpture exemplified



Top: Arco del Porvenir Reflecting Pools, Palace of Photography in background.



Center: Nocturnal beauty of Arco del Porvenir in the Plaza del Pacifico; California Tower in background.

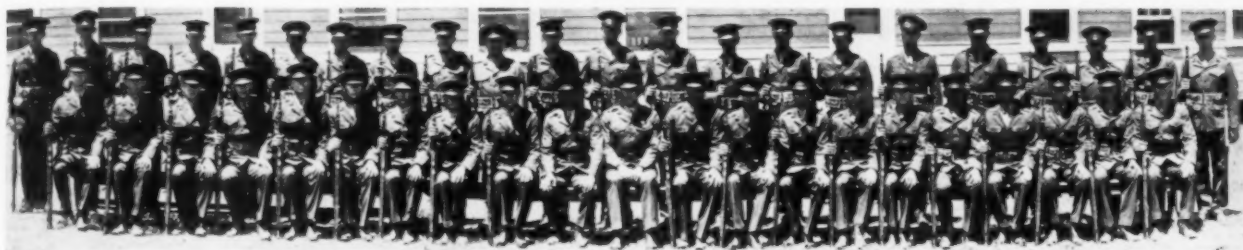
Bottom: Palace of Foods and Beverages.



by the Mexican building are Aztec and Mayan influences, and are all three combined in the inspired architecture of the Exposition. There is nothing futuristic to be seen on the Exposition grounds, although the style can be modified and adapted to modern architectural standards. Color and decoration is utilized with living plants and flowers. The most splendid example of this procedure is California State Building, rich in beauty and dignity, which crowns a hill overlooking the city and bay of San Diego. Its gleaming walls are bordered by colorful native blooms of many descriptions, Evergreen trees from the Cuyamacas, and rustling palms from the desert. Creeping vines and trailing flowers sweep downward from the lofty cornices, and lovely botanical specimens embower the semi-circular main entrance.

Unlike other fairs, the California Pacific International Exposition has no glaring lights. The nocturnal beauty is poetic. Instead of a terrific glare from gigantic flood-lights, there is a soft, uncanny lustre. The lighting experts have painted with light rather than flooded, and the stately palaces, avenues, magic gardens, pools, and romantic patios are varicolored with moon- (Continued on page 63)

SOME OF THE WEST COAST PERSONNEL

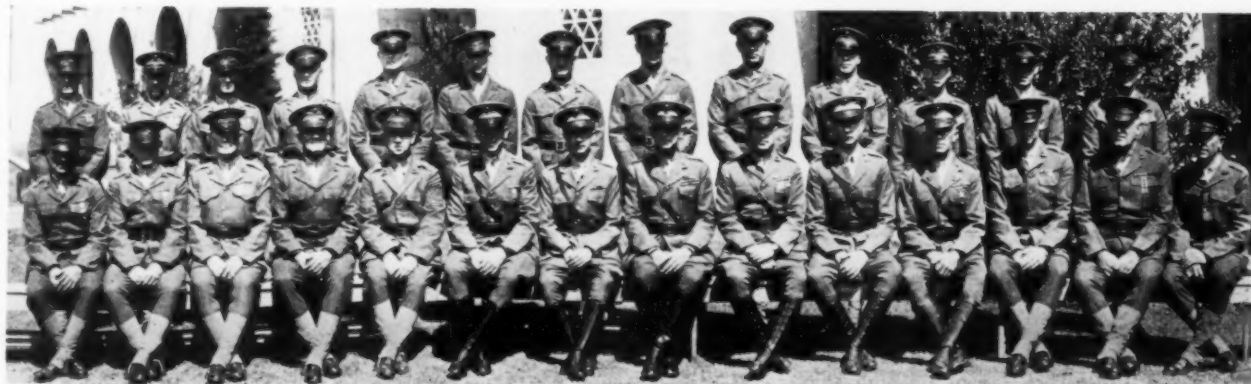


10TH PLATOON, SAN DIEGO; SGT. J. KUCHAR, IN CHARGE

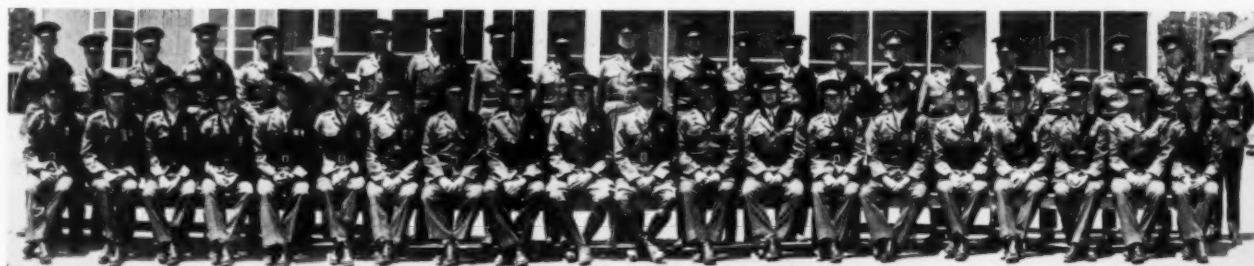
Geo. M. Alexander, Jr.; Harry J. Bail; Wm. R. Biggs; Lynn C. Bybee; Frederic R. Ceremony; John C. Compton; Ennis O. Curtis; Roy A. Danielson; Ralph P. Dempsey; James F. Dunham, Jr.; Robert W. Dunn; Frank R. Fisher; LeRoy Flatt; Kenneth E. France; Jacob Fritzler; Alvin Gray; Edward W. Goldsberry; Joseph C. Hoeger; Joe D. Huffman; Edward P. Kowskie; Edward A. Leonard; Herman F. Loos; Anthony Magalo; Clair R. Marshall; Frederick E. Michacowski; George A. Miller; Jefferson D. Nix; Thomas L. Ostrander; Roy J. Quinn; Homer L. Slack; Clifton F. Schnebly; Floyd E. Simmons; Thomas R. Stewart; Henry W. Taft; Harvey G. Teeter; Marion A. Veberes; Edwin D. Villines; Burnice C. Walker; Douglas A. Wilson, and William E. Winterstein.



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, SECOND BATTALION, SIXTH MARINES, F.M.F.



OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, SECOND BATTALION, TENTH MARINES, F.M.F.



RIFLE RANGE DETACHMENT, U. S. MARINE CORPS, LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA

Seated, left to right: Cpl. Walla, Cpl. Brown, Sgt. Voyten, Cpl. Jennings, Cpl. Compton, Sgt. Peterson, Sgt. Scott, Gy-Sgt. Jackson, 1st-Sgt. Robinson, Major Skinner, Capt. Leland, Gy-Sgt. Jennings, Gy-Sgt. Hensley, Sgt. Villegas, Sgt. Mattie, Sgt. Gardner, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Angus, Sgt. Moore, and Cpl. McLin.
Standing, left to right: Pvt. Shuck, Cpl. Foster, Pfc. Willoughby, Pfc. Walker, Pvt. Wilkes, HA. Icl. Warner, Pvt. Gillette, Sgt. Henry, Pvt. Hickelberry, Pfc. Dewitt, Cpl. McKinney, Cpl. Hoenk, Cpl. Ludgate, Pvt. Smith, Cpl. Dorsey, Pvt. Romanchuk, Cpl. Richards, Cpl. Krebsbach, Pvt. Thornton, Pvt. Bettis, Pvt. Smith, and Pfc. Miller.

A DEVIL DOG'S CODE

BY ALONZO WYNN

(Illustrated by J. W. Chapman)

THE two pals, Shorty Holt, and Big Boy Gorman, of the San Diego Marines Air Service, had broad grins on their bronzed faces as they strode expectantly toward the headquarters office. A little bird had given them a tip that they were about to start on another big adventure.

Hard-boiled and full of pep, these two air-fighters never considered danger anything to be avoided; rather it was the salt of life.

The C.O. whirled slowly in his swivel chair, while he

mopped the sweat from his broad forehead. The California sun was already getting in its morning work. "Sit down!" he barked fretfully. "Maybe you heard the news; I understand its all over the place. We got to help out the Texas patrol . . ."

The commandant hesitated and trained his stern grey eyes upon the two lieutenants, as though wondering how they were taking the unusual tidings. "A peculiar state of affairs down around Eagle Pass," he went on. "Seems there's a mysterious plane running booze and opium from Mexico into the States. Its a silver-colored affair, swift as hell, and nearly invisible at night."

The C.O. hesitated again, and Shorty cut in: "Goin' to be any hard feelings if we butt in?" he asked meaningly.

"I dunno about that," the C.O. snarled. "They must have been in a tight place, or they wouldn't have asked for help. Anyhow I'm sending you two fellows, because you're World War veterans, and ought to be able to get a line on the jinx plane . . ."

As the C.O. stopped to take on fuel again, the two fliers met each other's eyes. This began to look interesting. Then the officer's next few words took all the wind out of their sails; "But what concerns you fellows," he went on soberly, "is this; I've learned from reliable authority that the master mind of this smuggling gang is an ex-Marine, an old friend of you both—"

Shorty cast a furtive glance at his pal's blank face—about as expressive as a pine board when anything unusual was taking place—then he turned to his superior.

The Pilot Staggered into the Mess Room, His Face Haggard, and One Arm in a Sling.



"It isn't . . . Jack Woods, is it?" he asked reluctantly.

The Colonel narrowed his eyes. "What made you suspect him?" he demanded sharply.

Shorty flushed. "Oh, I heard that he'd been turned down cold by the Air Mail. . . . He'd have to do something!" The last defensively.

It was nearly noon, when the two pals, after seeing their two-seater observation plane loaded with gas, oil, ammunition and a few other essentials, took off and headed eastward. Shorty was at the stick in the forward cockpit, while Gorman held down the rear seat, his moody eyes sizing up the twin Lewis guns on their revolving mount. Got to shoot at his old friend, had he?

The Wasp engine was roaring smoothly, with the Falcon gliding along at a hundred-mile-an-hour clip at a 5,000-foot ceiling, when Gorman spoke to his companion through the interior phone.

"You gone asleep, or somethin'? Why th' devil don't yuh talk?"

Shorty kicked a rudder-bar, and slid the control stick a trifle to the left. "Aw, I was just thinkin'; s'posing we happen to spot this spook ship they're talkin' about, and find Jack Woods at the stick. . . . Yuh think I'm going to aim these machine guns at him?"

Gorman sagged uneasily in his seat. "'Tis a tough proposition, kid. But of course its sort of easy to blaze away an' not hit anything—sometimes, eh?"

It was about midnight, and a cool breeze played about the grey sand ridges of the desert, sighed through the bleak spear-like branches of the prickly cactus, and rippled along the slow-moving waters of the Rio Grande, as a grey fighting machine dipped downward toward some clusters of flood lights that indicated an airport. As the two-seater landed and taxied to a stop near a hangar, a tall man stepped out of the office building and accosted the strangers with a yawn. His trained eyes swept over the Marine Service insignia on the grey fuselage.

"Guess you must be the two Marines from San Diego," he remarked dryly. "Dunno why they sent yuh, but its all right. Come over to the quarters, and I'll show yuh your sleeping cubicle. Th' boys will take care of your bus."

At mess, the following morning, the two adventurers began to realize their hazardous undertaking. One of the night patrol ships had just landed. The pilot staggered into the messroom, his face haggard, and one arm in a sling.

"Yeah, I butted into th' Silver Spook about five this A. M.," he sputtered disgustedly. "Thought I had a line on it, but thunder, yuh might as well shoot at Satan's shadow. By th' time my Browning was spittin' fire, that three-motored contraption was doing a loop, a barrel-roll and I don't know what not. I thought I was pretty clever with my single-seater, but that smuggler bus is too much

for me. In about three minutes, the devils had ripped my right wing into shreds. They gave me a merry ha, ha, and headed north."

A tense silence came over the room, as the wounded pilot ceased talking. Instinctively all eyes were focused upon the two Marines. Major McWalters' voice was a trifle sarcastic as he addressed the two new members of his patrol force.

"Well, I expect the two experts from San Diego will make short work of the spook smuggler," he assured with a wink at one of his favorite pilots.

Although Shorty Holt and Big Boy Gorman were too hard-boiled to let that kind of talk get under their skins, they realized that they'd have to show results if they expected to bunk at the Southern Texas Airport. Shorty gave his companion a meaning look, and both wandered out to the tarmac where the Curtiss Falcon had been left.

"Guess we don't fit here a little bit," Shorty remarked glumly. "I knew it would be that way—"

Lieutenant Gorman lit a cigarette and puffed nonchalantly as his dark eyes focused upon the familiar lines of their two-seater. "T'hell with those fellows," he rasped. "Let's get the 605 into the air and see what we can find. If that smuggler ship went north at five o'clock she oughtta be coming back sometime today, I'd say."

The Curtiss Falcon had already been gassed, oiled, and inspected. Now, with engine just ticking over, she stood quivering with suppressed energy in the morning sun, like some huge wild animal ready to spring at a victim.

Shorty Holt scrambled up the stirrup step to the front cockpit, and slid into the pilot's seat. Barely giving his companion time to reach the rear cockpit,

he nodded to the two mechanics who stood expectantly near the landing wheels, ready to kick the chocks aside.

A roar, and the 605 was speeding down the field, with tail-skid tearing up the sun-baked ground and sending a cloud of yellow dust skyward. Holt touched the stick, and like the great bird she was built to represent, the Falcon soared into the heavens, swerved, and pointed eastward.

For an hour, they spiraled about in the blue sky, and saw nothing. Then Shorty heard Gorman's voice through the phone: "Get down lower, kid. See that guy down there on the left. Looks as though he was hedge-hoppin' th' cactus, or somethin'."

Shorty pushed the stick forward and put the Falcon into a long glide with the power throttled. A grey monoplane was scudding along beneath them, and apparently almost touching the desert floor. As the 605 got closer, Holt could make out the features of the pilot; it was an old man with white flowing whiskers. With one hand on the control stick, he clutched in the other a double-barreled shot gun.

"It's one of those pesky coyote (Continued on page 67)



Why Didn't Th' Fool Jump?



SHIFT FLEET MARINE FORCE

Carrying out the new slogan of the Fleet Marine Force—"follow the Fleet"—headquarters of the Force has been transferred from Quantico, Va., to San Diego, Calif.

With the U. S. Fleet continuing concentrated on the West Coast, Marine Corps Headquarters issued orders transferring command of the Force to the Marine Corps Base, San Diego. Brig. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, commanding general of the Base, will take command of the Force, continuing also in command of the Base. Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, who organized the Fleet Marine Force and has been in command ever since, will continue in command of the Quantico Base. He has held both jobs since the death of Maj. Gen. Harry Lee.

The shift will cause a number of transfers of high ranking officers of the Corps. Col. Robert L. Denig, who has been chief of staff of the Force, is detached and will become chief of staff at the Quantico Base. Col. Emile P. Moses, who has been in command of the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., will go to San Diego to become the new chief of staff of the Force. Col. Frederick A. Barker, who has been commanding officer of the Marine Barracks, Boston, Mass., will relieve Colonel Moses.

Col. James J. Meade, who has been in charge of the Marine Recruiting Service, will go to Quantico as commanding officer of all units of the Fleet Marine Force on the East Coast. Col. Henry N. Manney, who was General Lee's chief of staff at Quantico, will come to Headquarters to take over Colonel Meade's duties.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

STALLINGS TO COVER WAR

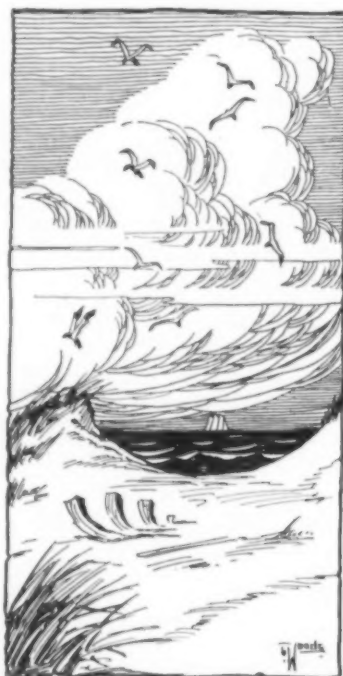
New York, August 7. — Laurence Stallings is en route to Ethiopia to write and photograph for The North American Newspaper Alliance the story of the ominous events that are expected to occur there when the rainy season ends.

He is taking with him four crack, sharp-shooting photographers, men who for the last 10 years have made the picture history of the world, 50,000 feet of film packed in sawdust, a fleet of motor trucks and motor cycles and a handsome collection of American flags.

The American flags, Mr. Stallings said in his soft and tranquil manner, are to warn bullets to "keep off, this means

you," and in addition the trucks will have their roofs covered with huge, luminous U. S. A.'s for the urgent attention of the bombs that may be dropping overhead.

For further protection, Mr. Stallings added, he will "lean heavily on the old, I hope true, adage that lightning never strikes twice in the same place." He was seriously wounded in the World War, in which he served as lieutenant and captain in the 47th Company, 3d Battalion, 5th United States Marines.



ENLISTMENT IN ALIEN ARMIES BANNED BY U. S.

Washington, July 20. — The state department is definitely opposed to Americans enlisting in the armies of either Ethiopia or Italy. Any American who enlists in this country or anyone who seeks to recruit volunteers in this country is liable to three years' imprisonment and a \$1,000 fine. Americans abroad are free

to enlist providing they do not take an oath of allegiance to a foreign sovereign or government. In that event, they automatically lose their citizenship.

NAVY MEDALS TO ARMY

Manila, P. I.—A review of the 31st Infantry was held at Burnham Green at 8:15 A. M. Friday, June 21, when formal presentation of the Yangtze Service Medals to those earning them took place. This medal is a Navy decoration awarded to those who were sent to China in 1932 during the trouble there.

Forty-eight Yangtze Service Medals were presented by Col. C. T. Mackall, commanding the 31st Infantry, to the members of his command.

TO CELEBRATE NAVY DAY

Secretary of the Navy Swanson announced recently that the United States Navy will cooperate with the Navy League of the United States in the observance of Navy Day, October 27, the anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt. Inasmuch as October 27 falls on Sunday, the nationwide celebration will be held on Monday 28th, which will be designated as the Navy's day at home to the citizens of the United States.

CAN HE COOK!

It's not a case of "Sailor Beware," but of "Housewives Beware" this week in *The Inquirer's* Recipe Exchange.

For now the Marines are crowding in on the big winnings in the contest. Yes, Mam, it's a sir, no less than a Sergeant of the U. S. M. C., who submits one of the best of the 25 winning recipes for today.

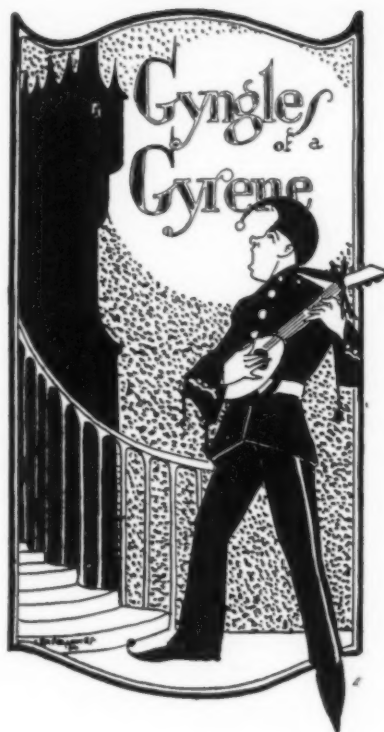
So homemakers, look out for the boys.

Sergeant D. C. Barnum, United States Marine Corps and resident of Germantown, has turned in something different in his recipe for "Shrimp a la Royale." It's a sure cure for the heat wave. It will make any dinner seem filled with sea breezes.

RESERVE MARKSMEN

Quantico, Va., August 11.—Marine Gunner John E. Fondahl won the Warburton Cup, awarded to the officer having high score with a rifle. He scored 238 points out of a possible 250.

(Continued on page 62)



THE MARINE CORPS

Anonymous

Corporal, What are your ribbons for?
Tell me what each of them means.
One I got in the Spanish War
And one in the Philippines;
One I got in the "Boxer" brush
For making the "Chinks" be good.
And another for helping to block the
"Boche"
In bloody old Belleau Wood.

Corporal, If I should join your Corps,
Oh, what would it do for me?
You'd learn to range this wide world
o'er
By sky and earth and sea—
To be at home in lands that lie
Where the east and west worlds meet;
To front the best man, eye to eye,
And to stand on your own two feet.

Oh, Corporal, tell me straight; what kind
Of a man the Marine Corps makes?
The sort of a chap you're glad to find
At your side when a rough-house breaks
The sort of a chap who can crack a
joke
And laugh when the sky looks black—
The kind who'll share his last lone
smoke
Or give you the shirt off his back.

If trouble starts over the border—
If a Haitian "reb" wants a scrap,
Should anyone start a disorder
When Uncle Sam's bossing the map—
If bad little bandits or pirates
Insist upon pulling big scenes—
Don't worry or fret or get in a sweat;
Just call up and tell the Marines.

Just tell the Marines, Just tell the Ma-
rines—
They'll get on the job in their scrapping
jeanes;

Ask them for trouble and trouble you
"gets."
For they've got sharp points on their
bayonets;
They land on their feet, and they've got
nine lives—
And they pack a punch in their forty-
fives.

SAGA OF DREAMS

By TenEyck Van Deusen

There came a drifter whose head was high
Yet whose hidden heart was a stone.
And ever and ever he sang his song
And, Oh, but the song was lone!
"Ha! The Devil takes care of his own!"
He sang,
"And will while the Road holds clear
So raise your head though your heart is
dead,
Carry On! And show no fear!"

The drifter stopped for a quiet while
In the peace of a little town.
He thought to rest from his memories
And, he hoped to settle down.
He sought surecase from the tilted sea
And rest from the stark, bleak hill
He tried to forget but he couldn't, yet
For his visions came to chill.

The drifter laughed as the drifters do
When the deeper heart throb came,
Saying, "It's well to laugh when the soul
is sick
To weep were a strong man's shame!"
Then a sweet dream came to his tired, tired
eyes
And a soft mouth brushed a kiss!
He shouted strong, "My song was wrong!
I ha' found Semiramis!"

A new light came to the drifter's eyes
And a new warmth came in his smile—
(Ah—it's good to laugh when the world is
sweet
It lasts so short awhile.)
The drifter roared to the little Gods
"By Your Beards! I ha' searched for
this!"
But the Gods knew best and they had their
jest
And he lost Semiramis!

There went a drifter whose head was high
Yet whose hidden heart was a stone.
And ever and ever he sang his song
And, Oh, but this song was lone
"Ha! The Devil takes care of his own,"
He sang,
"And will while the Road holds clear
So raise your head though your heart is
dead,
Carry On! And show no fear!"

EL GENERAL

By Harold Faller

The forced conviviality he shows
Reminds us that he lost at Torreón;
Another one to haunt us for a loan
To help his star ascend until he crows
Above Chapultepec (the Devil knows!).
Meanwhile he leaves not well enough
alone
But must be patriotic 'til we groan
With envy for his "liberator" pose.
His promises are fat and like himself
Smell less of honesty and more or pelf—
Withal, we plot and pass cigars around,
And suffer him to smile upon us all—
One thing he cares for not—a rivet's
sound—
Its clean staccatto forces him to frown.
A premonition . . . of a riddled wall!

SKY-FEVER

(Acknowledgment to John Maesfield)

By Dorothy Doane

I must go up in the skies again, in the
lonely vault of the sky,
And all I ask is a neat craft, the world's
end to steer her by,
And the prop's flash, and the wires' whine,
and the slip-stream flowing,
And a full tank, and a good chart, and a
tail-wind blowing.

I must of up in the skies again, for the
call of wide trails and free
Is a sharp call and a sure call, the call of
my destiny.
And all I ask is a friendly day with the
white clouds cruising,
And a course to fly, and a speed to fly
of my very own choosing.

I must go up in the skies again, high
above earth's tallest peak
To the wind's way, and the clouds' way,
where the stars play at hide-and-seek.
All I ask is a thousand feet to finish my
last endeavor;
A merry spin, and a swift end when the
motor conks forever.

A SONG IN THE CITIES

By TenEyck Van Deusen

The Little Drums are banging
Mad war songs of the trails.
My nostrils sting with memories
Of thunderous, crashing gales.
My eyes are sick with staring
At these monoliths of man
And sick of vain illusion
I shall go where I can,
Find Gods to fit my temples—
Find strength to meet my need—
Find scars to hold my memories—
Find men who knew my creed—
Sick of the waste of mankind
In these roaring walls of stone,
(These lustful sons of boredom
Afraid to be alone)
I shall make my pack and wander
To the Beach from where I came
And away from all this tinselled filth
I shall revel in my shame!

HAGAR

By Joseph Auslander

Hagar, mother of exiles, nurse
Of the world's weary wanderers,
Driven by some dark, restless curse
Seeded deep in their hearts from hers:
To thirst in the deserts, to starve—or
worse—
To dream like angels, to die like curs,
Build princely cities, fill sepulchres,
People and pillage a universe.

Hagar, mother of wanderlust,
You are the hunger in all these;
You are the voice of fire and dust
Which men hear in their sleep; you tease
Their sick souls out; they feel, they
follow
Over the mountains, across the seas
Till their eyes burn and their cheeks
grow hollow.

Hagar, you are the dead man's boon;
You are the flight and fever; you are
The flashing of feet of the April moon,
The last long look of the summer star;
Always you call them; near and far,
Always they come, the pioneers,
The sons of Ishmael who mend and mar—
And always on their dead eyes your
tears.



THANK YOU!

Binks bought a new shirt, and on a piece of paper pinned to the inside found the name and address of a girl, with the words, "Please write and send photo." Seeing a romance, he wrote to the girl and sent his photo.

In due course he received a reply. It was only a note. "My chum and I had a bet on," it read, "as to what sort of a fellow would wear a shirt like that. My chum said a dude, I said a shrimp, and I'm glad to say I won."

—Pearson's Weekly (London).

"Waiter, these are very small oysters."
"Yes, sir."
"And they don't appear to be very fresh."
"Then it's lucky they're small, ain't it, sir?"

—Tit-Bits (London).

There was a dense fog and the officer on the bridge was becoming more and more exasperated.

As he leaned over the side of the bridge, trying to pierce the gloom, he saw a hazy figure leaning on a rail a few yards from his ship.

He almost choked.

"What do you think you're doing with your blinking ship?" he roared.

"Don't you know the rules of the road?"

"This ain't no blinking ship, guv'nor," said a quiet voice, "this here's a light-house!"

—Shipmate.

A navy man who knew his India was standing up to the bar and keeping the bartender very, very busy setting them up. Under the sailor's arm was a small box with air holes punched in the top. By the time that this box was being carried much better than the drinks, the bar keep couldn't restrain his curiosity. "What's in the box, Sailor, a cat or a rabbit?" he inquired.

"Naw," was the reply, "that's my mongoose. After I've been drinking for a week or two I get the snakes. M' mongoose kills 'em for me."

"Ha, ha," laughed the bartender. "How can a mongoose kill those snakes? They're imaginary!"

"Tha's a'right," was the earnest reply. "So's m' mongoose."

—Shipmate.

NO SKY PILOT

The cruiser had decreased its speed until it was barely moving. A boot on his first sea voyage turned to an old-timer and asked: "Why have we slowed down?"

"Too much fog," replied the old sea dog. "The pilot can't see the water."

"But," argued the boot, "he can see the stars overhead."

"Sure he can," said the old-timer, "but we're not going that way unless her boilers burst."

—Our Navy.



Old Shellback: I just rolled up my sleeve and they arrested me for indecent exposure.

New Gal: But a bare arm isn't indecent.

Old Shellback: Well, you haven't seen what's tattooed on it.

It happened in the Islands. X Company had for its Top Cutter one of the toughest, meanest old buzzards in the Army. The NCO's were walking the straight and narrow. Privates had the jitters so bad that they slept with one eye open lest the Top Kiek sneak up on them with a fast one.

One day a very frightened Private approached the Old Man, who was a fatherly old officer, and saluted smartly. Said he:

"Sir, Private Blank would like to have permission to speak to the First Sergeant."

—Our Army.

SECURITY

A full-blooded Pima Indian out in Arizona needed some cash, so he went to the banker and asked about a loan.

"How much do you need?" asked the banker.

"Me want \$200."

"For how long?"

"Maybe two week; maybe two month."

"And what security have you?"

"Me got two hundred horses."

This seemed sufficient security and the loan was made.

A short time afterward the Indian came into the bank with \$2,200 cash, paid off the note, and started to leave with the rest of his roll.

"Why not let me take care of that money for you?" asked the banker.

The old Indian's mind flew back to the day when he wanted \$200 and, looking the banker straight in the eyes, he solemnly asked, "How many horses you got?"

Wallie—"Gee, pop, there's a man at the circus who jumps on a horse's back, slips underneath, catches hold of its tail and finishes up on the horse's neck!"

Dad—"That's easy. I did all that the first time I ever rode a horse."

—Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

Maid—I'm sorry, ma'am, but I just broke three dishes out in the kitchen.

Mistress—But I thought you were entertaining a policeman out there.

Maid—I was, ma'am, until he got fresh!

Monkeying around the wrong end of a mule, the Recruit got it hard from the hoofs. Gently they picked his unconscious form from the field, placed him in a stretcher and started for the hospital. En route, the recruit awoke. Overhead, sky; he stuck one hand out, nothing but space!

"Good golly," he exclaimed, "haven't I come down yet?"

A. and N. Journal.

School Teacher—"Percival, you are half an hour late, what was the matter?"

Percy—"I went out with Pa to a lynching party, and we stayed until the last man was hung."

Teacher (severely)—"Was hanged, Percival."

—USNA Log.

RESTRAINT

"I hope you don't think I'm conceited," he said, after he had finished telling her all about himself.

"Oh, no," she replied. "But I'm just wondering how you can keep from giving three hearty cheers whenever you look at yourself in the glass."

—*Vancouver Province.*



"What sort of man is Snyder?"
"All he needs is a car to be a drunken driver."

A keen golfer had a charming girl on his right at dinner, and gave her graphic descriptions of his achievements with the clubs, hardly allowing her time to say more than "Really!"

During the dessert he remarked: "I'm afraid I've been monopolizing the conversation and talking nothing but golf."

"Oh, never mind," said the girl. "But you might tell me: What is golf?"

—*Tit-Bits (London).*

The new messman was told to get a line and a bucket and to draw up some salt water to flush out the galley. With the necessary equipment, he stood by the rail lost in thought.

"What's that guy waiting for?" asked one of the mess cooks.

"Don't know," replied another. "Perhaps he ain't seen a bucketful he likes yet."

—*Walla Walla.*

A commercial traveler having missed the bus found himself with two hours to spend in Brushville. He approached an ancient porter.

Traveling Man—"Got a picture show here?"

Porter—"No."

Traveling Man—"A pool room, or library?"

Porter—"No."

Traveling Man—"Well, how on earth do you amuse yourselves?"

Porter—"We go down to the grocery store in the evenings. They have a new bacon slicer."

—*W. Va. Mountaineer.*

"Want to leave me, Mary? I thought you were quite comfortable. What is it for—something private?"

"No ma'am, it's a sergeant."

—*Walla Walla.*

A movie actress was asked to name her favorite rôle, and without a minute's hesitation replied, "Cinnamon!"—*Exchange.*

STRIKE ONE

The big Bosun was strolling down the street when he noticed what he thought was the familiar figure of a friend. Quickening his steps, he came up to the man and slapped him heartily on the back. To his amazement and confusion he then saw that he had smacked a total stranger.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said apologetically. "I thought you were an old shipmate of mine by the name of Sampson."

The stranger finally recovered his wind, and getting his temper under control, replied: "Suppose I were Sampson—do you have to hit me so hard?"

"What the hell do you care," snapped the Bosun, "how hard I hit Sampson?"

—*Tennessee Tar.*



High Bidder: "Why don't you get a car for your wife?"

Low: "I can't find anybody willing to exchange his car for my wife."

German Professor: "What is a Holstein?"

Student: "A holstein is two half steins."

—*W. Va. Mountaineer.*

An old negro was taking a civil service examination for the position of rural mail carrier. One of the questions asked was: "How far is it from the earth to the sun?"

The old darkey looked frightened and exclaimed: "Ef you-all is gwinter put me on that route, Ize resignin' before I begins."

—*Pathfinder.*

"I think I'll go downstairs and send Nancy's young man home."

"Now, Elmer, remember the way we used to court."

"I handn't thought of that. I know darned well I'd better go down and send him home."

—*Whirlwind.*

An M. P. noticing a recruit in improper uniform walked over to him and asked, "What's your name, soldier?"

"Jones," replied the recruit, at the same time extending his hand. "What's yours?"

IRON NERVE?

Two Navy Officers were visiting a major in the British army at Bombay, India. The burly major chided his visitors when they expressed their fear of poisonous snakes, particularly the deadly cobra.

"Gentlemen," he told them, "perhaps you never knew it, but if ever you are in danger on account of a snake, all you must do is keep perfectly still. No snake, even the cobra, will bite you if you do not make a move. Just remain perfectly still and that's all there is to it."

The major had just finished pouring forth his words of wisdom in affairs of snakes when the eyes of one of his friends bulged with horror and the fellow spoke in a husky voice, "Don't move, major! There's a cobra just beginning to crawl up your arm." The major's eyes rolled down to take a glance at the snake, but, true to his own advice, the major remained perfectly motionless.

All the while the snake was crawling up the officer's arm and around his neck, the other fellows watched, horrified. One had seized a gun but he couldn't do much with it while the cobra was so chummy with the major. For what seemed hours the suspense went on.

Then the cobra slid himself around the major's neck and started down the other arm. The officer with the gun spoke in a low tone, "Don't move, major; just as soon as he gets off your arm I'll get him." The major looked straight ahead but moved not a muscle.

After another wait that seemed like ages, the cobra had moved down to the ground where the major's hand rested and as soon as the snake was a bit away from his hand the gun barked and blew the cobra to kingdom come. The strain had been terrific and the two officers who had had to sit watching couldn't talk for a minute or two. When they finally were able to talk they exulted, "Major! What a marvelous exhibition of coolness and nerve that was. You certainly showed us it can be done."

The major did not speak. Puzzled, one of the fellows walked over to him, looked at him, and then shrank back. The major was stone dead.

—*Shipmate.*



Officer—"How do you find the zero on your rifle?"

Boot—"I don't. Mine is No. 865321 and no zero on it."

BOOKS—Passing in Review

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

AN INSPECTION OF SERVICE LITERATURE

"... BUT TO THE GRAVE"

PATHS OF GLORY. By Humphrey Cobb (Viking). \$2.50

War romancers have fallen back along the entire literary front. The bombardments of satiation precipitated a general rout. Only a few strong points protect war narratives from complete annihilation. Fighting a valiant rear guard action, Mr. Humphrey Cobb has effected a definite rallying point with his "Paths of Glory;" and it is not impossible that war fiction will launch a powerful counter attack from the impetus of this work.

The story begins with the relief of the 181st (French) Regiment. Decimated by German fire, the outfit staggers back from the lines. Their valor has earned them ten days respite. Perhaps they would have had it, but someone blundered. Two assaults on an inexpugnable stronghold, known as the Pimple, ended disastrously. Then someone erroneously reported in the *communiqués* that the Pimple had fallen. The thing that perplexed the army commander was that the Pimple still flaunted its impregnability, still remained a labyrinth of hostile gun pits to shred his advancing lines.

The army commander sent for General Assolant, nicknamed General Insolent. Carefully the situation is explained. Did the general understand?

"I understand only too well, sir. You are going to ask me to take with my bayonets what a G.I.Q. ink slinger has already inadvertently captured at the point of his pen."

The general is finally placated by a tacit allusion to the Legion of Honor as a fitting reward.

With but a few hours' rest, the war-torn 181st is flung back into the lines. Forty nine men are lost going into position. They storm the Pimple and are smashed to pieces. Valor is of no avail. They are beaten back. General Assolant is furious. He arrests the regiment and threatens to have one section from each company shot. But he reduces this to one man, and issues the orders.

What happens when the company commanders receive this insane order, each to select a man for the firing squad, is the highlight of the story, and we shan't spoil it by telling.

RACKETEER KING

G MAN. By Charles Francis Coe (Lippincott). \$2.00

The sudden public acclaim of Uncle Sam's secret operatives has brought forth a flood of stories concerning their activities. If Mr. Coe could be detailed to write them all, everything would be lovely.

Upon the advent of repeal, "One-Eye" Zigo and his mob have come to the parting of the ways. Rap Covani, Zigo's lieutenant, contends that the booze racket can be made profitable no longer. "I'm tellin' you," Rap said with conviction, "the racket is washed up. You can buy a drink legal now. The old days is gone."

The one-eyed one wasn't so sure. He felt that there was to be an even greater harvest to be gathered. The mob divides, some sticking to their old leader, and some to follow Rap into general stick-ups, snatches and other money-laden enterprises.

Zigo buys a pig farm and starts bootlegging on it. The mash odor isn't so noticeable with the pigs about. His industry booms, bringing in greater revenues than before. Rap isn't doing so poorly either.

Then, abruptly, one Knuckles, one of Rap's mobsters, is mysteriously killed, shot down in a blind alley. No one can account for it; and the local police have no record. Rap, suspicious of Zigo, gathers his cohorts and makes a call. He has a belief that the one-eyed gangster has found bootlegging unprofitable and is trying to muscle in on the other racket.

The difficulty is settled amicably. Then Zigo's still is knocked off, and he suspects Rap of having turned him in. Bad blood is aroused between the erstwhile cronies.

Another of Rap's mobsters is gathered in by the law, and all efforts of crooked politicians to spring him are frustrated. The gangsters feel some mysterious force working against them, deadly and sure. For the first time they find themselves helpless. Violence is of no avail; the mob rule is dead.

This is a timely and thrill-packed yarn that snatches the wreath from the mobster's head and pays tribute to the undercover men of Uncle Sam's Department of Justice.

ACTIN' SHERIFF

QUICK TRIGGERS. By Eugene Cunningham (Houghton, Mifflin). \$2.00

Clay Borden, twenty-four, with ten years of saddle tramping behind him, had found life pleasant enough to enable him to retain the smiling features of a nineteen year old youth. Now and then certain bad men were mistaken in that face, and thereafter looked upon it no more.

The story opens with Pecos Pawl, professional gambler, failing in judgment to properly appraise his opponent. Unable to stop Clay's winning streak, the gambler accuses him of cheating, and backs his statement with a six-gun. When the smoke clears away, Pecos Pawl is badly wounded. Later, Clay is struck over the head and robbed of his winnings. Suspecting a henchman of one Smiling Bradey, Clay searches the man out in a saloon. There is a fight. In the dead man's effects, Clay identifies a peculiarly marked gold piece that had belonged to him. "But," he draws, "it leaves me nine hundred short."

The loss of his money rankled Clay. He had intended to take it home to Texas and dump it in his mother's lap. So, he makes up his mind to recover it.

Shortly afterwards he is ambushed by a band of Mexicans, who had been commissioned by Bradey to kill Clay. The seige is lifted by the unexpected appearance of two unusual characters, Chihuahua Joe, and Lum Luckett. They have a letter for Clay from his uncle, Smoky Cole, Sheriff in Gurney. The old man requests his nephew to come and be sworn in as a deputy, for trouble is brewing.

The three set out for Gurney. They arrive simultaneously with the expected trouble. Smoky Cole has been lured out and nearly killed by a band of masked men.

Clay is appointed acting sheriff in his uncle's place. This district needs cleaning up, and there is little doubt as to the seat of the trouble. John Powell, wealthy rancher, intends to drive out the smaller cattle-owners, and he employs all the gun-men he can find, our friend Smiling Bradey among them.

The side of law and order is numerically the weaker, and a love interest doesn't strengthen it very much. There are sharp fights, ambushes, and plenty fast moving drama before things are settled and Clay, incidentally, recovers more than his stolen money.

MAN HUNTERS

CORNISH OF SCOTLAND YARD. By G. W. Cornish (Macmillan). \$2.50

Scotland Yard is the reason that there are few crime-waves in England; or at least crime-waves of the proportion known to us. For generations fiction writers have woven tales about that force of detectives, and now we have the personal reminiscences of the former superintendent of the Yard. Mr. G. W. Cornish, who retired some two years ago, presents the memoirs of his two-score years' service.

"I have written the book chronologically," he says, "it covers thirty-eight and a half years' service in the Police Force and I have enjoyed every day of it."

It was in 1895 that Cornish was admitted to the Force. He underwent the three weeks recruit training. Then began an apprenticeship that was to develop into a thrilling and adventurous career.

Mr. Cornish recounts more than an ordinary number of murders, robberies, ar-

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son cases, and various other crimes. Perhaps the more discriminating lovers of detective fiction will be slightly disappointed, especially in the murder cases. Not because the stories lack interest, or are not well told, but because in most instances the perpetrator of the crime is the one to whom most of the evidence of guilt will point. The author could doubtless have followed the fiction pattern, having the guiltless suspected until the very end. But he preferred to present the cases as they actually occurred.

Some of England's most sensational crimes are told in this volume, among them the famous Charing Cross Trunk Murder, which was "... discovered early on the morning of May 10th, 1927. A constable telephones to Bow Street to say that the chief cloak-room attendant had called him in and had told him that there was something wrong with a trunk in the cloak-room. He thought that it contained human remains." It did; and Mr. Cornish immediately launches us on a fast-moving mystery.

Quite recently a friend of mine, a Secret Service operative of the Treasury Department, paid me a visit. In the course of the evening he picked up Mr. Cornish's book. "This is good," he said; "it has all the interesting features of fiction, with none of the hard-to-believe incidents." I pass his comment on to you.

SIX-GUN SAGA

BLOW, DESERT WINDS! By William Coreoran (Appleton). \$2.00

To Lee McLean fell the honor of being the first and only lifer serving time in the penitentiary of Malamosa. Three men had died facing his flaming six-guns, and two more carried his bullets in their bodies. He had offered no defense, was duly tried and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Accorded certain privileges, in deference to his status, McLean takes advantage of an opportunity to drug one of the guards. He escapes, steals a horse and outfit, eludes the posse, and heads north, hoping to win the Canadian Border.

After traveling a few days, McLean falls in with a stranger. Suspicious, the outlaw is constantly alert. One night he discovers the other man riding his saddle bags. They fire at each other simultaneously. Both are wounded, McLean but slightly. It develops that his opponent is Tex Marvel, a state ranger.

McLean rides on, stops at a ranch house and sends aid to the wounded officer.

Still bearing north, McLean reaches a small house and is dumbfounded when his knock is answered by a woman thrusting a gun in his face. She attempts to drive him off, and even as she does so she collapses from an over strained heart. McLean picks her up and, in spite of protests from a younger girl, carries the sick woman to a bedroom.

Then the outlaw hears a story that drives all thought of Canada from his mind: The widow and her daughter, helpless, have been caught between two factions in a cattle war.

McLean refuses to abandon the women, and he gets embroiled in no little gunplay. Both sides thirst for his gore. The wounded ranger recovers and trails his man, with an unusual climax.

Mr. Coreoran, onetime editor of *Adventure*, knows exactly what constitutes a good western. And he has given us full measure. Thrills, suspense and rapid fire action pile one on top of the other until the final and complete exonerated of the gun-fighting McLean.

BOOKS—

Make use of your Post Library. It is maintained for your benefit—If the title you want is not on the shelves ask the Librarian to include it in the next purchase. That is the way they find out what books you want to read.

THE LAST FRONTIER

SOUTHEAST OF ZAMBOANGA. By Vic Hurley (Dutton). \$3.00

It cost the United States countless millions of dollars, and no few lives, to pacify the Philippines. Mr. Hurley is of the opinion that the job wasn't quite finished. And he ought to know. He spent eight years in Mindanao.

Wearry of work in an express company office, Vic Hurley threw up his job and went to the Philippines with the idea of starting a coconut plantation. He and his partner departed from Zamboanga, on the southwest tip of Mindanao, and set sail for the extreme southern part of the Island. By purchase and homestead they began reclaiming the wild wastes, to plant coconuts.

Mr. Hurley realized that the greatest danger lay in himself. He encountered other white planters, and a colony of "Sunshiners," ex-army men who took on native wives and remained in Mindanao; and the neophyte planter was determined to profit by their errors. But slowly and surely, day after day, the wilderness he had set out to conquer, beats him down.

Most of the natives are friendly, but many of them are not, and there was considerable difficulty in separating the two. His weapons are worth a small fortune, and one night three Moros attempt to murder the planter and steal his guns and ammunition. Hurley stopped them with a .45.

Slowly the dream of riches and power fades, and in its place is the reality of slinky cobras and pythons, deadly spiders, and malaria-carrying mosquitoes. And through it all is the noiseless noise of the jungle, the point and counter-point of the cacophonous tropical melody.

Month after month of horror roll by. Hurley's partner has been gone for some time, working up north. Then malaria and dysentery crush Hurley to his bunk. Helpless, alone, he grows worse. Three days pass; but the days and nights are so intermingled he can not tell the difference. Fortunately, his partner returns, and Hurley is shipped off to the army hospital at Zamboanga. One more white man has failed to whip the tropics.

THE LOOKOUT

Any desired book may be purchased through the LEATHERNECK BOOK SERVICE, and we especially recommend the following:

IN TIME OF PEACE. By Thomas Boyd (Minton, Balch). The late Mr. Boyd, who Marined in the A.E.F., offers a sequel to his "Through the Wheat." \$2.50

OLD DEADWOOD DAYS. By Esteline Bennett (Scribner's). The true story of glamorous frontier days, when the more sturdy folk fought Indians, road agents and other bad men. \$2.50

THE HOUSE OF TRUJILLO. By Anne Cameron (Appleton). A delightful ro-

mance; the lives of Luis Trujillo-Rojas, deposed president of a South American Republic; Ruth Weir, and her father, Bronson Weir, a semi-expatriated utilities magnet, interwoven in the jungles of Panama. \$2.00

TUMBLING RIVER RANGE. By W. C. Tuttle (Houghton, Mifflin). A murder mystery and western story combined. Drunk on his wedding night, Joe Rich, sheriff at Pinnacle City, is accused of murdering his intended father-in-law, train robbery, and a bank hold-up. Things move rapidly, with Hashknife and Sleepy acting as sleuths. \$2.00

HELL'S STAMPING GROUND. By Westmoreland Gray (Lippincott). Johnny Malone and Rawhide ride back to the ranch where they worked for so many years, and find conditions changed. The new foreman, Drago, seems to be running things in his own villainous style. \$2.00

BLAZE MCGEE. By Jay Lucas (Maculay). Young McGee saw his daddy shot down in cold blood, and was himself wounded by the assassins. He swore an oath that he would one day kill both slayers. Later his oath stood in the way of love. This is a rattling good western. \$2.00

ROAD TO WAR. By Walter Millis (Houghton, Mifflin). The story of our pre-war days, detailing step by step the way in which we were drawn into the European struggle. \$3.00

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE MARNE. By Sewell Tyng (Longmans, Green). The bloody fight where a defeated army turned in its tracks and stopped the conquerors. \$3.75

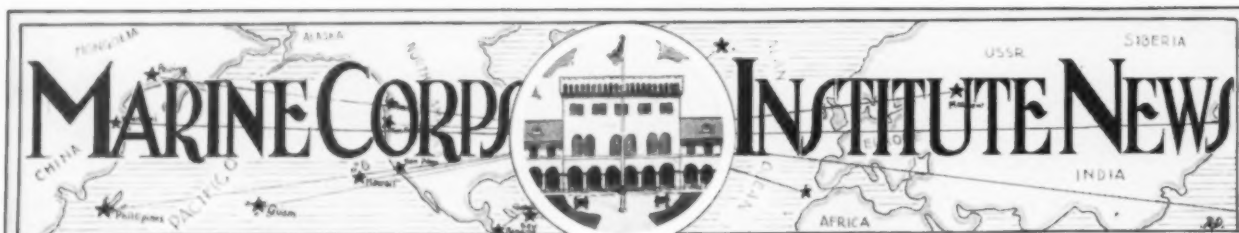
LOOSE AMONG THE DEVILS. By Gordon Sinclair (Farrar and Rinehart). An adventure-travel book of the better sort. Reporter Sinclair visits Devil's Island, Voodoo Haiti, and Black Africa, experiencing no few remarkable adventures, which he recounts in a pleasing and interesting manner. \$2.50

THE WHITE MONK OF TIMBUCTOO. By William Seabrook (Harcourt, Brace). A French priest with a mission in Timbuctoo, throws his future aside, renounces his position, and lives as his fancy dictates. Surrounded by books in fifteen languages, a native wife who bore him thirty children, the apostate achieves happiness and freedom. \$3.00

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND. By Charles Nordhoff and James Hall (Little, Brown). The third volume of the "Mutiny of the Bounty" stories. This relates the experiences of the Mutineers. \$2.50

WHILE ROME BURNS. By Alexander Woolcott (Viking). Sketches and memoirs of people, places and events. One of the outstanding books of the year. \$2.75

THAT BENNINGTON MOB. By Henry Barnard Safford (Julian Messner). A romance of the Green Mountain Boys and their fight against land-grabbers, Indians, and red-coats; Joel Safford, captured by savages, and held prisoner for two years. \$2.00



THE VALUE OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES

DOT infrequently we find Americans who consider that because English is undoubtedly the leading language of the world's commerce, industry, and marine affairs, they need know no other. Any well informed person knows that this is a fallacy. It would be just as well to say that because the right arm is the more important one we can do away with the left one.

It is perhaps true that one can get along after a fashion almost anywhere with English alone, so it is natural, and we may add unfortunate, that our interest in foreign languages is sometimes less than keen.

There are many reasons for the acquisition of a knowledge of other languages, particularly Spanish and French, both for cultural purposes and for professional and business uses.

A famous man once said that no person really knows his own language until he knows another one with which to compare it. This, without a doubt, is true. Why do our colleges and universities insist upon a knowledge of modern languages? The answer is obvious. It is that they consider a person's education is not completed without the knowledge of one or more modern languages. And of all foreign languages, Spanish and French are the two which should interest us the most. Spanish is almost as important on this continent as English is. It is the language common to twenty-one countries, undoubtedly the largest group of nations having identical bonds and offering unlimited possibilities for commercial intercourse with our own nation. It is also the mother tongue of more than ninety million persons throughout the world.

Let us stop to consider that, with the exception of Spain, all the Spanish-speaking countries are in our own hemisphere, and that in the field of commerce they are regarded as our best customers. We buy from them many of their raw materials, and they in turn buy from our factories our finished products. All this means a tremendous amount of correspondence in Spanish and a vast number of qualified men to take care of it, not to mention thousands of salesmen, buyers, and representatives of exporting and importing houses. They all are required to have a command of the language.

To the men in the Marine Corps, the knowledge of Span-

ish has proved on many occasions to be of immeasurable value. They have been called to serve in many Spanish-speaking countries, and those with a knowledge of the language have been called upon to solve many of the intricate problems which appear every day. The work performed by the Electoral Mission in Nicaragua, for example, has been praised by many high officials, and the success of the men who participated in that duty was due in great part to their ability in knowing Spanish. Spanish is the easiest to learn of all Latin languages, particularly as to pronunciation. Because of its simplicity, the Spanish system of phonetics was chosen by Dr. Zamenhof for his new language—Esperanto.

French is recognized as the international language. It is the language used by diplomat and scientist alike, as well as by many persons of culture. A command of French is a mark of distinction which is quickly noted by those who so highly con-

tribute to our social and cultural development.

The Marine Corps Institute offers to the men in the Corps the opportunity of learning Spanish and French by one of the best methods devised by a universally known educational institution. Our instructors have recently prepared a new set of examinations designed to meet the needs of every student of Spanish, regardless of his previous education, and every man who takes advantage of this offer will be able to acquire a command of either language in a comparatively short time. Men who are enrolled in these courses are given individual and undivided attention by competent instructors, and each student is considered as in a class by himself. If necessary, the Instructor will prepare special exercises designed particularly to meet the problem of each student.

To those in the Marine Corps we earnestly advise the study of Spanish or French. The man who dares admit that with English alone we can carry out business on a large scale casts reflection upon his ability to recognize the needs of today.

MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE PERSONALITIES



Gunnery Sergeant Philip R. Higuera
Principal, School of Languages

When a man asks for a job without being prepared for it, he immediately develops the feeling of inadequacy, which crushes all initiative. The Marine Corps Institute is not only interested in a higher and better education for those who are serving in the Corps, but also in preparing them for bigger and better things in civilian life. Every Marine has a certain amount of time at his command, and he should take advantage of this oppor-

tunity, which to others not in the Corps is denied. Why not let an M.C.I. course take the place of more expensive pleasures?

This is not only the advice of an enthusiast in M.C.I. courses, but of one who believes that the desire to learn and to educate oneself is common among all men. Take advantage of the opportunities offered by the M.C.I., and remember the words of Moore: "The man who loses his opportunity loses himself."

THE SPANISH COURSE

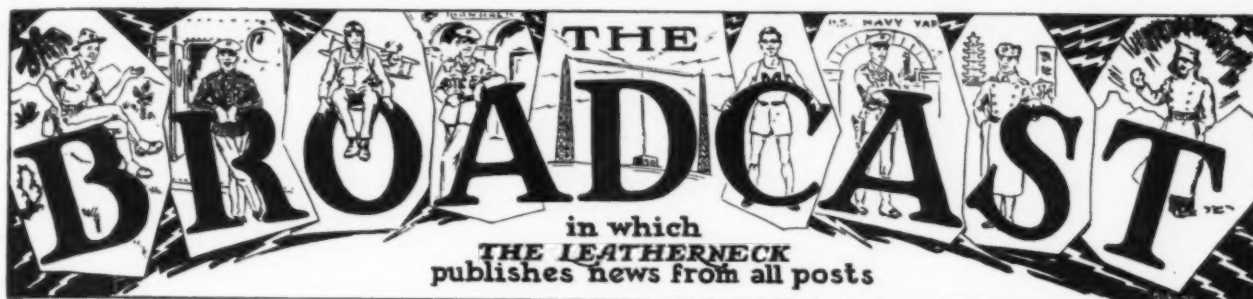
The Marine Corps Institute Spanish course is based on the modern conversational method of instruction, modified to meet the needs of the Marine Corps. The text consists of three volumes containing fifty lessons.

The questionnaires now being used with the Spanish course were recently revised and now incorporate the experience of several years of teaching the Spanish language by correspondence.

The common method of teaching a foreign language provides three-fourths grammatical training, and one-fourth conversational training. The reverse is the rational method, and is followed by the Marine Corps Institute. Practically all questions require answers of a conversational nature, and this, together with the specially prepared guide to pronunciation, enables

the student to acquire a working knowledge of the language in a relatively short time.

While the mastering of any language requires effort on the part of the learner, he may be assured that by this revised, individual method under the constant guidance of competent instructors, he will require much less time and effort to learn how to read, write, and speak Spanish than was necessary a few years ago.



West Coast News

BASE NEWS

By D. S. C.

We have endeavored to make this issue of particular interest to all officers and men of the Marines Corps who are now, who have been in the past, or who hope in the future to be, stationed on the West Coast, as well as to their relatives and friends back home who are naturally interested in them and their posts of duty.

With that in view, and with the assistance of the Base Photographer in San Diego, Mr. Peter A. Tierney, and of officials at the California Pacific International Exposition, we are publishing the photographs of as many of the organizations as we were able to gather together in the limited time allowed, and hope to be able to obtain photographs of the remaining organizations here before many more months roll by.

Many changes in the commissioned and enlisted personnel in and nearby stations have been effected during the past few weeks, with the *Chaumont* and *Henderson* passing through, taking away some, and leaving the more fortunate here.

The most interesting topic now concerns the Fleet Marine Force, with their headquarters being transferred from Quantico to San Diego on September 1.

Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, who has commanded the Marine Corps Base here since early May, has been assigned to duty, effective September first, as Commanding General of the Fleet Marine Force, vice Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman. Colonel Emile P. Moses, now commanding the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and formerly from China, has been assigned to

duty as Chief of Staff of the Fleet Marine Force, and is expected to arrive in San Diego shortly.

Housing facilities are at present not available for any great number of additional men, and it is therefore the intention to transfer only the staff of the F.M.F. (commissioned and enlisted) to this Base, pending the formulation of plans for the accommodation of others that may be transferred here at some future date.

Other officers assigned to the staff of the Fleet Marine Force will be Col. Edw. W. Banker, Lt-Col. Lyle H. Miller, Lt-Col. Oliver Floyd, Lt-Col. Lloyd L. Leech, Maj. Joseph D. Murray, Maj. Henry D. Linscott, Maj. Francis E. Pierce, Capt. James B. Hardie, Capt. Gregon A. Williams, and Capt. Raymond P. Coffman.

Marine Corps Headquarters decided upon this change in order to effect closer cooperation between the Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet and the staff of the Fleet Marine Force.

While the Thirteenth Battalion, Marine Corps Reserve, were here under training during July, they were inspected by Gen. Richard P. Williams, who made the trip from Marine Corps Headquarters for the special purpose of inspecting Reserve units on the West Coast.

Other visitors to the Base, and the Exposition, during the past few weeks are Lt-Col. Leo D. Hermle and Mrs. Hermle, and Mr. Troy A. Nubson and family. Colonel Hermle and Mr. Nubson are both assigned to duty at Marine Corps Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

Capt. Paul A. Lesser is now on leave, and under orders for duty in China, and

has been relieved as Base Adjutant by Capt. Max D. Smith, formerly of the U.S.S. *Saratoga*.

Lt. Lionel C. Goudeau, who reported for duty at about the same time, has been assigned to duty as Aide to General McDougal.

Forty college students, members of the Marine Corps Reserve, under command of Maj. Herbert Hardy, have just completed six weeks active training duty here at the Base, and are now anxiously awaiting the time for their appointment to a commissioned grade in the Marine Corps.

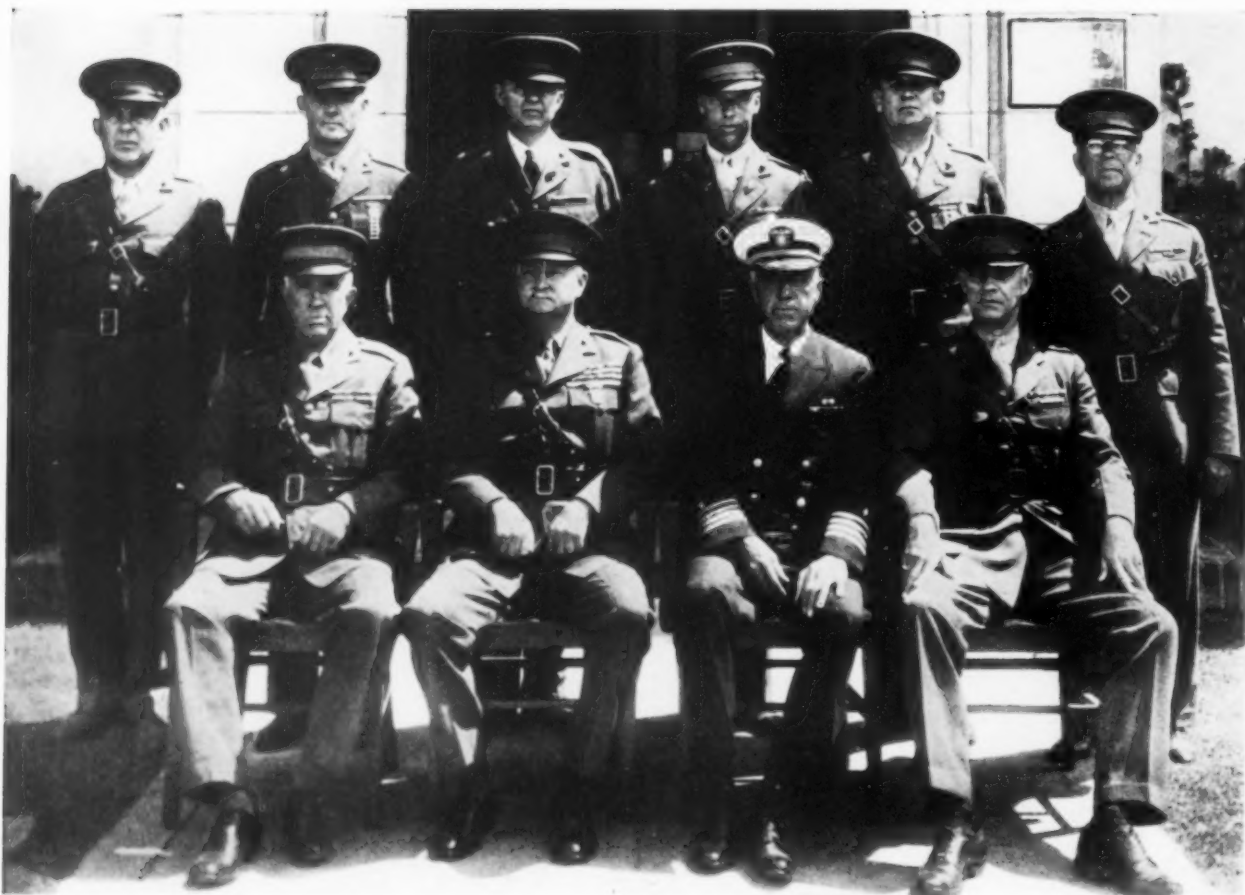
RECRUIT DEPOT

By C. D.

Since we last went to press the Recruit Depot command has been taken over by Lieut-Col. Harry L. Smith, who joined us on 29 June from Headquarters Marine Corps, where he had been on duty in the Division of Operations and Training. Under Colonel Smith's guidance the depot should progress very well. Maj. A. B. Miller is now executive officer and the balance of our set-up being as follows: Capt. A. T. Lewis, Commanding Officer Recruit Depot Detachment and Officer in Charge of Drills and Instruction; Capt. Julian N. Frisbie, who recently joined from the USS *Colorado*, is now commanding officer of the Sea and Field Music Schools and has prepared a new schedule for sea training that should qualify all men graduating from sea school for any duty that might be required of them aboard ship; Capt. Oliver A. Dow is Recruit Depot Property, Mess and Police Officer and has added duties as custodian of the Base amusement fund. Capt. James P. Schwerin is still on leave and due back in a few days. At present, the 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th platoons are under-



Marine Corps Base Orchestra, Playing at Balboa Park



COMMANDING GENERAL AND STAFF, MARINE CORPS BASE

Front row, left to right: Col. Calvin B. Matthews, Chief of Staff; Brig. General Douglas C. McDougal, Commanding General; Captain Frank X. Koltes, Base Surgeon; and Lt-Col. Earl C. Long, Base Quartermaster.
Rear row, left to right: Major Cecil S. Baker, Operations and Training Officer; Captain Max D. Smith, Base Adjutant; Lt-Comdr. Harry M. Peterson, Base Chaplain; Lieut. Lionel C. Goudeau, Aide to the Commanding General; Major Merritt B. Curtis, Base Paymaster; and Ch. QM. Clerk Alton P. Hastings, Assistant Base Adjutant.

going training, while the 14th is filling and will go to schedule in about a week. Sgt. Maj. Charles Davis is still holding down the job as Recruit Depot Sergeant Major, with 1st Sgt. Barton W. Stone at the head of the Recruit Depot Detachment and 1st Sgt. William T. Farley, recently from the USS *Arizona*, doing his stuff in the Sea School. We are receiving a high standard of recruits from the recruiting offices and the result is an excellent turn out of high grade men for duty at sea and ashore on completion of their training.

Under the present routine recruit platoons from their third week of training until completion are afforded an opportunity to take part in the daily battalion parades, coordinating with the permanent personnel of the Recruit Depot and Base Troops. Formal guard mount follows daily morning parade and the senior platoon goes through its paces in this ceremony. By the time a recruit completes his recruit training he can consider himself a seasoned Marine ready to perform efficient duty in any detachment throughout the Marine Corps. The men undergoing training in Sea School are also having the opportunity to learn the rudiments of battalion parade as they participate with the permanent personnel of the Depot and Base troops in the Friday

afternoon dress parade in full white blue white.

The Friday afternoon parades attract many visitors to the Base. There is some talk of the possibility of the recruit platoons being placed under canvas due to the fact that the expected move of artillery units from Quantico will require the barracks now assigned to the training units in the Depot. Tent life will give the recruit an idea of what to expect if he ever goes on expeditionary duty. The Western Platoon Leaders' Class of Reserves of 1935 are also quartered in the Recruit Depot area, forty-one strong. This class is composed of college men from various colleges west of the Mississippi. They are in training for a six-weeks' period with the view of their eventual commission in the reserve on graduation from college. Until the next issue the Recruit Depot scribe signs off.

SECOND SIGNAL SENTENCES

By RPW

The Radio Operators' School continues about the same, with MT Sgt. Kilday lending a guiding hand. Corporal Morgan, code and procedure instructor, is counting the days now, and probably will ship over. Can that man send ditty-dahs? Corporal Farris is plenty good and has the situation

well in hand, ashore as well as in the code rooms. The other lads, Privates First Class Harmon, Gatlin, Haigler and Lindquist, are doing right well, thank you.

In the telephone shack, changes are being made due to the fact that Corporal Blackmon, the present chief operator, being transferred to the east coast. Pfc. I. L. Buster will take over the duties of chief operator when he returns from a 90-day furlough incident to shipping over. In his absence, Private First Class McKee will take charge. McKee has just returned from China, where he has been doing duty as communication clerk. J. V. Childers made Private First Class, and specialist during July. Problem for today: Find Childers on watch. Following is the crew standing watches in the shack: Private First Class McKee, Childers, Rigaud; Privates Boyer, Knack, Prior and Watson.

One signal man was killed and one hurt quite badly in a motorcycle mishap on the Fourth of July. Cpl. Fred Hagar was killed and Private First Class Buster received cuts and bruises on his legs and body and scalp wounds when the motorcycle they were riding blew a tire and threw Hagar fifty feet. The two were en route to Phoenix, Arizona, for the rodeo and Independence day celebration. Buster has recovered and reported back for duty.

Hdqs. company, Base Troops, had to

vacate their palatial boud- buod- (don't tell me; I'll get it) boudoir in favor of the musies and have moved into the lower squadroom with the Signal company. So far, everything has been all right, even if a bit crowded. Cpl. Pezdark brought along his radio and between his and the Signal company radio there is no peace. One will be tuned loud and screamingly to "Headin' For the Last Round Up" and the other to Beethoven's something or other, the resultant clamor being anything but conducive to promoting interest in the future of radio. Even with the two sets tuned to the same programs, one's head begins to ache, listening to the wailing notes of a blues singer. Incidentally, Cpl. Pezdark is "Crying for the Carolines," only it isn't the Carolines, but China. What is this fatal fascination that China holds for the lads once they have been there? Don't tell me. Maybe I can guess.

Now that Agua Caliente and Tia Juana have been padlocked by the Mexican government, the lads will have to look elsewhere for places to woo lady luck. (Note. One of the lads peeking over my shoulder says she ain't no lady.) The local police have been rounding up the gamblers scattered around Dago, and even the slot machines have felt the strong arm of the law. Perhaps it is just as well. Let 'em play acy-ducy. Cpl. Morgan is the leading exponent of the game and Harmon and Boyer are giving him much competition as to the title of "Champ."

Radio Operators' School diplomas were given at the weekly blues parade recently to three graduates. This was out of the ordinary in that the usual thing was to hand them out on Friday morning troop and inspection. Privates Crowell, Echier and Watson were the lucky lads and they lost no time in getting their sparks mounted on their arms. Crowell was sent to Frisco, Schierer to the messhall and Watson to the telephone shack. Other graduates to be detailed for duty to Frisco in the past month or two: Privates Hoge, Herron, Smith. To Point Loma: Privates Hill, Don D. Childers, Herrington, Seaton and Stern. Stern has since been returned to the Base and is doing his best to keep the company well policed.



Fleet Marine Force, Marine Corps Base

Aircraft Two, FMF, has a number of lads here learning to be radio operators. Time will tell whether they will listen to dit dah dit or just sling grease the rest of their cruise, or whatever it is they do around the hangars at North Island. Corporals Hoefer and Frazer head a detail of seven of the lads.

Among the has-beens are listed Corporal Herriek and Privates First Class Stroud, Dye, Truluck, Poborsky and Philbert. Philbert was last seen driving one of the buses on the grounds of the California Pacific International Exposition here in San Diego, and has the situation well in hand in a manner as befits a Marine. Poborsky, it is reported, was working in New York City two weeks after being paid off here in Dago. Some fun, eh, kid?

Sergeant Curtin, from China via the *Hendy Maru*, is the man in charge of the police shed. Ask Lindquist, he knows. His

time has been divided between code classes and the police shed.

The furlough season is on, so be careful not to get caught in the rush. Maj. Francis E. Pierce, Commanding Officer, has taken off for a short while. Besides directing the company affairs, the major has many other duties around the base, and it is hoped he fully enjoys his leave. Capt. Clate C. Snyder is filling the major's shoes and doing right by the lads. It has been announced that the captain recently completed thirty years of active duty in the Marine Corps. A neat record for anybody to shoot at. Marine Gunner H. E. Raley has been away some time now on furlough. What can be so interesting to keep him from duty so long?

Sergeant Gustavson, Privates Childers and Heinecke have just returned from furlough and are getting back into the swing of things. Private First Class Buster is taking a 90-day, incident to shipping over. Private Prior is using 20 days just to see the folks back home, because he doesn't get to see them enough over the week-end. Pvt. John Read, former signal man now serving with aircraft two, FMF, departed on what he said was a much-needed vacation. What do the lads at North Island do that they must need have vacations?

When 1st Sgt. J. B. Hill commands 'shun, the lads assume stand at ease on the first part of the command and click their heels loudly in execution. The rifles pop when going through the manual and the whole affair is just the snappiest to be found anywhere in the Marine Corps. Hill also runs the lads through their paces during the morning physical drill. Try throwing that rifle around the way he wants it done and you'll find at the end of drill you are rather pooped.

Cpl. C. V. Heyl is still yes-man and does what he can for the liberty hounds. He escorted the late Pvt. Ward W. Crain's body back to Missouri for interment. Heyl has as his stooge Private First Class Butler, who came from China on the *Hendy Maru*'s last voyage across the Pacific.

Among the Signal men transferred to Hdqrs. F. M. F. were: Corporal Haley, Private First Class Holland, Lenhart, Privates Dobbin, Bell and Atkins. George Brown, Jr., also transferred with the gang, went the way of all flesh in July and mid-



Parade and Review, Marine Corps Base

ble-aisled it. Blessings on thee, little man. How do you go about winding up one of these things? Do you just stop and call it a day? If so, here goes, with a ditty-dit-dah dit-dah.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES

Our scheduled July maneuvers, held on the Camp Kearney Mesa, were concluded on the morning of August 1st with the return of the troops to the Base. The entire Battalion (less a Rear Echelon of 60 men) and Battery "D" of the Tenth Marines departed from the Base with full field equipment at 0700 30 July commencing the long trek to Camp Kearney. Our new Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. Oliver Floyd, commanded both units. The marching column, followed by the artillery, took the inland route to the Mesa. After passing through Old Town a demonstration of aircraft attack on the column was effected by a squadron of planes from Aircraft Two, followed within an hour by an actual (simulated) attack by theoretical enemy planes, also from Aircraft Two. The troops dispersed from their formation of column of squads and, taking cover, simulated defense against the planes. This tactical phase was repeated several times en route to Kearney and, upon nearing the Camp, the Point came in contact with the marching columns of retreating enemy, represented by distinguishably marked automobiles. Arriving in Camp around 2 o'clock, after a successful advance, the troops pitched shelter tents and prepared the camp site. The next two days were spent in preparing the camp against attack which came late in the afternoon of the second day. The defense was successfully consummated to the satisfaction of our officers and at midnight the order came to break camp.

The return march to the Base, conducted cross country over somewhat difficult terrain, was a little over twelve miles and was completed in the remarkable time of five hours, less a forty-five minute stop for coffee. The troops returned jubilant from the all night march and our battalion commander was justly proud of the fact that only one man out of the entire 450 that participated, suffered from sore feet. The general excellence of the mess throughout the entire maneuvers contributed not a little to the high morale of the command and every man that participated is not a little grateful to those responsible. This maneuver had been viewed somewhat with appre-



Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, Regimental Headquarters, Sixth Marines, F.M.F.

hension before it took place, for no one knew just what to expect, but now we find the men avidly looking forward to the next one, which we hope will be real soon.

The Base Team, entered in the Eleventh Naval District Tennis Team Tournament, has to date taken a clean sweep of the twelve matches played and we feel that this fine showing is due not a little to the remarkable playing of the 1st Battalion's tennis stars, Pfc. Frank H. Kirkeby of Battalion Headquarters and Headquarters Company and Pvt. James D. Wood of Company "A," who comprise half the Base Team, and we take this opportunity of congratulating them publicly.

BATTERY "D", SECOND BATTALION

10TH MARINES, F.M.F.

Battery "D" returned to San Diego on June 12th intact with the exception of one man who remained in Honolulu to take up a course in appreciation of interior decora-

tion. After having lived in pup-tents for twelve days on Sand Island, and enduring the inconveniences of bucket baths aboard ship, all hands have been busy taking numerous baths and pressing lots of blankets.

You've heard the song "The Volga Boatman." Did you see the moving picture version? Well, the Russian stevedores work like oxen, hauling vessels along the canals. To get their minds off the tedious and back-breaking labor, they sing the "Volga Boatman." I should describe to you how the foot-cannoneers of Battery "D" drag the 1,450 pound pack howitzers through deep coral sand to the harmonious strains of the "Marine Corps Hymn." Remember how the patrols in that Nicaraguan picture did it? Well, we just didn't have enough wind left to sing, I guess.

The worst joke of the year was played on Dupler, acting first soldier. He stayed aboard the *Utah* to take care of muster rolls, pay rolls, etc., and ended by doing six men's work, stowing ammunition, stores, and being general all-round handy man.

We have three brand new corporals—Gregory, Wanderly, and Smythe Reynolds. These boys take turns walking by the wash-room mirrors looking at the new chevrons.

Police Sergeant "Willie" Parsons became the proud father of a bouncing eight-pound boy early in July. "Willie" says the kid sounds reveille at any and all hours of the night.

For prospective visitors to Sand Island, the following treatise is offered on "How to Pitch and Occupy a Pup-tent on Sand Island:" Pitch the tent by the numbers, leaving the open end to the east for the wind always blows from the west. The even numbered man unrolls his bedding roll and drags it in behind him, exiting through the flap-end of the tent. The odd numbered man lays his bedding by crawling over his bunkie's bedding, thereby scattering sand but none on his own bedding. The even numbered man goes around to the open end of the tent and disrobes for the night. This consists merely of removing the shoes. This keeps some of the sand out and insures a quick dash for reveille, roll call. He then draws in his neck, doubles up his knees and turns in, getting cramps but enduring the pain through necessity. The odd numbered



The Trek of Sand Island

man buttons the back flap while his bunkie is turning in. He then passes two packs, two helmets, two buckets filled with odds and ends, two pistol belts and holsters, two extra pairs of shoes, four canteens, extra clothing and miscellaneous gear in to the even number man, who attempts to find places to stow them. He then takes one end of a poncho and tucks it in under both bedding rolls inside the tent pole. Then sitting down, he removes his own shoes. After arranging the assorted clean and dirty clothes for a pillow, the weary Marines are ready for a night's repose. However, the holes the even numbered man has dug while crawling through the tent, feel like a coal pile to the bunkie. The low-lying moon shines directly in their faces. After hours of catnaps they finally doze off in exhaustion. Suddenly, both are awakened by rain beating upon them. That west wind has crossed them up and is coming in the front door.

This treatise is given only as a guide on "How to Pitch and Occupy a Pup-tent on Sand Island," and quibbling over the minute shows inability to grasp the spirit of the subject.

HEADQUARTERS AND HEAD- QUARTERS COMPANY

6th Marines, FMF

Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 6th Marines, FMF, is hereby pleased to announce that the depression is over. To all uncouth expressions of disbelief, such as "phooey to you from me," we offer the following reasons:

Good-bye to problem 16. Farewell to the maneuvers. What a relief from parking on a soft bed of coral—and having to like it—to stand up for your rights and mumble "I don't wanna go to bed." With all its kindred blessings the above can be a beautiful state. And if that isn't enough—how about when the man asks you if you want to take a ten-day leave, starting immediately? It has even got your correspondent thinking about shipping over.

The outfit has bid Godspeed to some of its members and welcomed others since you last heard from us. Major L. R. Jones transferred to Sunnyvale and Lieutenant-Colonel T. S. Clarke released command of the First Battalion to take his place as Regimental Exec. Both have the best wishes of the Company. Sgt. Maj. H. Larn has replaced Sgt. W. E. Bassett. Cpls. K. O. Sears and F. P. Haley and Pvt. C. R. McNicol are newcomers. Cpl. J. M. Pierski, Pfc. C. Weinberger and Pvt. J. Queen have left via the transfer route and Pvt. W. A. Thomas is paid off and back home in the southland exhibiting his shoes. Cpl. J. W.

Kenton returned from ninety days' leave just in time to be detailed as instructor in the Platoon Leaders' Class. Pvt. M. M. Peavey went along as clerk.

A loss which all members of the Company regret is the death of Cpl. Fred B. Hagar who was killed in a motorcycle accident while on furlough. Hagar, besides being a good soldier, was a man anyone would be proud to call a Buddy, the highest praise a service man can give a comrade.

It's time for mess gear. If you want more news of the dog-robbers, look us up next month. Until then, amigos.

SECOND BATTALION, 6TH MARINES, F.M.F.

By Carr

To begin, the one thing that is the most important and deserves the most mention is the "Hike" that was made by the Second Battalion during the month of July. It lasted for three days and was considered one of the best ever to be held here at this Base and was most beneficial to all concerned. We left the Base at 7:00 a.m. on July 17 with our destination as Camp Kearney about fourteen miles away. Each and every problem was carried out in precision. The weather was not hot and we carried quite a bit of equipment but we heard no complaints from the men, arriving at the site of our camp at about 4:45 in the afternoon. Soon afterwards it had been converted into a model camp, with every item in its proper place. Too, we found the mess sergeant on the job preparing the evening meal which was quite delectable to the "hikers."

During the days that followed and the problems that were to be carried out we always found our battalion commander in the lead, being Lieutenant Colonel Watson; he can hold his pace like a race horse. With the assistance of the company officers every little thing was carried out in detail. This being such a success we are to have another in the near future.

With the departure of the U.S.S. *Henderson* on August 6th we will have to give up several of our good Marines of this Battalion. Though this ship is not the "Good Ship Lolly-pop" we are sure the boys will enjoy the trip as they are going toward home. However, we are sure they will be back with us as "once in the Fleet Marine Force, always in the Fleet Marine Force." Should anyone like to know how well we Marines preform our duties they should be at Retreat at the Exposition sometime. Accompanied by the Base Band, one company from the Second Battalion performs the

ceremony. In dress Blues and under conditions that the Exposition affords they make a perfect picture.

Whether or not it is in the California weather that makes beer good or California beer that makes the weather good we do not know, but after the International Pistol Match that was held here, the suggestions were unanimous for a "Beer Party." The place was decided as the A.B.C. Brewery in San Diego, as there was more beer there than any other place. Everyone seemed to have a very cool temperature when he returned. The members of the Police force gave the party.

The general outlook of the world was changed recently by P. F. C. Stackpole. However, we do not know in what direction he may be looking, probably a reformist. Stackpole has some great power that he has never exercised in the Marine Corps. In the conclusion of this article we may add, should any good Marine desire to be in a good outfit, with the best of enlisted men and officers, come to the Second Battalion in San Diego, California, for a warm welcome.

NAVAL AIR GUARDS, MB., NAVAL AIR STATION, SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

By Bob Walters

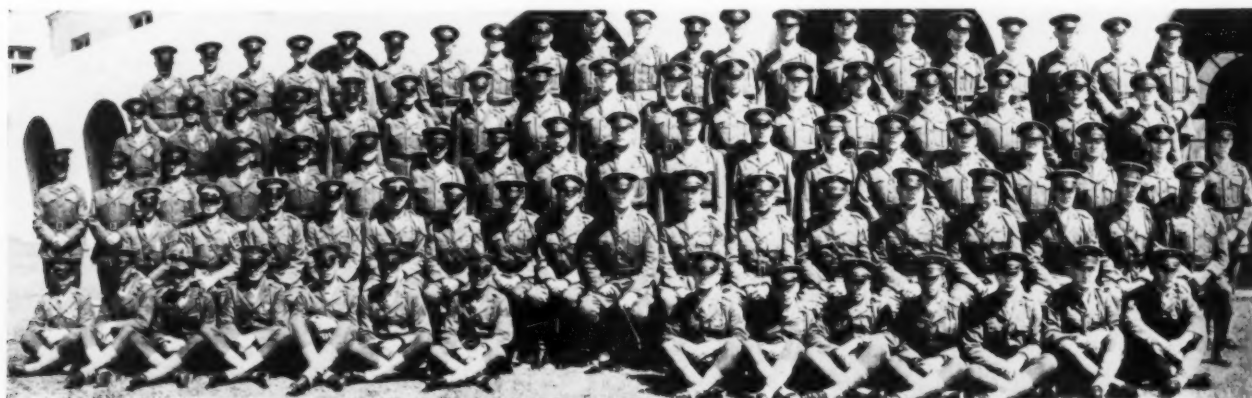
Well, folks, someone mentioned that he hadn't seen anything in THE LEATHERNECK about this command recently, so I will endeavor to pass on to you fellows, that have departed from our happy home, the latest news:

As some of you probably know, 1st Sgt. Russell Dudley has been transferred to the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Pennsylvania* for duty, to replace the late First Sergeant Nelson. We were all sorry to see him leave and wish him a pleasant tour of Sea Duty. Dudley was replaced by First Sergeant Defenbaugh, who was in turn replaced by First Sergeant Reynolds, who joined our happy family from the Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Sunnyvale, California. We are glad to get Reynolds and hope that he will enjoy his tour of duty here as much as First Sergeant Dudley did.

There aren't many of the old gang left, due to the numerous transfers to Sea Duty and Asiatic stations, but we still manage to keep five men to a post and are still hoping that it will get better someday.

Sergeant Wilson is still Property Sergeant and Mess Sergeant — and feeding swell.

Sergeant Page is holding the reins of the Post Exchange and gets some right nice bargains for us when we need to acquire things through him.



Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers, First Battalion, Sixth Marines, F.M.F.

Sergeant Bertko is carrying on as drill sergeant and also standing sergeant of the guard watches.

Corporals Samson and LeBlanc decided that maybe headquarters was right, so they departed on the *Chaumont* for Pearl Harbor.

Corporals Royse and Gagner are acting Sergeants of the Guard and doing a nice job of it, too.

Corporal Guffy made up his mind to make a try at the U.S.S. *Outside* so he was granted a special order and we all wish him luck.

Corporal Mills relieved Guffy as Police Sergeant and the fellows are stepping lively on the cleaning up details, and the place looks rather nice.

Corporals Moore and Sullivan are finding the sun kinda hot up around Number 6 post. Seems there isn't much shade around that boundary line.

"Gus" Walton has been residing at the Naval Hospital for the past few months, but I hear he is about rested up and will be back among us soon.

Private First Class Graham ("Mitsy," to you) has been discharged and from what I am told hasn't decided yet just what his occupation will be. If he doesn't hurry up, I know what it'll be—the USMC for another cruise.

Private First Class Browning relieved Graham as chief operator on the switchboard but will not be with us long as he was granted permission to enter the next class at the Clerical School. Work hard, Eddie, and make the little lady proud of her dashing Marine.

Beard Handley has been pinch hitting for Walton as captain's orderly and seems to be holding down the job pretty well, as no complaints have been received on him. Good going, Beard, keep it up.

Taylor can be heard most any day sounding off as to the number of days he has to do, but we all know that old story—just a few more and then—FOUR!

Walker has requested transfer to Coco Solo, seems he likes the hot climates.

Brotzman and Covington can't seem to make Headquarters believe that they need special orders so they can get more liberty, but one of these days they will wake up to the fact that the Marine Corps is for the Marine Corps and not for special liberty, etc., etc. The only special order they will get will probably be those for Post Number 7.

They tell me that this guy Montgomery has decided that he likes the sea and is going to join the Navy. Well, well, some folks sure have funny tastes.

"Fewclothes" Lotridge is beginning to wonder when he will eat a square meal again. The dentist extracted most of his teeth and seems to be taking his time about replacing them. He'd better hurry up or Lotty will just fade away to nothing, maybe, but I doubt it.

Andreas and Ward are still dishing it out in the galley but we are sure wondering about the mess cooks. Seems that everytime

we get one trained, someone or something comes along and sends him to China or some other far away place and then we have to start all over again. One of these days I'll get three cups of that butter-milk and maybe a biscuit now and then.

Andreas recently disposed of the Chevy that he was sporting around here and traded it in on a new '33 V-Ford. Seems to think that he got the best part of the bargain and lots of the fellows are willing to agree with him. It sure looks better anyway.

Lawson returned from furlough much depressed, due to the fact that the darn thing expired. It appears that he wanted ninety days longer. Maybe he would like a little egg in his beer also, or som-pin. His pal, Steve, finally convinced the recruiting officer that they needed a good man so he was shipped in for a cruise in the NAVY.

O'Brien has finally convinced the doctors that he needed a medical survey so I guess we will be losing him one of these days. They have a big word for it but, not being an educated man, I have to use the every-day ones—fallon arches.

Narbeth (the fellow that always gets hurt) is still taking treatment for the cut hand but will be able to handle a rifle pretty soon.

A number of us who knew Smith of the pay office, Marine Corps Base, extend our sympathy and offer our help in anyway that we may be able to assist, to him in his late misfortune. Tough luck, Smitty, but keep the chin up and always remember that there are a few of us that are always available in case you need us.

Well folks, I will try to cover the rest of the command in the next writing, provided I don't get scalped for this one.

Good luck to our shipmates and friends in the outfit, and would appreciate hearing from any of you. Although we read some things in *THE LEATHERNECK*, we would like to hear from you in person. So drop us a card.

Yours 'til I find another 12-4 watch for you to stand.

RATTLES FROM THE SNAKE RANCH By "Tui"

The *Hendy Maru*, which sailed from Mare Island July 27th, carried five members of this detachment to the East Coast. Holritz, Ditterson, Ellis, Greeson and S. White comprise the lot. Holritz is slated for transfer to the barracks at New York, N. Y. The other boys are short timers and no doubt a couple of them will try their hands at civilian life.

It was a busy evening in Vallejo upon the arrival of the *Henderson* from the Asiatics and Hawaii. Oscar Barton, a transient, accompanied by "Rex," visited all points of interest on Front Street. "Lem" Wood, "Red" Knowles, and Leady didn't do so bad for themselves. Stephen Duggan is still wondering if a cyclone didn't hit his chicken ranch out on Benecia Road. Well, Duggan, it's a great life between transports.

Apparently the wittiest stunt of the month was Duke Duveene getting stranded on the barges. Duke, as sergeant of the guard, was checking up on the barges when he spotted one slightly adrift, thus requiring a leap to reach it. When he wanted to get off the barge he learned that there was no place to leap, as an eight inch board is rather tricky, especially when it is extending over about twelve feet of chilly water. Reibold went to the rescue, even though at that "Poncho" had the bunk to himself for one night.

In checking up on the new noses I find that LaChapelle, better known as "Joey" of the Legation Guard at Peiping; Hadasek, Jackson, John, "Arky" Kluevein, Lucas, Schmidtke, Fowler, and Ferrebee have joined the ranch during the past week or so. Just a bunch of natural-born ranchers.

Carl A. Rhodes has relieved "Pop" Carroll as master of the galley. Rhodes isn't exactly the best, but he is the next best to the best. That's pretty good, as we all know. In addition to being a cookie, Rhodes is a tough opponent at tennis.

Sgt. Samuel T. Stroud, of the barracks, has returned from a three-month furlough, and states that he enjoyed every moment of the vacation. Stroud is now in the QM storeroom pinching property.

The "Top," assisted by Berg, spends approximately twenty-three hours a day checking up on the century plant which is now starting to bloom. Attention is invited to the fact that this is an ambitious century plant, as it blooms every thirty years. Nothing like a short century. We need Leonard Austin Young, Jr., here to give Bob and Berg the dope on botany.

Reminiscence: "Hobo" Stricklen when he first made PFC. . . . M. R. Kenney spelling beaucoup "beoce". . . . Prevo telephoning. . . . Joe English saying "This is port wine". . . . Harry W. Brown swimming in Parris Island swamps. . . . Bert Rigler in the mood. . . . Red Gislason getting his fourth court. . . . Joe Kramer working on subsistence returns. . . . OB Nettle standing at ease. . . . Swett taking a course in how to run a Chinese laundry. . . . Turner & Welborn exploring Hollywood. . . . "Apple Dumplin'" Morris on a Miller Street excursion. . . . "Polly" Parret drinking milk. All same Pau.

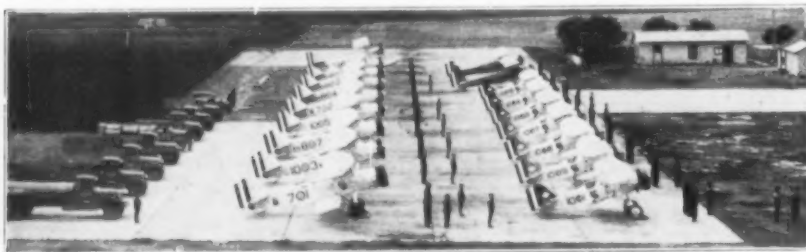
RIFLE RANGE DISKS, SAN DIEGO

By L. Walker

The enfilade of the social life of the big city has taken its toll 'midst the ranks of the permanent range detachment and this Saturday nite as we sit to the typewriter for a letter to the Broadcast, only a few of the Home Guard detail survive the day's activities.

Have just been over to the corner canteen to see what the recruits are doing and found the bartender (Ex-QM-Sgt. Elms) playing the marble game. Down in the Infantry Weapons' School Sergeants Gardner and Villegas are maintaining the watch while in the mess huts we have found Privates Mendoza and "Pop" Eickelberry contemplating galley activities for the morrow. "Pop" is figuring out a sure way to not repeat not burn the bacon. Ah—excitement as we ponder over these keys—Fuzzy and Nig, two of the camp's half a dozen canine mascots, are at it again. Taps approaches and Corporal Walla, the man with the badge of authority for the day, has returned from an inspection of his sentries. Sergeant Mattie, in his Terraplane roadster, has returned quite early we notice as a noise and

(Continued on page 65)





WYOMING'S ROAMINGS

By Cliff

Hello, buddies, here's a few lines to let you know that we haven't succumbed to the stress and strain of European liberty ports.

After nine long days in Edinburgh, we weighed anchor for Oslo, Norway, on July 1. The five-day trip was a big relief even though we were quite busily engaged with gun-drills and school. Not only were we schooled intensively in the well-known forty-one, but the manual-of-arms was practiced for an hour each day. The ship's new skipper, Capt. C. N. Hinkamp, has been doing his best to make himself popular with his crew by giving them every advantage that the book prescribes. I have been on this ship for fourteen months and the first time that I ever heard of a rope-yarn-sunday was just last June. As there was plenty of time between the first and the sixth, the ship circled the Shetland Islands, going as far north as 61 degrees and 19 minutes, the farthest north that the midshipmen have ever been.

On Saturday, July 6, we entered port at 0630, after several hours travel up the beautiful Oslo Fjord. We found Oslo to be a likeable place when one has friends or can speak the lingo. Those that couldn't talk to their friends in English or Norsk got by on the old sign-language. Private First Class Burley couldn't savvy the signs that some girl made, so he crooned to her for two hours before he discovered her to be deaf and dumb. Private First Class Monlezun gave a few of the local people some thrills with his excellent driving on

the curves and hills in the vicinity of this city.

There were numerous entertainment functions in Oslo as several of the theaters were admitting all Americans in uniform free of charge. Elbow-bending, however, was one of the favorite pastimes, though no one overdid himself. All hands allow that the Norwegian women were the best looking of the three big ports that we hit. Still, you can give me liberty in any American port-of-call in preference to any of these. Oslo wasn't as full of museums as Edinburgh or Copenhagen, but the main one that they have is quite a treat. There they have several old Viking Ships and a lot of other relics that date back plenty, and they are about as interesting as they are aged. On our last night there the boxing teams from the ships were engaged to fight the local champs. The Norwegians had the idea that the American sailors were good boxers, but the outcome of the fights proved them happily mistaken. One local citizen remarked that, "These boys may not know much about boxing, but they sure can take it." Needless to say, these Scandinavians slaughtered the sailors, but the gobs came back happy with a few attractive consolation awards.

We left Oslo at 0300 on July 11, and proceeded to Copenhagen, where we anchored at 1300 on July 12. The trip was just one big field-day so we hardly had a rest between ports. Boys, these foreign liberties will get ya down worse than liberty in Philly.

Copenhagen is called the Paris of the North, but few of us found it worthy of that title, as the people are, as a rule, too reserved. Still, for those who know how to get around, one can have a good time at any of the city's amusement centers. Tivoli, a miniature Coney Island, was a swell place to meet some of the local girls, but the beach at Klampenborg was much more popular.

During our stay at Copenhagen we were visited by 1st Sgt. Peter H. Johnson, retired, who is now living in Denmark. He first enlisted in December, 1901, and after 31 years' continuous service was retired at Parris Island in April, 1932. He has been in Denmark since November 7 of the same year. He has seen a good bit of the surrounding countries and has devoted his time to the task of thoroughly enjoying himself. He lives by a ten-acre lake, about the same number of miles from Copenhagen, where he can hunt, fish, and take life easy in a big way. He does the old settin' up exercises every morning to carry out the tradition of the old Marine Corps. In a letter he says, "I am as usual feeling prime and up to every thing in the line of enjoyment. I hope this finds you the same." He and First Sergeant Kelley had a lot of yarns to swap, and Mickey Nolen added a few tales that all old-timers tell at the expense of others (usually). He was delighted to receive the last two copies



Miss Lola Lane, whose autograph appears in most of the scrap books on the *Ark*, starred in "Annapolis Farewell."

of THE LEATHERNECK from us, and is going to subscribe to the old dope-sheet as all good Marines do. The *Wyoming* Detachment, and a lot of you I suppose, join me in wishing Mr. Johnson the best ever.

We left Copenhagen on the 19 of July and proceeded to Gibraltar by way of the English Channel which we unfortunately passed at night again. We passed over the battle-ground or the waters where the Battle of Jutland was fought and where twenty-eight ships were sent to Davey Jones' Locker. The trip took seven days and was not much different from the trip to Oslo.

The ship was docked at noon on the 27th and some of the men went on liberty before the uniform was changed to full-khaki. On the nights of the 27th and the 28th the Marines from both ships were entertained at a banquet by the Royal Marines at Gibraltar. All hands enjoyed themselves and toasted the health and well-being of both Corps. A few of the men took advantage of the opportunity offered to visit Tangiers, Morocco, and added another continent to their travels.



First Sergeant Peter H. Johnson, retired at Parris Island, 1932, now lives in Denmark.

THE TRENTON CROSSES THE LINE

By Joseph M. Broderick

On the eighth of June, 1935, we cast off the lines and headed from Balboa, Canal Zone, for Buenaventura, Republic of Colombia, arriving there the next day. The people of Buenaventura are very friendly but the town itself is in a very insanitary condition. The streets run in every direction, including up and down, and are not paved. One liberty was enough for most of the hands. The morning of June 13 we pulled up the anchor and pointed the bow for Gargona Island, Colombia. Gargona is inhabited by two people and plenty of snakes and monkeys. At this place all hands enjoyed themselves fishing, and the stories that some brought back about the fish that "got away" were hard to believe. The most interesting part of our visit here was the time we watched First Sergeant Cohen row the dinghy back to the ship. The outboard motor went haywire and the tide carried them about a mile and a half from the ship.

On the morning of June 15th we sailed for Tumaco, Colombia, arriving there the same day. Tumaco is a pretty little place lying on an island. The town itself is surrounded by coconut palms and has some beautiful parks. Our enthusiasm was somewhat dampened when it was learned that the one and only ice plant was broken down and that there was no cold beer. Here we began to notice how friendly and inquisitive the South Americans are. If one of us stopped on a corner he was immediately surrounded by a group of natives all anxious to try their English which usually consisted of "Give me one cigarette, mister." If you had no cigarettes they would just follow you around and stare.

On June 18th we left Tumaco and headed for Guayaquil, Republic of Ecuador. Notices were posted on the bulletin boards warning all landlubbers to prepare for a gory and painful initiation into the mysteries of the Deep. The number of sick, lame and lazy increased amazingly, most of them hoping to crash the sick bay and thus escape the agonies of the coming initiation. The Shellbacks circulated amongst the crew and Marines and increased their fears by telling them how many landlub-



King Neptune and His Royal Court Aboard the Trenton

bers died during the last initiation. Davey Jones came aboard during the afternoon and read a letter from Neptunus Rex to Capt. J. J. London, U. S. Navy, and gave him a summons for each and every landlubber aboard. That evening the brig and the spud locker were filled with landlubbers who had been heard to make remarks about the Shellbacks. A board with two holes in it was locked to the necks of Lieutenant Hampton, U. S. Army, a passenger, and Ensign Foster. All prisoners, much to their surprise, were turned loose in time for the movies.

The morning of June 19th dawned bright and clear for everybody except the quaking landlubbers. Certain ones of them had locked up a bunch of Shellbacks and were now nervously awaiting their doom. King Neptune and his Royal Court came aboard and took over the ship, a salute was fired and Neptune's flag, black with a skull and crossed bones on it, was broken from the forward mast. All hands were mustered and inspected by Neptune and his Royal Court. First Sergeant Cohen was locked by his neck to another scuffer and Sergeant Cannon was run down and cap-

tured and had his neck chained to another victim's ankle, with about thirty inches of chain between neck and ankle, and forced to accompany the Royal Party. Several others had their sweating foreheads decorated with a large "W" and were forced to accompany the Party to receive the "Royal Works." After the inspection the Royal Party took their seats on the platform built for them between the catapults and the fun began. Commander Barry, the first victim, was called before the Court and given the choice of buying King Neptune a box of cigars or taking the "Works." Being a good sport he informed the Court that he would rather take the "Works" than to see a Shellback smoking cigars he had paid for. He was turned over to the Royal Doctor who gave him the pill and who turned him over to the Royal Barber who set him in the Chair and smeared his face with a mixture of flour, syrup, water, etc. After this the Chair was flipped backwards throwing him into the tank of water where the Bears were waiting to duck him. After the ducking he was allowed to climb from the tank into the hands of the Royal Police who were armed with clubs, and, after receiving his clubbing, was allowed to go, having been duly initiated into the Mysteries of the Deep. The Flag Secretary, Lieutenant Mansfield, Captain O'Shea, Lieutenant Butler, the two Army Officers who were aboard as passengers, and the other Naval Officers, upon refusing to buy King Neptune cigars, were given the same initiation. By this time the Royal Police remembered the Tunnel and broke it out for use, and all landlubbers were forced to crawl through it receiving a clubbing from the Royal Police who were in an excellent position to use their clubs on the raised hind quarters of the victims. The Tunnel was filled with aluminium dust and potatoes and all who came out of it looked like chimney sweeps after a hard day's work. From the Tunnel they were sent to the Court where they were given the same initiation as the Officers. Some of the landlubbers were put in the stocks, chained neck to neck or put in the cage and held on the platform for a while before being put through the "Works." By noon all landlubbers had been initiated and were declared Loyal Subjects of Neptunus Rex and the work of cleaning ship was started.

Late the same afternoon we anchored near the mouth of the Rio Guayas and



THE TRENTON CROSSES THE LINE

The Royal Barber works out on Capt. G. J. O'Shea (1), U.S.M.C. Lt. J. A. Butler (2), U.S.M.C., being sentenced. Lt. Hampton (3), U.S.A., in the "cage."



Lexington Minute Men Parade in Seattle

Post-Intelligencer Photo

early on the morning of June 20 we picked up the Pilot and proceeded up the river to Guayaquil. I don't think any member of the ship's company will forget the welcome extended to us by the people of Guayaquil. Every day there were free beer parties, lunches and athletic games. Neither will we forget the two Cabarets, the German, the girl who danced with live snakes draped over her; and the beer. A quart bottle of beer cost a Sucre and a half (fifteen cents to you), a ride on the street cars five centavos or a half cent U. S. A good meal could be had for two Sucre or twenty cents U. S.

On June 24 we bade Guayaquil a sad farewell and started down river on the first leg of our journey to the Galapagos Islands where we arrived June 26. Here every one really enjoyed themselves fishing, hiking and exploring. At least a ton of Grupper fish were caught and Captain O'Shea aroused the envy of all by catching one of those rare fish, a Golden Grupper that weighed thirty five pounds. The Ecuadorian Army Officer in command of the Islands came back to the ship with Admiral Freeman and we then learned that we would get under way before daylight June 27 and proceed to Hood Island in order to pick up a marooned party of fourteen natives who were on the verge of starvation and death from thirst. As we approached the island the group of marooned natives could be seen on the beach dancing and waving blankets to attract our attention. After picking them up we returned to San Cristobal Island and put them ashore there. From San Cristobal we went to Indefatigable Island and from there to Santa Maria Island where a party under Admiral Freeman walked eight miles inland to visit the German scientist who, with a blind boy, are the only inhabitants of the island. It was on this Island that the countess attempted to start her kingdom, colony or whatever it was, and failed. From here we went to a few other islands, sending fishing and exploring parties ashore on each. On the afternoon of June 28 we pointed the bow towards Balboa, Canal Zone, carrying with us many memories of the cruise across the Equator.

There have been quite a few changes in the Detachment since the last article ap-

peared in THE LEATHERNECK. Major Blake relieved Major Creevy as Squadron Officer, 2nd Lt. John A. Butler relieved Lieutenant de Zayas. First Sgt. Harry Cohen relieved First Sergeant McClay. We hope Mac has a better time in his new hunting grounds and that he doesn't forget the broken hearted girls he left behind in Kelly's Ritz. Just before starting south on this voyage we received a detail of recruits from the Sea School at Norfolk. They had better luck than the average recruits in that they crossed the Equator before they had a month in on their tour of sea duty.

On July 18 we start on another cruise and will touch at the following ports: Cartagena, Colombia; Curacao, Dutch West Indies; Bridgetown, Barbados; Christiansted, St. Croix, Virgin Islands; St. Thomas, Virgin Islands; Ponce, Puerto Rico; Guantanamo Bay, Cuba; Progreso, Mexico; Ceiba, Honduras; Swan Island, U. S. A.; and then back to our old stamping grounds, Balboa.

Join the Special Service Squadron and see the Americas.

**BROADCAST FOR THE
OCTOBER LEATHERNECK
SHOULD REACH EDITORS
BEFORE SEPTEMBER 8**

LEXINGTON MINUTEMEN

By D. J. Green

Here we are once again up at Bremerton for our overhaul period. As usual, our good friends, the chipping hammers, are going and they've got us *coming and going*. I guess we can take it, though—we will whether we can or not.

The Fourth of July parade in Seattle was one of the first things that greeted us upon our arrival in Bremerton and the Minutemen started preparations for the big day. Somebody must have been "banging ears" with the weatherman for we couldn't have had a better day for a parade, had we been allowed to pick it. The sun was shining out of a cloudless sky as though even he were loath to miss the gay spectacle that was to be presently unfolded to his shining vision. And a gay

spectacle was presented, indeed, as we swung along, buttons ashine and white gloved hands swinging in unison to the stirring strains of martial music—music that has from time immemorial reached to the innermost fibers of the soul and set the very being aflame with an irresistible lure;

*For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And tonight I long for rest.*

Our Marine baseball team is the latest pride of the Detachment, having won six games out of six against such formidable opponents as the *West Virginia* and *Tennessee Leathernecks*, the *Concord* ship's team and others of no mean mettle. The team should go far under the able coaching of Cpl. Tim Sprowls and behind the flawless pitching of "Smokey" Harr and Jimmy Macha with Pat Moss on the receiving end of the offerings.

At the time of this writing, about half the Detachment is at the rifle range and the half left aboard ship are—well, never mind, it even hurts me to think of all those twelve to fours.

Dame Rumor has been circulating around again and the latest dope is that the Minutemen will send fifty sturdy soldiers of the sea to the State Fair at Puyallup and will those be the happy days!

The Detachment has lost, in the last month or so, by way of transfer, three notable personages. "Kibby" Carleton, the official kibitzer of the Detachment, and "Casonova" Washalski, that big, hold breaker of hearts, went to Bremerton, while Cpl. Cy Haskins went to the Armorers' School at Philadelphia. Good luck, boys, at your new posts.

**THE CHICAGO GRIZZLIES'
GROWLINGS**

By Jack A. Smith

And so with Problem XVI, San Diego, Long Beach, and, last but not least, Bellingham, Washington, under our belts we steam toward Alaskan waters.

The month of June marked a few changes in our batting line-up, 2nd Lt. William H. Hudson relieving 1st Lt. Robert E. Foijt, and Gunnery Sergeant Maddox of the *Salt*

Lake City replacing Gunnery Sergeant Stagg. We were all sorry to see Mr. Fojt leave for points East (Quintico), as he stood top-notch with the fellows, averaging one thousand per cent. We wish you the best of luck, Lieutenant Fojt, and success to your new duties. The detachment of Gunnery Sergeant Stagg took away from the Guard a real shipmate. We wish you a happy cruise and quick success in your new post, Stagg.

The Chicago Marines arrived in Bellingham, Washington, July 3 on the Chicago's Number 3 Motor Launch (of course) and proceeded to take the situation well in hand. The situation was taken in hand so quickly and completely that even "Larrupin" Red Lyons, the Guard's most outspoken woman hater, was reported seen escorting three (three—mind you) gorgeous belles of Bellingham down State Street. Private First Class Salyer immersed from the struggle a new man, denouncing vehemently his theme "I shall return to Los Angeles" for "I shall go by 'air' from Seattle to Bellingham." Corporal "Musky" Coho was heard disclaiming Southern California's vintage for sparkling. Washington Crab Orchard. Private First Class Cash is now a total abstainer. . . . Reason: Brunette Miss Bellingham 1935, five feet two with eyes of blue and Sunday School Teacher, Joseph D. Lanier of the Georgia Laniers, also the Chicago Guard's social luminary, had tea with a Bank President's daughter and the Ferndale younger set. Sergeant (Fisherman's Nemesis) Rush took time out from tooting the boatswain's pipe around the Marine Compartment to dance with the daughter of the Commissioner of Parks and Public Property.

"I'm a married man," cooed the Baron to Rush. "Please allow me to take over your duty during our visit here."

Stan Piasta, "Ham" Hampton, "Charlie Boy" Hensel and "Papa" Harris patro-

nized Bellingham's ol' swimmin' hole quite often. Uniform: scivvy ups and downs, field scarfs and collar ornaments unshined. Corporal "Oklahoma Wind" Howell and two fair scintillating lasses were indulging in Coca Colas (!) in the Alaska tavern when he was addressed by a Chief Boatswain's mate.

"All right, Soldier, let's get back to the ship."

"Whadda ya mean, Mac?" growled Howell who had noted that the familiar club, "S. P." brassard, and leggings did not adorn the Chief's uniform.

"Well . . . it's like this," replied the Chief, "if there weren't enny Leathernecks in town ta-day us flatfeet udda had a haf a chance ennyhow."

My erstwhile levantine friend Joey N. Blankenburg, Jr., made an official call on the local Rabbi CinC of the Privates Club . . . U.S.S. Chicago.

Max Shaffer and "Sargent" Sapp have been feeding the boys well lately in the Chow Department. We're all wondering when Private "Alnav" Smith is going to draw his flat hat and bell bottomed trousers (We mean "J. A.").

Who put salt in "Ears' bunk?" interrogated Private First Class "Jayhawker" Fouch.

"'Twas I," cried the "goon," "with my little shaker and spoon."

On July 1, Trumpeter Bevilard was "promoted" to the rank of private. He now handles all communication channels.

So . . . take life easy, Marines, while we steam north and see Alaska through a port-hole.

SARATOGA CHIPS

The Saratoga Detachment has had a nice, quiet month—nothing to do. Oh, of course there was drill for the the pointers and trainers on the five-inch guns, loading drill for five-inch landing crews, rehearsal of all

emergency drills, ceremony for change of command, training runs for Short Range Battle Practice, Captain's Inspection now and then; we fired Short Range, field day several times, some Landing Force Drill on our big, broad flight deck, machine gun school—and, to finish the month with a bang as it were, a good old Landing Force Drill on the beach. Ho, hum! We can't keep from yawning when things are so dull.

Lieutenant Peters' white elephant may have been a potent talisman for the Nevada Marines, but its power appears to have "petered out" before coming aboard the Sara. As a whole our Short Range Practice was not so bad—no, we didn't break any records, but several of the fellows find themselves entitled to wear those cute little wheels and stars.

Our "barnacle" (McNeece) has finally gone. By this time some of those doing duty at the Destroyer Base are quite well acquainted with him.

Congratulations from us ("segars" and "gedunks" from them) are in order. McCluskey is now a corporal, and Stanley, Martens, and Rosperich have some new "eyebrows" four inches below the shoulder. And, a fellow sho' can make ninety-nine per cent on a written examination for Private First Class should make the grade before so long.

Our dear little Private Kozlowski awoke one night from a deep dream of —? and found himself doing a beautiful (?) swan dive (a la Coleman) out of his hammock. Appears to be a habit with him. Incidentally, the Corporal of the Guard found him standing on one hip and two eyebrows with his right hand held up in the general direction of heaven, declaiming, "Never again! Henceforth I swing it on the deck!"

Things we noticed and didn't mention—Our mess cook "Huey," bringing a second ration of ice cream; when he found it was one piece short he exclaimed, "That '!(X '*** X)!(* *)!'" cook tried to



A decade ago the Pittsburgh Marines tried sea-going aboard "ships of the desert." The Great Pyramid and the Sphinx are seen in the background.

"gyp" me!" . . . Koeninger's neck has healed (I wonder if it has any connection with the fact that he hasn't visited Hollywood for four weeks); we hear he and Deany have been "chiseling in" on Shearer's territory in Anaheim (so, maybe it's the change of climate; we don't know) . . . Ferguson's nocturnal expeditions in search of uplifting education seem to have ended rather abruptly (maybe he went to the wrong house; we don't know) . . . Granath and his brother (Green) making flight deck liberties of a Saturday afternoon (maybe they were looking for someone; we don't know) . . . We wonder why a certain sergeant keeps hanging out in the company office (maybe it's force of habit; we don't know).

THE NEVADA SAGE BRUSH

By The Desert Rat

Here I am again, after having my mail mislaid in Frisco last month. Quite a few of our old standbys have left us since the last column was written. Sergeant Herford went to San Diego and was replaced by Sergeant McWright. How do you like sea-duty, Mac? (the last time I spoke to him he said there was nothing better). Jack Bulluck, one of the Marine plank owners also left. He is now at Norfolk with only two months to do. We wish you luck on the outside, Jack. The Marine Base at San Diego was the lucky recipient of our "Nellie" Oliver. Some says that he won't extend in the Marine Corps, but ship into the Navy instead. Don't worry, "Nellie," you may have company. One of our corporals aboard ship has been striking for Boatswains' Mate and blanching leggings for his sailor friends.

Our new company presser is none other than the happy bridegroom, J. T. Muleahy. He finally gave up and married the "Red-head" in San Diego after the fleet returned from maneuvers. Too bad you had to leave so soon after the wedding, Jimmie.

San Francisco was the downfall of quite a few of our men. Those that had anything left parted with it in Seattle. Why is it that this Nevada gang just can't stay aboard up there? Must be the beautiful scenery (1). A good time was had by all during Fleet Week, as could be seen by the number of men remaining in their bunks during the morning hours (Oh, my poor head!).

While there, eleven of last years high rifle shots were sent to Fort Lewis to fire the range. Seven of them came back Experts, two Sharpshooters, and the other two Marksmen. Not bad, considering they only had three days of practice. From all indications the hospitality of the Soldiers was above expectation. The Marines rated them O. K. If you want to know the difference between Army and Navy chow just ask McCloskey. Almost forgot the scores; Private First Class Noble was high man with 330. The other experts were: Gunnery Sergeant Vannice 324, Corporal McCloskey 317, Corporal Johnson 315. Private First Class Dorobek 324, Private First Class Benuska 316, and Private Klinkner 325.

Will be with you next month. Ask "Ben-y" about MY LEATHERNECK.

KEYSTONE KELPIES

With apologies to the victims, we will now expose to the world at large some of the human interest episodes in this Detachment. This station has been silent for some time, but unless the writer is apprehended you will hear more.

Sergeant "Foxy" Tinar has returned from a brief stay at Ft. Lewis, where he participated in the Washington State Pistol Matches. I hear that Corporal Suttle was



Chicago Marines Pass in Review Before the Belles of Bellingham, Wash.

there, too, Sharlie. He didn't briff back any trophies; I wonder what he was there for? Gunnery Sergeant Pulver is busy with his loading crews, anticipating three "hash marks" under three "E's" and an "E" on a fourth gun. From the looks of the training score cards of the pointers and trainers it might be an open season on "E's."

Most of the muscle men are out for football. Rowe says that you can't train on 12-4's and Deyak says he can't take it. "Swampy" Hargrove is in the Seattle Raceboat (probably for ballast). Maybe San Francisco climate isn't just what it should be for training and one o'clock liberty. There's an antique shop on Eddy Street, Griggs. It seems that some of the boys have been eating too much spinach, but it looks as though some disinterested party has been winning most of the battles, from the lack of smiling faces at liberty call.

The homeguards are fast outnumbering the plankowners. Dan Cupid must be using a machine-gun. Bridegrooms, you have our pity. . . . I mean congratulations. Cpl. "Chubber-Dee" Bushnell has found romance, but he says it is just another of his escapades—the little rascal. Corporal Thomas was a fine lad but Cupid got him and as I sit here and watch Cupid's victims playing Aey-Duey and making the postoffice every payday, I vote for the unhappy bachelors. Private First Class Dyer can't even play Aey-Duey any more. What is this strange thing? Even company clerks aren't immune. Tiedtke, you had better stay away from Watts, you never know when the fatal blow will fall. And keep Ervin away from there too; he isn't in the Army now. It is commonly believed that Corporal Haskell has made the supreme sacrifice. Good work, Cupid, he had it coming to him.

The only thing we don't like about field days is Police Sergeant Kummerer's foul smelling cigars. He wouldn't have any use for a gas-mask in a war, but they should be provided for us poor innocents that have to be around him when he lights up one of his discarded scivvy shirts. A couple of prominent people have just joined us. Elmer LaBarr who has only three years and eleven months to do, and Corporal Hunsaker with his reducing exercises which consist of plenty of elbow bending three times a day.

Corporal Barrett is going to the Hospital to have his face worked on—some doctor is awfully optimistic. It has been discovered lately that Corporal Woodbury isn't on leave as all had thought. Sgt. W. R. "Golden Locks" Peterman, the baldest man in the Marine Corps (he believes), is now using a new kind of hair tonic (Simonize).

I guess all hands will be glad to get back to San Pedro. The land of sunshine and flowers is calling. Davenport and Cooper say the cities down there have better accommodations. It is the voice of experience talking and it is no quiet voice. Corporal Carroll, our storeroom keeper, who is also one of the homeguards, will probably cause a depression in the airmail business when we get home. Corporal Brabon hasn't done so bad, either. Private First Class Lambers, formerly of the Arky with her numerous turrets (eight or ten, I believe), is thinking of settling down in Southgate. Probably a gas station with hot air furnished free. Private First Class Apodaca is striking for police sergeant; he has made compartment cleaner already and he is only a kid—wait until he grows up.

I believe most of this hokey to be true, having used in the research some of the most famous "Stoogies" and "Sea Lawyers," available. Anyway, it is your magazine that will be sued for libel.

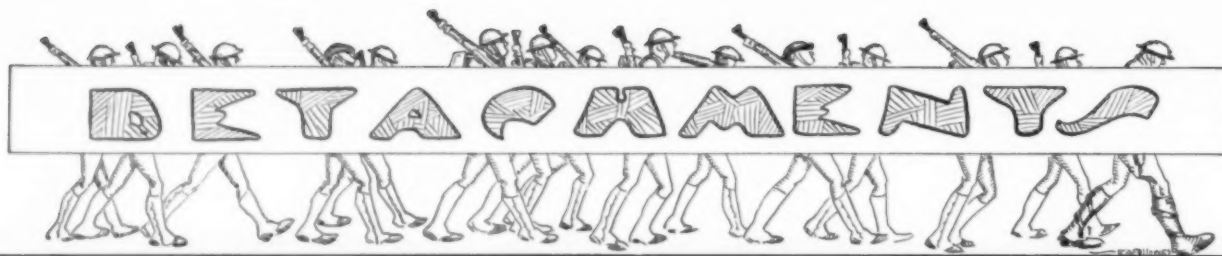
MD, U.S.S. ARKANSAS

By Bergstrom

First of all we wish to welcome our new Detachment Commander and wish him a pleasant cruise on the USS *Arkansas*. Capt. Lyman G. Miller is now our pilot, with 1st Lt. Michael M. Mahoney and 2nd Lt. Edward L. Hutchinson as his assistants. 1st Sgt. Jack Davis and Gy-Sgt. George E. Gardner are still with us, so you see we are well taken care of for leaders of a first class detachment.

We sailed from Norfolk, Virginia, on 20 May, 1935, bound for Annapolis, Maryland. Quite naturally, everyone was glad to leave Norfolk, that town having the name of being the poorest liberty town on the East Coast, in spite of its Great White Way. Isn't it strange, though, whenever a conversation starts about liberty, Nor-

(Continued on page 59)



BEAUTIFUL CHARLESTON, S. C.

By J. B. King

"Upon arriving at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., unless forewarned, one would be likely to assume that he was at some university campus. The barracks building with its ivy-covered walls and flowering shrubs bears more similarity to some traditional educational institution than to a Marine Barracks. The long sloping green lawns and the tree-lined lanes are equally reminiscent of a college campus, and not that of a well organized company of Marines under the command of Lt. Col. F. B. Garrett, U.S.M.C., who sees that the newcomer is made to feel at home and also perform the duties requisite of a good Marine stationed at a Navy Yard." The foregoing is the impression formed by Pvt. Francis L. Yeager, who with Private First Class Amos and Privates Davis and Guilbeau reported here for duty after a long sojourn on the island of Cuba. Private Yeager was not favorably impressed by the long rain we had during the month of July, so I am going to be truthful and let it be known that we were almost forced to remain in the barracks for a period of fifteen days due to the continuous rain during that time. This was a hardship on some of the liberty hounds who could not go ashore in their newly starched clothes, but to the men who like, and require sleep—it was just what they needed. "Snag" Lewis said he made up for all the sleep he lost while hunting sharks down in Cuba, and "Lightnin'" Padgett was satisfied with the money he saved by staying close to the barracks. We can't do much bragging this month due to the extreme heat that has come upon us, so-o-o-o—we skip it.

We salute and congratulate Captain Milliken and First Lieutenant Kerr for the good fortune that has smiled on them during the past month, and sincerely hope that their newly acquired happiness may be lasting throughout their entire life and service in the Marine Corps. Captain Milliken left for Washington, D. C., a bachelor, and returned to Charleston in the company of a very sweet and charming Mrs. Milliken. We sincerely hope that Mrs. Milliken will become accustomed to the ways of the Low-Country populace, and that her stay here may be a happy one. The boys who work for Captain Milliken in the Post Exchange have expressed themselves as being well pleased with their new "Boss" and one would think that they were part of the household to hear them brag.

Lt. James E. Kerr, our company officer, is back from a much-needed rest after successfully completing his examinations for promotion to the rank of captain, and he can rest assured he had the well wishes of the entire command in his struggle for that additional bar. We are sorry that Mr. Kerr cannot remain here in Charleston with us for some time, but he has been

ordered to Fort Benning, Georgia, to spread a little sunshine down there in order that they might have a bumper crop of peaches this year.

It would not be news from Charleston unless mention was made of our Post Barber Herman Kennerty, and funny as it may seem, Herman unconsciously furnishes us with headline comedy and a good laugh. He went out in the country the other day and returned with a slightly used Jersey Milk Cow. Herman contends that with this cow he will eventually have the barber business in the palm of his hand after he puts his newly concocted "Jersey Milk Tonic and Skin Balm" on the market and on the bald heads that are becoming more prominent every day. Herman made an error when he parked the new cow in his garage with his automobile. The cow nearly died from gasoline fumes and Herman



Col. E. P. Moses, detached from command of Marine Barracks, Washington, to Marine Corps Base, San Diego, as Chief of Staff.

had to pay a man fifty cents to wash his car the next morning.

In the way of athletics—soft ball has replaced the good old game of baseball during the past month, and we are experiencing as much success in this new venture as we did in baseball. Several teams have traveled out here full of hope, but all were sent back to the city feeling that the Marines are just too good at everything they take a hand in. The Hospital Corps are the most persistent of all the teams the Marines have played, and although beaten in about six games to date, they keep on asking for games and are

of the impression that they will play the Marines on some off-day and sneak out the winner. We admire their spunk.

WE WONDER: If Sergeant Cote thinks he is fooling the boys when he checks out on liberty and says he is going to a movie. Operator No. 13 reports he followed Cote one evening and he never went near any of the moving picture theatres, but he did go to a cigar store with a brass foot rest used by the weary patrons, and was seen guzzling large quantities of cool amber colored fluid! . . . If Private First Class Tallman will like Indian Head, Md.! . . . If Charles the Greek still rides a motorcycle! . . . If the "Raft Tails" from Cuba and "Snag" Lewis will ever play a game of checkers without arguing! . . . When Quartermaster Sergeant Massey will run for Mayor of Folly Beach! . . . When Private Faree will decide to be a good boy! . . . If wrist pins in an automobile motor are essential! . . . If Corporal Moffett likes his new desk! . . . When Corporal Ayers will roll a peanut the length of the arcade after losing his bet with Private First Class Branam regarding the first Dempsey-Tunney fight! . . . When "Brown-it," our Mascot, will get enough ice cream and fleas! . . . When Pvt. Ralph Wilson will quit staggering! . . . If that old saying "A man can catch more flies with sugar than with vinegar" is true! . . . What's happened to Private First Class Overstreet! . . . Where Sergeant Hudson is spending these warm evenings! . . . philosophy is brewed from sour grapes! . . . If anybody enjoys reading this article!

HINGHAM SALVOS

We have a new commanding officer up here at Hingham, Maj. George C. Hamner, who comes to us from Quantico, Va. We hope Major Hamner will like this post and enjoy his stay here.

Since the last issue we have had a few men being discharged and transferred. Private First Class Wallace was discharged on the 4th of August, and no sooner was he out, than he went and joined the ball and chain gang. Best of luck, Wally, in your new surroundings. Private Blanchard was also recently discharged, but has re-enlisted and is now on a ninety day furlough out in the middle-west.

We wish to welcome Pvts. Edward Lloyd, Drummer Couture, and Drummer Salvucci into our midst. I'm sure they will like the post and duties.

Privates Lastra took a few weeks off last month in order to enjoy the sights of Dedham. He is now back with us again. He declares he would rather have the sights of Hingham than those of Dedham.

Private Clark is still pulling the old "Prince of Wales" stuff while on patrol. Who is at fault, Clark, you or the horse, or is it the guitar?

Corporal Whynaught (the ideal married man) is still keeping the Hingham home fires burning bright. "Happy" recently

augmented his income by making expert rifleman out on the rifle range.

Corporal Conge is still trying to take the boys over on paydays. He expects to be a millionaire some day. He is thinking of writing about how he made his first million and call it "Hit me for a Double."

Sergeant Humza, our own one and only Simon Legree, is back with us again after giving the gang here two weeks vacation while he was out on the rifle range.

Corporal Brazke, "The Hingham Hermit" (he has been here 45 months) just received his orders to pack up and move to San Diego, Cal., about the 1st of September. The old timers are thinning out around here. The basketball team will miss him at center.

Corporal Lendo is at present enjoying himself in Wakefield pulling butts for the matches. It isn't a wonder the Marines are taking all the matches.

A few of the things around the barracks that I've heard lately:

Who is it that can do five things at one time including play pool at three o'clock in the morning?

Who is the trumpeter who is about to walk down the matrimonial aisle?

Who is it that keeps repeating "It's been the same since I've been in the Marine Corps?"

Who is it that has built half of the Marine Corps since 1918?

Private Brogli was taking over everybody and his brother in tennis until the Goose stirred up enough ambition to walk over to the court and lower Mr. Brogli's colors 6-1, 6-2, 6-3. The moral: Live and learn.

Privates Such and Zrudowski are still thinking of becoming aviators. There aren't as many telephone posts up there at least, as there are down here.

Well, folks, this is all there is for this month, see you all next month, maybe.

SCANDAL FROM THE LAKES

By Wall

With all the pomp of a military wedding, Miss Jean Majewski became the bride of Pfc. George W. Wytrykus Saturday, June 22, 1935.

Leaving the church to the impressive strains of the Wedding March, the bride and groom passed through an arch of swords to complete the first military wedding this part of the country has witnessed in years. Attended throughout the ceremony by ten Marines from Great Lakes, "Wild Bill" did not feel as out of place as he ordinarily would have.

The evening following the ceremony saw an elaborate reception take place at the Logan Square Masonic Temple. Friends of both the bride and groom fell to the charms of the shiny buttons and from the letters, phone calls, and telegrams received since the event, it looks as though there may be others following in the footsteps of Bill. Paul Habush, one of the members of the Guard of Honor, distinguished himself by his remarkable appearance to a limited number of his friends before the evening was over. Startled by the sudden arrival of the "Top" and his henchman, Gimber, all hands grabbed their girl friends and made a break for the bar and dance floor. The competition grew great—Curey had a blonde and a redhead on either arm. Crasper did himself well with a redhead. It may be stated here that Wall had all that he could do to take care of the blonde (natural) without bothering with sundry other members of the fair sex, and with a stern look and a few harsh words chased the girl friends of Millican, Hill, Habush, and Shweppy away so as



Stafford Photo, Chicago

Private First Class George W. Wytrykus and his bride, the former Miss Jean Majewski, leaving the church after the ceremony. The Guard of Honor, composed of buddies of "Wild Bill," are, Left Rank (from top to bottom): Pfc. O'Brian, Pvt. Paul Habush, Pvt. W. Berry, Pfc. Hill, and Pfc. Don Millican. Right Rank: Sgt. S. Crasper, Pvt. W. C. Wall, Pfc. Leatherman, Pvt. Shweppy, and Pfc. R. Gautsche.

he could do the "hello" girl justice. Rumors are afloat that Millican and Habush are "burned up."

After being out of Commission for the past two years, the Great Lakes Naval Training Station has been recommissioned as of July 1. The changes which this action will make in the Marine Detachment are many. To start, our skipper, Capt. Ralph W. Luce, will be, by the time this goes to press, relieved by Major Swink. Captain Luce has been in command of this detachment for some time and is well liked by those who have served under him. In the behalf of the men of this detachment, we wish both the major and the captain the best of luck on their new assignments of duty.

Other changes which will take place in the near future will be the moving of the barracks from the present position back to the old barracks in "D" building.

According to the best "dope" which we are able to get, the recruiting of new men for the Navy will not take place for some time to come. Members of the "Ship's Company" are arriving by every

train and the Station is beginning to take on its old aspect.

NEWS FLASHES OF THE DAY—

"Wooden-Shoe" Lee Levin, ambassador without portfolio to Hongkew, returns to America honoring Great Lakes Detachment with his presence. Former pongio of "Black Pete" gives dope on Far Eastern situation each evening at local bar for beer.

"Gigolo" Millican receives gate from Chicago flame when the local gal learns of Millican's passion for radio. Sixteen page epistle of love fails to produce expected results.

Falling with a crash which is still echoing about the station, the boom bounced off Crasper, the new sheriff. Being refused an interview, we can but form our own conclusions. These Waukegan Taverns have proved to be a jinx to Crasper.

"Simon Legree" Crasper, Police Sergeant, Commander of the Guard, and holder of other important positions, surveys blacksnake for sheriff's star. With impressive ceremony, the world infamous blacksnake is turned over to a Corporal.

COVERING THE WATERFRONT

By the Dopester

From all indications my illustrious contemporary "Pop" Gibson failed on his promise to keep New London in the headlines.

Strolling along Bank Street the other evening I noticed our friend Fisher making the rounds. Did you stop at the "Blue Moon" and sing a serenade? Everybody must stop there on his first visit to this fair city—Another person of equal prominence socially, more so financially, has been sporting a rather flashy shirt here of late. Is that the latest of shirt styles? Among the many celebrities of this detachment to be seen nightly on the boardwalk at the beach are, T. O. Lane, K. D. Dickey, W. L. Mobley, F. Marino and T. J. Thomas. Oh yes! and not to forget the illustrious competitor of Thomas for the title of "God's Gift to the Weaker Sex." "Pop" Gibson.

Passed the canteen the other evening and it sounded like a political campaign was in session. On further inquiry it was none other than the prominent Philadelphia sea lawyer, Kilkenny, "Laundry Queen, First Class" Emerson once said, "If the tongue had not been framed for articulation, man would still be a beast in the forest." Well and good, ol' man, but give the others a break.

When it comes to having parades, this detachment takes the lead. First in one end of the state and then the other. The Danielson parade headed the list, although Saybrook was right on its heels, pessimists were not needed to throw a wet blanket on either, for ol' Mother Nature made

herself quite conspicuous. Ask Gallagher, he knows.

After four weeks at the rifle range at Danielson, Conn., about forty miles from the Base, many returned, with sunburned backs, love sick looks, and broken hearts because the rifle wouldn't shoot straight; and others wondering what they would spend the extra bucks for. Anybody think Jersey's got the champion skeeters? Drop around the camp sometime, fellows, and draw a chair close to the roaring campfire with the expectation of hearing wonderful tales of different climes. Just about as much chance as William Jennings Bryan had for presidency.

Since the last column there have been a few arrivals, departures for other posts, discharges, and promotions. As far as arrivals are concerned, we have from Quantico, Sgt. A. J. Humphrey, Cpl. Leo W. Lair, Jfc. John Pietersen, Jr., Pmts. Frederick Lehmann, F. E. Ghelarducci and F. W. Bernisky. Departures, Sgt. A. R. Nash, Pmts. W. E. Uecker, and H. D. Gray to Norfolk for further transfer to Asiaties. Pmts. H. H. Skipper and T. A. Dunning to Sea School Norfolk for further transfer to sea duty. Discharges: Cpl. P. Taylor and Pvt. V. A. Barch and J. P. Anthony. Promotions, Sgt. Manny Berkman to Gunnery Sergeant, Private First Class Boles to Corporal, and Pvt. T. J. Thomas to Private First Class.

From pole to pole and continent to continent here's the latest: Lair has a new car—Again Thomas has decided to quit the fair sex—Lutz won't give up in the mad struggle with the game of golf—Flatt is going to keep out of parades—Lane is

studying art—Baran says "It won't be long." May I dance at the wedding?—Maguire is going to quit—Uszko says the pole is getting slippery—Rudy Elliott has a new car—just one of the many.

Well, this is all for this month, so until next, New London and I say to you, 'cheerio.'"

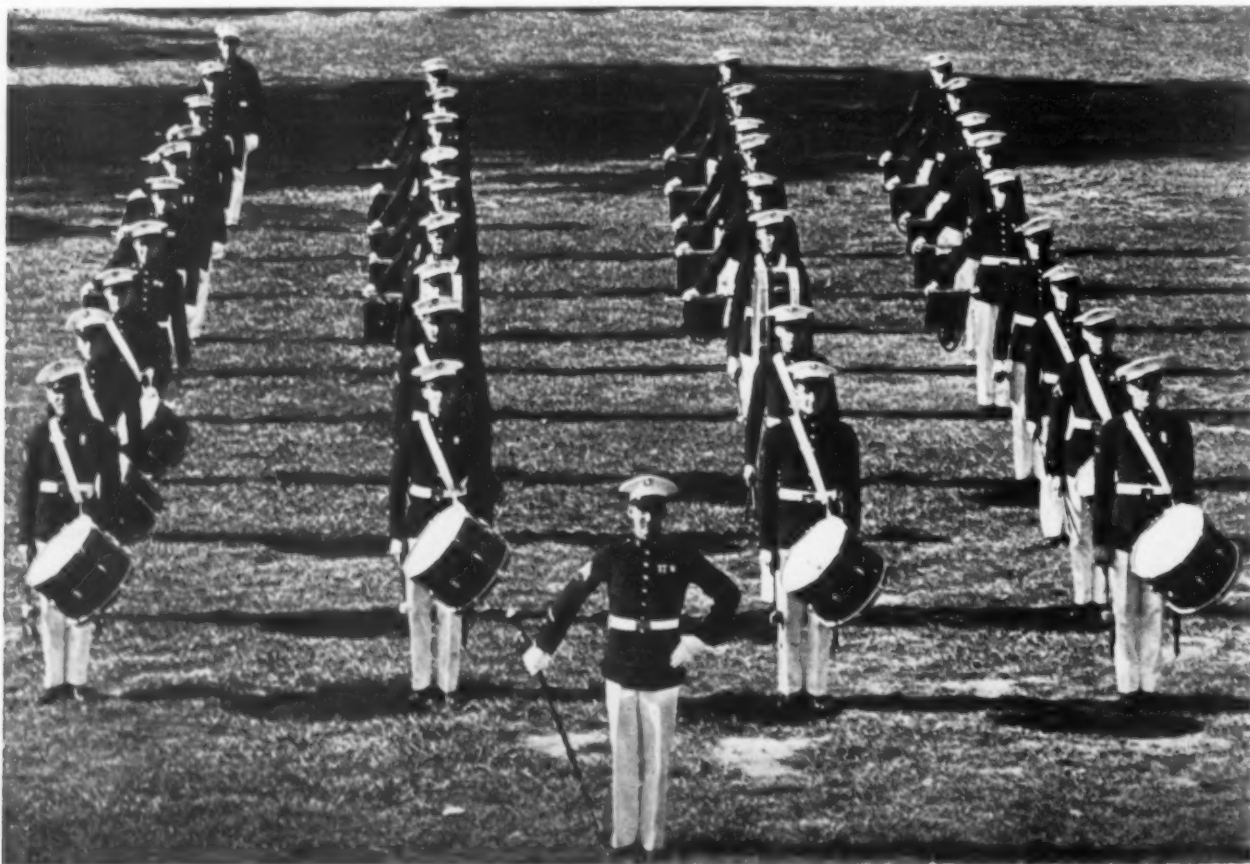
MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

By Lewis E. Berry

We'll hoist anchor this time by bidding farewell to Col. Emile P. Moses, our Commanding Officer. The Colonel has been detached to San Diego as Chief of Staff to Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, Commanding General of the Marine Corps Base. Colonel Moses will be relieved by Col. Frederick A. Barker, who joins us from Quantico. We wish Colonel Moses every success in his new assignment and extend a hearty welcome to Colonel Barker.

Another who has strayed from the fold is 1st Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, THE LEATHERNECK's own Editor and Publisher for the past year. Lieutenant Ellis, who has just completed his examinations for promotion to captaincy, has been ordered to the Judge Advocate General's office at the Navy Building here in Washington. In behalf of the entire command, the staff of THE LEATHERNECK, and with kindest personal regards, I bid you farewell, Sir. May your ventures into the intricacies of law prove not too difficult and your studies be profitable.

At the same time we welcome into our midst Mr. Ellis' relief, 1st Lt. Robert H. Williams. Lieutenant Williams, late of China-side, reports for duty as the new



Drum and Bugle Corps, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C.

Photo by Tager

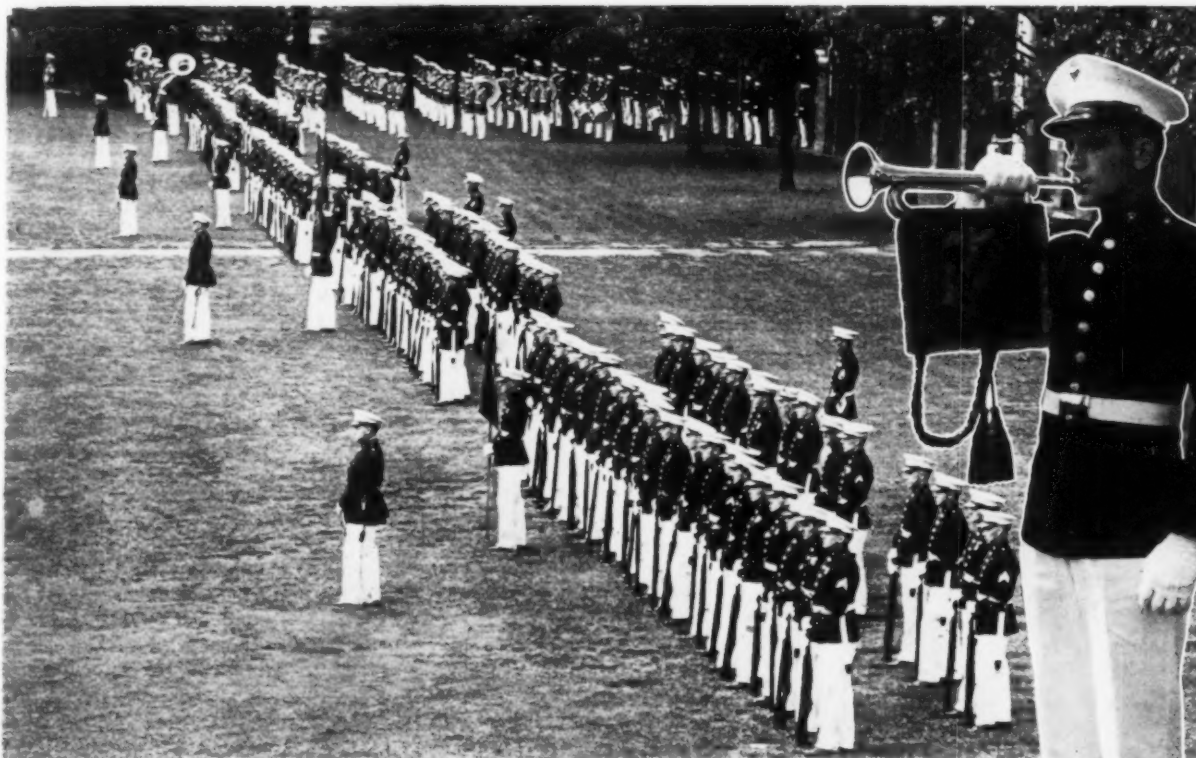


Photo by Tager

Trumpeter Corporal Gialanella sounds Assembly, Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C. With full band and bugle corps, the Washington Marines stage a dress parade and review each Tuesday. The public is invited to witness these ceremonies, and they have become almost an institution in the Nation's Capital.

Editor and Publisher of our magazine. We can wish him no greater success than to express our desire that his efforts be rewarded as bountifully as have his predecessor's.

It's Captain Reginald H. Ridgley, now! Our Post Morale Officer has recently added the additional silver bar. We congratulate him. Colonel Moses presented him with his commission at one of our weekly dress parades here at the Barracks. There's gold leaf hanging on one of these trees, Sir, just waiting for the right gust of wind to send it floating into your lap. May the gale blow hard and soon!

THE LEATHERNECK has another new addition, too. It's in the person of Pvt. John W. Chapman who has just arrived from the West Coast after having made the Fleet Maneuvers. He's in the Circulation Department with Adams and besides circulating he puts in time with his art work, at which he is not lacking in adeptness. His pen sketches made from life and his other material are excellent. You'll have a chance to see some of it from time to time in the pages of this publication. We welcome him with open arms and plenty of work.

Gunnery Sergeant Higuera closed the book on a cruise and opened up for another via the shipping over route. Our former mess sergeant, Ritter, was paid off on a special order a couple of months ago but he's back in again and is with us in the Guard Company.

The hills at Camp Simms are echoing to the rattle of rifle fire these torrid days. One detail has completed the course, at this writing, and another is on the line but we'll hold up the results until all the men have finished.

The other Friday P. M. when we were having fish for chow, Louie Rodier launched into an expostulation on the consumption of the brain food. He reckoned as how he'd "et" it about every way it could be prepared. "As a matter of fact," says Louie, "I remember once when I ate some that wasn't prepared at all." Everyone looks at him kinda doubtful like and he goes on, "I ambles into a place where they've got some gold fish in a bowl. The finsters are swimming in the water and I'm acting likewise in the head, having imbibed to the excess in the bubbling liquid that boasts an excessive percentage of alcohol. I manage to snare one of the little brutes with my hand and then I proceeds to swallow it. The people thereabouts almost faint; they wail and moan and yell for a doctor and carry one in a very disrespectful manner. And all because I ate one little fish—*alive!*" He told the story himself. Check with him for accuracy if you doubt it.

Here's one you hear about but rarely ever see. It concerns one of our musics—Cartwright to be specific. It happened when he was up at Dover and it must be straight because I got the dope from one of his old "bunkies." It seems that the film booked at the movie house on a certain night was "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" and when my informer asked "Carty" if he was going to see it, he pipes up, "Naw, I don't like these old Chinese pictures."

First Sgt. James J. Jordan, who joined us from Cavite and is standing by with three months to do on "twenty," has taken the lads in hand on the firing line and appears to be making the most of it. The "Top" is a congenial, likeable chap

and, as one guy put it, "He's got a wise-crack for every occasion." Personally, if I had but three months to do, I could jest, too. Welcome, Sergeant; you'd better make that "thirty" and stick with us a while.

The funniest thing I've seen in quite some time was our police sergeant, Rasnick, lying out there on the snapping in line taking a dose of his own medicine. He says that he don't want anyone to call him "Simon Legree" anymore, that he, hereby, bequeaths the title to Gunnery Sergeant Ahern, the master of the snapper inners. It just goes to show you that it's a long worm that has no turning or as I've always said, as ye stitch so shall ye reap what ye save. Which is to say that a stitch in time catches the worm. I mean—a stitch in the hand is worth two in the bush. Aw nuts! I smelled a rat and nipped it in the bud.

To supply us with some added humor, Adams dug into his files and comes forth with the revelation that our magazine is taking on a musical aspect, to wit—Mr. and Mrs. F. Flatt are now subscribers.

Sgt. Milford "Pierpont" Piercy is on furlough down in Tennessee. He's visiting the Mrs. and we understand that they're being HEIR-conditioned. Pierpont is probably doing a twelve-on-twelve-off watch up and down the floor these days and nights. Congratulations, then, to Sergeant and Mrs. Piercy. And I'll bet it's a girl!

I see by the papers that one of my contemporary columnist (ah hem), Walter Winchell, and the Mrs. have, also, been on the receiving end of the stork's visit. Dr. Dafoe says, "That's very nice, but the postman up here always rings five times." Postman, hell! That was the Express Company! Safety pins to you, Walter, and here's your chance to use some of that lotion in your own home.

This is our special San Diego issue and I don't think it wise to consume too much of the space with our chatter. Let's all tune in on the West Coast and see how the boys are doing out there. Until a later date we turn the "mike" over to the lads on the Pacific side and, now, we say, good day and CHEERIO!

PORTSMOUTH PANORAMA

By Dunning

"The pen is mightier than the sword,"—and for reasons best known to myself I feel much safer when armed with the former. So, if only for the sake of reading a few future lines in this column please do not trust me with a sword. Thank you.

Items of interest: On July 23 Rear Admiral St. Clair Smith turned over this command to Admiral C. S. Freeman. An Honor Guard comprised of sixty seven men in charge of 1st Lt. Frank E. Sessions, rendered full honors to the arriving commandant. Admiral Smith is now in command of the scouting force in Pacific waters.

The post exchange bar has been extended to accommodate its many thirsty patrons, with Messrs. Hogan, Rich and Freeman dispensing the foamy suds. Hogan complains that the "take" has been mighty poor since the beer lappin' trio have been up the pole. . . . The sud soakers in question being: Freddie Grafried, still among the "pan-handlers," Pop Jennings, who recently survived a splitting headache (three stitches to be exact), and last but not least, Howling Haxton. In the case of the latter, I haven't been able to figure out whether its just "28-year madness," or, because of his failure to control the white ball on the pool table. Sergeant Connolly is also one of the stay-aways of late. . . . Tiger Rich passes the time of day while storing our nickels in the cash register. . . . "Yes sir! she's not a day over forty—and sweet as hell, too."

Just three years ago I had the experience of saying "Sir" to Lance Corporal Jeff Fields. . . . Now, when I have the pleasure of meeting him its "Lt. Lewis J. Fields" and no smiles. Congratulations! And here's hoping that you go far on the gold standard.

The painters have done much to improve the appearance of these barracks . . . everything clean, and cooling to the eye, with most of the showers squirting out a few drops now and then, and a flock of new Maytags making short work of soiled skivvies. This should be a clean bunch. As far as I'm concerned it is. . . . Guess I'll have to go back to selling sassafras roots at three for a dime . . . any customers?

The tennis courts are all a-flutter these days with the boys 40-loving around the nets and having a "duceing" good time. The Tipton Edwards team has been deleted to singles. Tipton taught Edwards all he knew about slippery rackets and twisting balls and then decided to accept the task of correcting our papers at the MCL. Perhaps he can devise a course in "court action" and by skillful grading succeed in

(Continued on page 59)



Graduating Class, Marine Corps Clerical School, July 31, 1935. Col. C. H. Wells, Executive Officer.

Quaker City News

YE OLDE CHATTER BOX

By S. A. Adalac

By the time this wee bit of gossip reaches you readers of THE LEATHERNECK, some twenty-two graduates of the Marine Corps Clerical School at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, will be making their debut at various posts all over the Marine Corps, as clerks and court reporters.

At the beginning of the term on February 1, 1935, a group of thirty-one ambitious students reported to their first class to begin preparation for their background as clerks in the Marine Corps. After a long series of explanation and a few inspiring words from 1st Sgt. John A. Miller, who is in charge of the school, the men were issued books and other necessary articles that go to make up a clerk's equipment and then they settled down to business and the place took on the atmosphere of an institute of learning. After covering an arduous schedule over a period of six busy months, the end was finally reached and only twenty-two students were able to weather the storm or speedy shorthand dictation, difficult spelling words and other perplexing questions that were meted out to them during the weekly quizzes and the daily discussions.

Discussing the end of the period, the last week of school was, no doubt, the most looked forward to of any week on the schedule; primarily because it meant leaving school behind, and there would be no more long hours of night work to be done for the next day and no more shorthand dictation to worry about. The last week of school was not only the most looked forward to, but it was, without a doubt, the busiest week on the schedule for the "co-eds." Two weeks prior to the end of the term all the students wrote up their own letters of transfers. Two days before graduation, the class picture was taken, and last but not least, there were the farewell parties that some of the fellows promoted as a farewell gesture and last memory of their stay at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

First Sergeant Miller, NCO in charge, was on hand during the first three months of the semester to give his excellent co-operation and knowledge of Marine Corps paper work to the students; when he left on a 90-day furlough and Corporals Stephen A. Adalac and Charles D. Brandon acted in the capacity as his vicegerents for the remainder of the term.

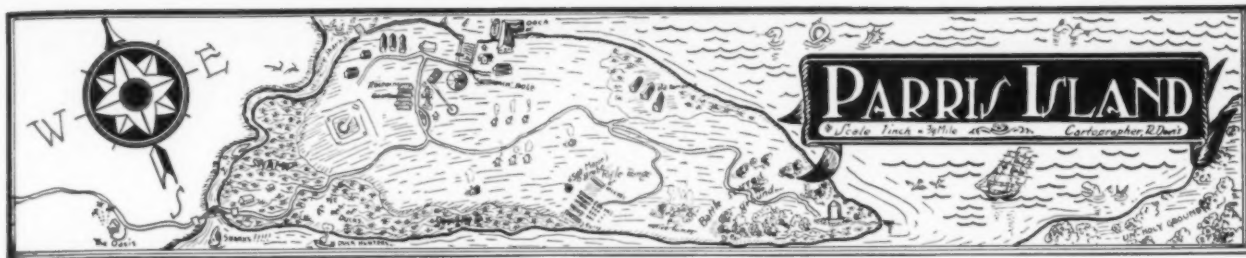
The first sergeant is now back to start off the new class which totals thirty-five students. This is one of the largest classes that has ever been here. It's hard telling, though, whether or not that number will remain as such until January 31, 1936, when the class is graduated. I hope none of the boys fall by the wayside; but in order not to, it's going to mean hard work—and plenty of it!

On the first of August, thirty-two students of the Motor Transport School were handed their diplomas in completion of their five months' course at the Depot of Supplies, 1100 S. Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

When the class started in March, the men were divided into classes of heavy chassis, light chassis, motors and ignition. As the men completed these various departments, they were then given a grade and passed on into the next department. During their term, the transport school students had the opportunity of making several convoy trips to Quantico, Virginia, Cape May, N. J., and several other posts. During the last month of school, the students visited a number of large automobile plants where they witnessed the construction of cars, etc. One of the plants in particular which they visited was the Ford plant at Chester, Pa.

The Post baseball team is now picking up its stride again. At the outset of the baseball season, after a late start, the team seemed to have some difficulty in subjugating their opponents; the wins registered were on about the same par with the defeats encountered. However, it's a different story now. The boys have clamped down and are making a laudable showing of their ability as ball players.

(Continued on page 58)



BORN on August 4, 1933, to Cpl. and Mrs. Jay W. McClarren, a son, Gerald Wesley McClarren. Congratulations! That makes Cpl. Lloyd O. Williams a proud step-grandfather at the tender age of 24 years.

M.T. Sgt. "Obe" O'Brien (don't call him "Abe") has just returned from an extended visit to New York City, whither, we are informed, he was summoned by Mayor LaGuardia for a conference regarding the plumbing crisis that followed the heavy floods.

Sgt. Gerald P. Healey, who was back with us for a while after a sojourn in Haiti, has again been seized by the wanderlust. This time, however, he expects his trip to be of somewhat permanent duration, so he has severed his connection with the Marine Corps and has booked passage for sunny France where he will join Mrs. Healey on their family estate, sometime in September. At the present time he is visiting his parents in Jacksonville, Fla. His many friends wish him *Bon Voyage* and hope that his visit to France will not be too permanent. Sgt. Frederic V. Osborn, formerly of Recruit Depot, has taken over Healey's duties in Post Headquarters Message Center.

Pfc. Madison Mills, of Post Headquarters, and Miss Bertha Padgett, of Washington, D. C., were married by the Reverend Mr. C. B. Burns, on July 15th, at the Bellamy Inn in Beaufort. Congratulations!

The Post Band participated in the celebration of a bridge opening at Georgetown, S. C., on July 19th, and our Commanding General received a letter of thanks and appreciation stating that the Band had "contributed in a magnificent way toward the success of the day."

At last our new Chaplain has arrived. He is Lt. Comdr. Joseph B. Earnest (ChC), U. S. Navy, who has just completed a tour of duty in Samoa. We hope he won't

feel lonesome here. He has resumed the regular church services heretofore conducted by Chaplain Stone, and has been designated as the O.I.C. Post Library, Secretary of the Local Red Cross Chapter, and Member and Secretary of the Board of Education. He seems to be a man of pleasing personality, eager to make friends with everyone, and to help in every way possible. We are glad to welcome him to our Post and predict for him a pleasant tour of duty here.

There is a sergeant over in Post Headquarters who never seems to have very much to say, and one hardly knows when he's around. He went on furlough recently and a newspaper article published in the *Morhouse Enterprise*, July 11, 1935, shows that 11-year-old Mary Jo Wood was very fortunate in having him around when he rescued her from drowning on Bayou Bartholomew, Louisiana, on July 4th. Sgt. Ben W. White is the man, and he received a letter of commendation from the Major General Commandant for his prompt and efficient action in emergency.

The many friends of the late Pvt. Leroy Stringfellow were grieved to hear of his unexpected death at the Naval Hospital here on July 23rd, following a throat operation. Stringfellow had only recently reenlisted. Most of his prior cruise had been done on the West Coast where his tall, well-built stature and soldierly bearing had won him the privilege of participating in the filming of several motion pictures based on Navy and Marine Corps activities. He was well liked by those who knew him and we mourn the loss of a sincere friend and loyal comrade.

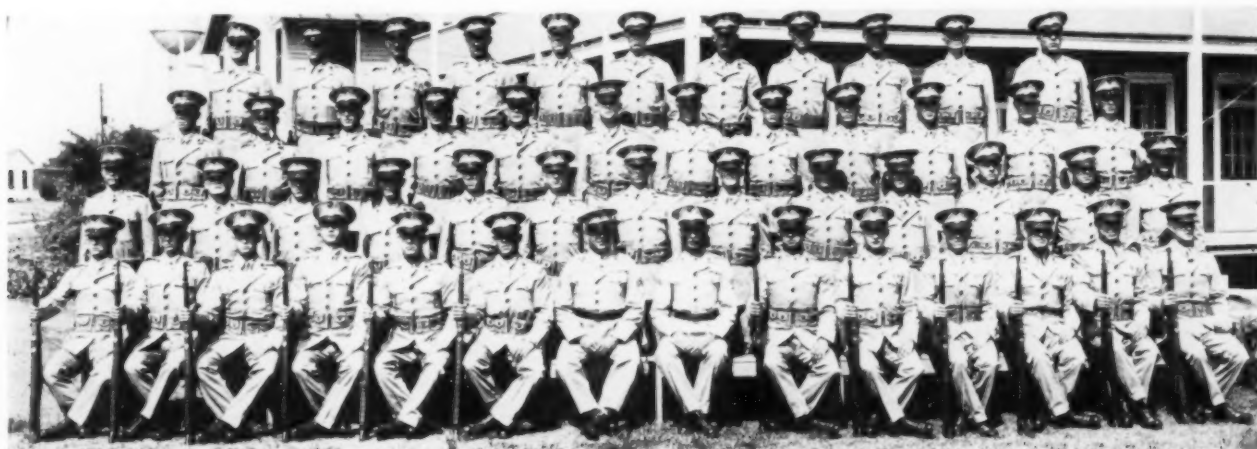
It seems we started crowing a little bit too soon about those new barracks buildings and other improvements. We didn't draw a handful of aces, after all. However, we did make a good showing in spades and they are being put to work on the new roads and other improvements

that were approved for Parris Island. Surveyors are busy staking the new roads. And a force of men is busily engaged in tearing down the Deserted Village that was known as the Applicants' Camp during the War, and later on as Receiving Barracks. Personally, we always liked Receiving Barracks, with its many old shade trees, its homelike and quiet atmosphere, its deserted old buildings, and its memories. Yes, and its ghosts, too. For the older colored folks around here won't hesitate to tell you that it's haunted. They whisper about the man without a head who glides up and down its quiet streets at night, and about the ghosts of the folks who were drowned in that big tidal wave of the Nineties that left dozens of dead bodies strewn all over the place. When Port Royal was one of the busiest seaports on the Atlantic Coast, the Quarantine Station was located where Receiving Barracks is now. Time brings many changes.

Parris Island is a nice place and all that but still it gets monotonous at times. Consequently, we welcomed the opportunity to make an official trip to the Naval Reserve Aviation Base at Opa Locka, Florida, where Observation Squadron 4-MR was doing its annual fifteen-day tour of active duty.

Of course, the camp was almost two weeks old by the time we arrived there, but still we were surprised with its appearance of well-established permanency. Instead of coming to a helter-skelter camp, such as one might expect to find where a group of men had taken two weeks off from their regular occupation in civilian life to enjoy a fortnight of fun in camp, we felt that we had arrived in a permanent post of Marine Regulars. This was due largely to the excellent management and initiative of the commanding officer, Capt. M. H. Harrison,

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Platoon 11, Parris Island. Instructed by Sgt. G. H. Simmons and Cpl. J. F. Patrick

Tropical Topics

GUANTANAMO GOSSIP

By Guantanonymous

Back again to spill some more Guantanamo gossip. Since the last writing Corporal Grohowski and Private Radza were lucky enough to have a ship stop and take them off to the States, where they are now enjoying furloughs before reporting to Dover, N. J., and Quantico, Va., respectively. Sergeant Yarwood caught the same ship to return and "go out" on sixteen. Best of luck to you, Sergeant. We hope you will remember us when you have made your first million.

Private McMahon was commended for bravery and timely action in a letter from Washington. A couple of weeks ago he saved the life of Private Reagan, when the latter fell into the water. After doing "Front and Center," Mae acquired a glow that seemed to shine for days.

Corporal Hyman is doing all he can to promote polo and sell it to the station. Things were whipped into action here when a hurry-up call caused Major Galliford and a platoon to stand by in heavies. Sergeant Howard called out the lucky names, and in an hour they were aboard the U.S.S. *Worden*, ready to sail for Baracoa. It seems that Baracoa has been trying to burn down for some time, and they had to call for help. It looked as if the lucky ones would be wearing campaign ribbons, or something. But no! Telephones hummed again, and orders were rescinded. What a let down! Sergeant Howard was so put out about it that he nearly laid an accomplished jester among the sweet peas.

Since the U.S.S. *Worden* couldn't go to Baracoa, baseball games and bowling matches were arranged. We broke even with them. They won the first ball game, 5 to 4, and the best two out of three bowling matches. Then we got busy and turned the tables to the tune of 27 to 3, and

copped the best out of three on the alleys. Perhaps only those who have been stationed here know what it really means to have ships out in the bay, letting us meet old friends and make new ones. They are always welcome at Fish Point.

The station baseball team is now entered with different teams from around Guantanamo in a summer baseball championship league. To date we are two down, but we have ten to go and are sure we will take them.

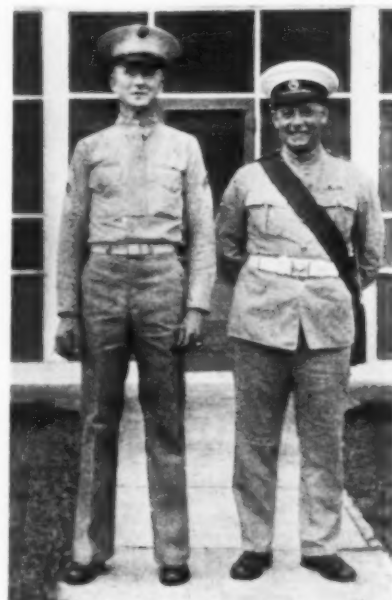
Acting Sergeant Major White has taken over the team since the departure of Sergeant Yarwood, and he is slowly getting the boys in form. The line-up has been as follows: Steele, ss.; Farris, 3b.; Tatum, 1b.; Saunders, c.; Hunt, 2b.; Cooper, cf.; O'Connor, rf.; Ward, p.; Hutson, lf.; and Hammond, McPeat, and Herman.

Now we will ask you one. When a Cuban ball player loses a shoe, does another player run for him? The answer is no. He removes his sock and makes his bases barefooted. This only goes to prove that the native sons have in all probability learned about the game sans socks, sans shoes, and sans "mucho."

PANAMARINES

By The Sniper

The past month was spent in preparation for the annual inspection of the U. S. Submarine Base by Admiral Cole, Commander of the Submarine Force of the U. S. Fleet. Everything from men to barracks was in tip top shape. The Admiral was well pleased with the appearance of the Marine Detachment and commended the men very highly on their excellent showing. A guard of honor was also held for the Governor of the Canal Zone who complimented the Marines highly on their snappy appearance.



Marines of HMS *Exeter* visit U. S. Marines at Coco Solo, C. Z. Cpl. C. R. Rollen and a sergeant of the Royal Marines.

The British Cruiser, H.M.S. *Exeter*, visited Panama and we invited twelve members of the Royal Marine Detachment of that vessel to spend the day with us on the Submarine Base. After a long swim in the Sub Base pool and a complete tour of the base, everyone gathered in the recreation room at the Marine Barracks and swapped pictures, emblems, yarns and what not. Having agreed upon and settled a majority of the international problems we all repaired to the mess hall. Ne'er let it be said that the Royal Marines can't pack away a man's share of yankee chow. Our Marine officers were invited to the *Exeter* for a tour of the ship and in addition were royally entertained. They were most favorably impressed by the smartness and clean cut appearance of the entire ship's personnel. The Royal Marines aboard presented a true picture of one hundred per cent soldiers of the sea in every conceivable detail. In reciprocation of the British officers' hospitality, our Marine officers entertained several of His Majesty's officers at their quarters on the base. A good time was enjoyed by all and it was with a keen sense of regret that we bid "Cheerio" to our brothers in arms from the British Isles.

Although handicapped by the incessant rain, everyone finds time for some sort of outdoor recreation. Some form of exercise is necessary in order to maintain good health in the tropics and our C.O. constantly encourages the practice. Even "Snow Shoes" Purviance was seen in a bathing suit. . . . Will wonders never cease??? "Bronx" McNabb is completely up to his neck in the role of Assistant



Who Said Guantanamo Blues?



Royal Marines of HMS Exeter Ashore at Coco Solo with U. S. Marines

Squad Leader. He takes his work to bed with him. . . . That's the way to make platoon sergeant, he avers, "Banker" Liebergall threatens to sue "Major Hoople" Slattery who is indebted to him in the sum of fifteen (\$15) cents, borrowed at some time in the past for show fare. Give him a break, Slats; pay the boy before he goes out of his head with worry. Private "Missouri" Fields refuses to sing another note (Hill Billy songs a specialty) until he receives the two dollars offered by "Warden" Haynes to keep quiet. Private Janusko wringing his neck, hands, and the rest of his body in such a manner that he tipped over the water bucket, learning how to wring a swab. Private McCrink slowly getting bald from figuring out designs for his belts. Private First Class "Miser" Thaxton eating ice cream cones at the Ship's Service Store. Corporal "Sheik" Corbett extended a year for duty in the Asiatics. Good Luck and Bon Voyage, Bob. . . . We'll be seeing you again we hope. No more dope this month, so "Cheerio" as our friends, the British, would say.

PEARLS FROM THE HARBOR

By Lay

It was nearly two years ago that Col. Frank E. Evans assumed command of this post. His tour of duty has been a happy one for the men who have been privileged to serve under him. His fairness and ability to understand men has brought out a lasting admiration and loyalty which would be impossible to surpass. The Marines of Pearl Harbor wish him a fond Aloha and a most pleasant tour of duty as Officer in Charge of recruiting at New Orleans.

The third week in July Chief Quartermaster Clerk A. E. Potts arrived as a relief for Chief Quartermaster Clerk H. H.

Rethamn. Mr. Rethamn, under orders to San Diego, Naval Air Station, was detached on the 25th of July. Although Mr. Rethamn's duty as assistant to the Post Quartermaster did not bring him into contact with a large percentage of the command he was extremely popular with those who knew him.

During the course of the month there was another addition to the quartermaster department. Sergeant Kramer became the proud father of a boy, Barry Jay. Friends who are acquainted with Kramer's lengthi-

ness will not be surprised to learn that Barry Jay was just twice the length of the average baby born at Queens Hospital, Honolulu.

Several furloughs to the States have been granted lately. Gunner Sergeant Marcott, who has charge of the post garage, left on the U.S.S. *Tennessee*. It is understood that he is returning with his family. Sgt. George Jones, efficient Post Exchange Steward for the past year and a half, was given a furlough transfer to Quantico where he will be connected with the Pay Department. Cpl. John Mihaylo was granted a forty-day furlough in order to transfer to Philadelphia at his own expense, where he will attend the school for armorers. Pvt. William Harder was granted a furlough transfer to Bremerton, Washington.

To the Marines goes the distinction of playing the season's longest baseball game. It was against the Fleet Air team at the Fleet Air Base field on Ford Island. At the end of the fifth inning the score was 9 to 0 in favor of F.A.B. By the end of the ninth the score was tied. In the fourteenth the Marines made two runs and F.A.B., two. In the fifteenth the Marines made three runs and held their opponents without a score. Line up for Marines: P—Casanova and Carpenter; C—Todd; 1B—Jones and Seales; 2B—Tolan; 3B—Hriszko; SS—Stanton; LF—Billingsley; CF—West; RF—Moore. Moore and Billingsley accounted for seven of the runs. Todd made a three-base-hit which would have been a home run if, as a friend explained, he had not been built so much like a dachshund. A sprained ankle prevented "Snurfy" Elvestad from playing.

It is much regretted that the team lost one of its premier players when Louie George (Todd's former partner in the bake-shop) left for the States. George held the highest batting average on the Island—448.

An event out of the ordinary was provided this month when the Marines of Pearl Harbor had the opportunity to entertain British Marines from H.M.S. *Dunedin*. One evening about forty accepted an invitation to supper and were afterward treated to an exhibition of hula dancing by the Bray Troupe. Six barrels of free beer were set up for the occasion



Marine Float, Cavite, Symbolizing Friendship Between Americans and Filipinos

which was a huge success considered from the angle of good-fellowship and good times.

The Marine Corps lost one of its best riflemen when the late Private First Class Bond fell from an automobile near Wai-pahu a fortnight ago. Exton Bond, who was much admired throughout the Corps, was known as an excellent shot and coach and a jolly companion. He had been on liberty and was returning to the rifle range with Private Rayburn when the fatal accident occurred. He died soon after being taken to the hospital. Funeral services, which were attended by a large number of the command, were held at Williams Mortuary in Honolulu.

Barracks Dope and Notes on Changes

The Marine band is playing the Alohas for the liners while the Royal Hawaiian Band is taking a well earned vacation. . . . Commandant's Orderly, Cpl. Roy Oseit, while he is firing the range, has given his new motorcycle to Aubrey Prevo. He seems to be less generous with his "Gallery of Women". . . . Corporal Yost is acting mail orderly while "Shorty" Merrill is on the range. . . . Corporal "Frenchy" Le Blanc is new skipper of the boat crew, vice Nolan who returned to the East Coast. . . . Sergeant Cole is steward of the Sergeants' Club and seems to be slipping a bit in his social obligations. . . . Quartermaster Storeroom Keeper, Sergeant Stutz, and his assistant, Pvt. Albert L. "Oklahoma" Davis, have been busy during the past week taking inventory, which is a way of introducing a bit of dirt concerning the men. Stutz recently sported a beautiful black eye. The usual excuse of falling down stairs was offered. Although "Oklahoma" doesn't return with any black eyes, it would be interesting to know the destination of his frequent nocturnal jaunts to Honolulu. . . . Sergeant Ross and his wife seem to enjoy the food and dancing at Lau Yee Chai's. Rabey, Bagnell, and Gudmundson, have been seen at the same place but their enjoyment seemed to be derived more from three little girls from Utah than from the food. . . . Sergeant Major Clayton is running around in a new Ford. . . . O. B. Nettle is putting on weight so fast that he is suspected of eating poi. . . . Corporal Cooley (who prefers to buy his beer by the case) knows his stuff in extended order drill. . . . Pla-

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CAVITE FOURTH OF JULY PARADE

Rear Admiral W. H. Allen about to deliver prizes to the Floats appearing in the Fourth of July Parade at Cavite, P. I. Lt.-Col. E. N. McClellan, Commanding Cavite Marines, is on right.

FOURTH MARINES NEWS LETTER

During the past month there have been several changes among the officers of the Fourth Marines. Twelve new officers have joined and only five have left for duty elsewhere. Many the new arrivals are old timers having served with the Regiment at some previous time. Bidding a welcome with one hand as we bid farewell with the other has kept us busy during the month.

On the Fourth of July there were celebrations made by the Americans living in Shanghai. The program was the same

as in former years with the exception that the Marines did not hold their parade and flag raising exercises. The Fourth Marines started their celebrations with the customary enterprise well in advance of the actual day by staging a patriotic program at the Marine Church on the Sunday prior to the Fourth of July. At that time a talk was given by Chaplain Witherspoon entitled "159 Years After." Following this address the Marine Band gave a concert of selected songs, appropriate for the occasion.

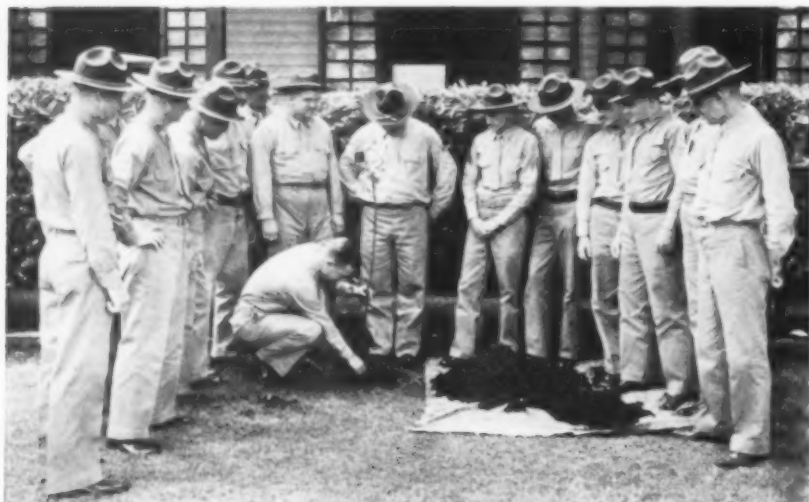
On the actual day of celebration the Enlisted Men's Club held open house from six to eight o'clock in the evening. A general get together was held and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the affair.

Promotions have not been very numerous in the Regiment in the past month. Except for a few lesser grades we seem to be entirely out of the picture as far as promotions go. Maybe the coming month will see more chevrons given out to the personnel.

Free movies have been arranged for the men of the Fourth Marines. These movies will be held at one of the largest theatres in Shanghai, the Grand Theatre. The pictures that have been shown already have been attended in large numbers by the personnel of the Regiment and future shows give promise to even greater attendance.

To take their mind away from the daily routine of being Service Men, the Second Battalion is going to stage a barbecue in the near future at the battalion compound. A feature of the event, which lends an international flavor to the occasion, is the invitation of 50 men in the Inniskilling Battalion of British Troops stationed in Shanghai. Two big features of the day will be the Tug-of-War contest between the Inniskillines and the Second Battalion. The other will be the baseball game between the NCO's and

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The "Commonwealth Narra Tree" was planted at the Cavite Marine Barracks on Philippine Arbor Day, July 13th, by Lieut. Col. Edwin N. McClellan in honor of the first year of the Commonwealth of the Philippines.

Miscellany

UNKNOWN SOLDIER WAS MARINE, VISITOR TO THE TOMB BELIEVES

Former Naval Man Who Aided in Identifying Coffins in France Relates
Strange Incident to Support Claim

By Fred W. Perkins

According to an old story, a sergeant and rookie private of Marines were gazing respectfully at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier when the private said:

"Sergeant, if they have a tomb for the Unknown Soldier, why don't they have one, too, for the Unknown Marine?"

"Son," replied the sergeant, "after awhile you'll learn there never was an unknown Marine."

J. Richard Edelen, of New York, now a middle-aged salesman of X-ray equipment, whose uses he learned as a chief pharmacist's mate in the Navy during and after the World War, heard the yarn on a visit to the tomb.

"Here's something to add to that yarn," he said, "and this one is true. After the Armistice the Navy sent me into the Meuse-Argonne sector, near the town

of Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, where the big push had been pulled off not long before.

"I was assigned to the Graves Registration Service, and my job was to identify, so far as possible, the bodies of Marines who had been hastily buried there. The Army, of course, was looking after its bodies, and my duty was confined to the Marines.

"It was fairly easy to tell if a man belonged to the corps if his clothing and insignia was not too far gone. But there was a lot of trouble in finding the right name, because in many cases the metal identification tags had crumbled, although hard-rubber fountain pen cases seemed as good as the day they went under.

"There was one Marine case on which I worked several weeks. There wasn't a clue. One day I walked into the morgue and found the coffin gone, with all records pertaining to the case. I couldn't find out what had happened, but I was worried and kept inquiring.

"Finally I went to the commanding officer, and he told me to forget about it.

"A couple of days later came the ceremony when a non-com walked alone into a darkened room and laid a rose on one of three caskets. The one he chose was placed on a battleship and sent to the United States, and it is under that tomb there.

"I have never said anything about it up to now, but I have always been sure that the Marine I was trying to identify was in one of those three caskets. So it may be that Marine who is the Unknown Soldier.

"Nobody will ever know, because the bodies of the two not chosen were reburied without identification marks and the records in all three cases were destroyed."

Wash. Daily News.

ROMANCE, AND A PAIR O' TWINS

By G. P.

ON A HOT August afternoon in '33 Farmer Jay Sebring and twin sons, Roy and Ray, sat upon the front porch of their Kansas farm home and looked dejectedly at the heat waves rising over the parched, drought-stricken cornfields.

"Looks like poor prospects here in Kansas. Let's go to Arizona," said one brother to the other.

"Here's your chance, boys," said the elder Sebring, as he read from the *Kansas City Star*: "Twins Seek Twin Husbands. At 22, Seattle girls hold to childhood resolve. Lois and Louise Coats, 22-year-old twin sisters insist that 'no one but twins need ever propose.' Years ago, they said, they resolved never to marry anyone but twin brothers with a double wedding for the ceremony."

"Just for fun, I'll write them," said Roy, and he went inside the house and wrote the letter which changed the entire course of his and three other individuals' lives, placed them on the front pages of nearly every newspaper in the land, and later brought the two brothers into the U. S. Marines. He stated that he would be pleased to correspond with the girls, and mentioned among other things, that he had been born in Oneida, Kansas.

Two weeks later the answer came. The Seattle lassies, Lois Maude and Louise May Coats revealed that Roy's letter was the fourteenth received of a total of fifty-five. They also stated that they too were natives

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CUPID HOLDS TWO PAIR

Left to Right, Roy, Louise, Ray and Lois Sebring, and Mr. Frank Belcher, President of the Exposition.

SPORTS

SAN DIEGO SPORT SANDWICH

BY "DUKE" PEASLEY

It will not be long now before the crash of bat-meet-ball on the Marine field will be supplanted by the thump of toe meeting pigskin, or the crunch of bones when two able-bodied, 200-pounders meet at full speed. Yes, football is just around the corner. However, before we start talking football let us take a look at the fortunes of the Base baseball team, its ups and downs, of which we have been keeping you readers informed all season.

Since coming back from maneuvers Captain Lott, Base Athletic Officer, has been coaching the team, and his success as a mentor can be easily seen in the team's record of ten wins and two losses. As this article goes to press the Base team is tied with the USS *Dobbin*, fleet champions, for the sun berth in the NOB League. The first game against the *Dobbin* in league competition went to the sailors in ten innings, but with Lefty Smith in fine form, the Marines set back the Champs, 7-3, in their next encounter. Next issue we hope to be able to tell you that the Marine Base won the championship, but the *Dobbin* has a mighty fine ball team. You cannot win the championship of the combined fleets with a sandlot team, you know.

A few of the sidelights of the recent baseball games. . . . Jerry Pounds, Mac McNeiel, Lefty Smith and "Crooked Arm" Roberts, a regular up and coming mound staff. Watch them next season. "Gus" Sonnenberg, choking up on his bat, and boosting his batting average. Quite a comeback. "Joe" Griffin, erstwhile catcher, playing third base, and looking better every game. Joe is getting his old bingles now. Before the maneuvers Joe was hitting .239, just above the weight of a good tackle. Something in that good Hawaiian air must have given the North Carolina boy back his batting eye because he is crashing them for a .400 average now.

"Farmer" Couch, Griffin's only rival in the Corps as a chatterer on the ball diamond, is going great on the mound and at bat for the Naval Air Station. The old Quantico star almost set the Base team back the other afternoon. "Farmer" is also playing in the outfield for the Texas Liquor House, leading San Diego semi-pro team, and his work in the field and at bat may gain him a tryout with a team up in the money.

Jimmie Levey, on the bench with a fractured arm, is back in the Hollywood lineup and looking better as a hitter than he has for a long time. Jimmie Kerr, now second string receiver for the same team, recently poled a home run with the bases

loaded, to win a game for the town of the movie gals. As soon as Kerr starts hitting inside balls he will be in there every day or so, mark our word, as the big Baltimore boy has improved plenty as a maskman.

While in Hawaii we saw our old friend,



Harold N. Stoffet, USS *Augusta*

"Brute" Billingsley, former all-Marine baseball and football star. Bill was headed for Guam but aboard the *Hendy-Mar* was a victim of *mal de mer* and swam ashore, or something, at Pearl Harbor. Bill is poling them out over at Pearl Harbor, and confidentially expressed to me the fact that he intends to stay out there until they build a bridge back to the mainland. Also saw Barney Shaw, back on the USS *New York*, who is intending to start a campaign against the best boxers on the coast. Several years back Barney crashed through with an All-Navy championship in the ring. And you have to be good to get one of those belts, if you know what I mean.

Back to San Diego. . . . The Marine Corps Base tennis team is leading the NOB Tennis League with 12 matches won and none lost. The Marine team has made a clean sweep in every team match. The team consists of Kirkely, Balaban, Moberley and Wood.

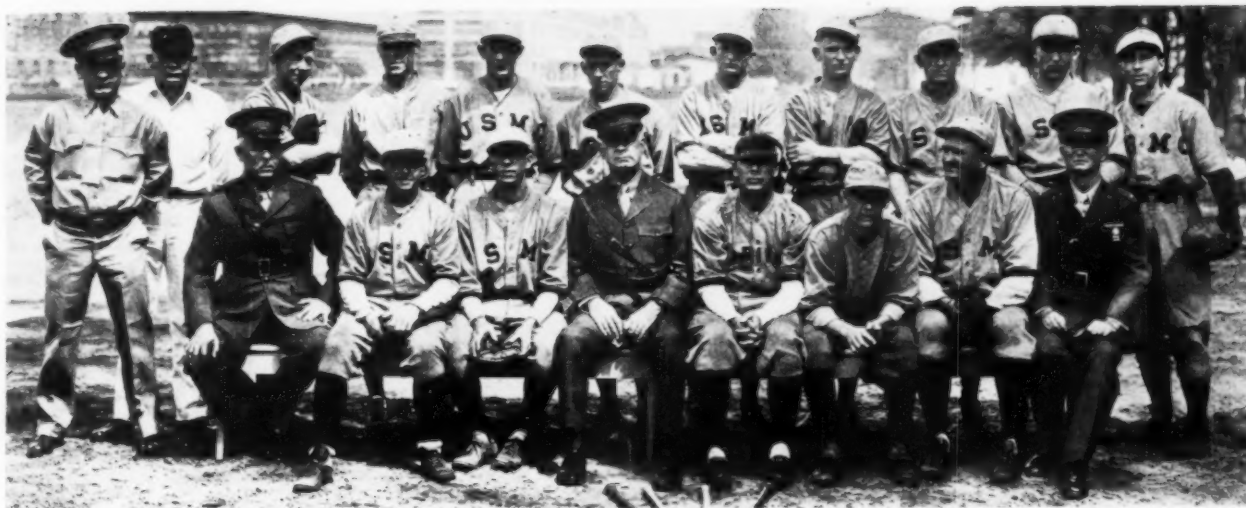
Eddie Hofer, Marine boxer from Aviation, has stepped into the ring a couple of times over at the Coliseum, but has come out on the losing end. Eddie seems to have chin trouble. Al Serrano, clever welterweight from the First Battalion, recently fought Lige Drew, flashy negro, to a draw in a match at the same arena. Mickey Green is bringing Al along in fine style. Now it is all up to Al.

Over in "C" Company, there is a fellow named Piechota, a rabid baseball fan, who now has something to be really pepped up about, as the New York Yankees recently bought his brother, Al Piechota, a coming young twirler, from the Davenport club of the Western League. And speaking of brothers, Hugh Critz, star second baseman of the New York Giants, has a brother over at Marine Aviation.

On August 27, 28 and 29 there is to be the first All-Annual All-Service Wrestling Championship Meet held here in San Diego in connection with Fleet Week. Just who the Base will enter is as yet problematical, but Charlie Nissen is rounding up some candidates.

Football is practically with us again, and the first candidates are working out in "lights." Over fifty recruits have been going through preliminary paces with the hopes of winning glory on this season's edition of the San Diego Marines. More power to all of these rookies, and there seem to be some promising candidates among them, but we never pass judgment, or give them the satisfaction of seeing their names or faces in the print until after the first scrimmage. "Many are called but few are chosen." How well that old adage fits the early scramble of football aspirants. Then along comes the initial scrimmage and they separate the men from the boys.

We need plenty of new players here at San Diego and hope that this crop of rookies will turn out some more Popplemans, Woods, Cummings or Glicks.



Charleston, S. C., Marine Ball Club

Speaking of Glick, old Grubber will no longer be seen out on the old flank for the Base, as he was discharged from the Corps and is a San Diego cop, and getting along fine. Without mentioning names, we might go on and stress the point that many of these players who have been out there doing their bit for years are not growing a bit younger, and although for a short period they may charge with the vim and speed of yesterday, sixty minutes is a long time for those old banged up bodies to stay out there and take them. The writer knows and will be sitting up in the old grand stand eating peanuts.

Captain Lott will serve as head coach, with Lieut. O. K. Pressley and Marine Gunner Crowe as his assistants. It would be difficult to find a more popular trio of mentors than these men, and it is not necessary for me to go into details about their respective experience, as all three are known wherever Marine Corps athletics are spoken of.

Two of the leading backfield men from last season's team will be missing when the first whistle blows out on the gridiron on the 29th of September. These two men, Clyde Poppelman and "Cheesey" Neil will be hard to replace. Little Pop, unless he has a last minute change of mind, is intending to go back to civilian life when his enlistment expires next month and Neil, after a long stretch in the hospital, will be unable to play this fall. A couple of years back a fellow by the name of Barrieau turned out for the Base team, but his prowess was not thought so much of and he was allowed to obtain a transfer to Seagoing. That same fall he came back to pay his respects to the Marine team as a member of Tom Hamilton's All-Navy team and was instrumental in scoring the touchdown which defeated the Devil Dogs. Now he is back here with the Base team and we hope that he has a big season. Next issue we will give you all the football dope. Here is the schedule:

Sept. 29, USS *California* at San Diego.
Oct. 6, USS *Colorado* at San Diego.
Oct. 12, California School of Technology at San Diego.
Oct. 19, University of Southern California Jr. Varsity at San Diego.
Oct. 26, Pomona College at San Diego.
Nov. 2, University of California Jr. Varsity at San Diego.

Nov. 10, USS *Arizona*.
Nov. 16, open.
Nov. 28, College of the Pacific at Stockton, Calif.
Dec. 8, Submarine Force at San Diego.
Dec. 14, San Diego State College at San Diego.

MARINES UPSET NAVAL AIR TEAM, 8-7

"Farmer" Couch Shines For Losers

A five run drive off Newman, starting Naval Air twirler, in the second inning started the Base team to victory. In the third inning with the bases full "Farmer" Couch, former All Marine chucker, now playing for the Naval Air Station, came in from center field and from then on kept the base hits widely scattered. McNicol pitched a capable game for the Base team and won his own game with a single in the 10th inning. Don Beeson and Bakalarzek each chalked up three bingles for the Marines. Beeson played at first base for the Marines in place of Sadler who was out of the game with an injured hand.

Score:

	R	H	E
MARINES	8	13	3
NAVAL AIR	7	7	1

Batteries: Marines—McNicol and Sonnenberg; Naval Air—Newman, Couch and Blackwelder.

MARINES RALLY TO DEFEAT SEMI-PRO NINE

Last Inning Rally Gives Base Team 4-3 Win Over Walter Church

After leading by a score of 2-1 for several innings the Marines were overtaken by a Walter Church rally in the first half of the ninth which accounted for two runs and left the Leathernecks trailing going up for their last chance at the plate. First up in this inning was Joe Griffin and he responded to the fans' clamor to start a rally by getting a clean single, his third hit of the day. Ray Sadler waited out the pitcher and received a free ticket to first base. Ware did not fare as well and retired on strikes. Don Beeson waited out the pitcher and received another base on balls. Gus Sonnenberg, who had already hit four for four, came up to bat, but

this time his bat was not so potent and he flied out to Torres, the visitor's third sacker. Two away and Bakalarzek, next batter at the plate, singled sharply to the outfield and Griffin and Sadler scored making the score 4-3 in favor of the Marines. Lefty Roberts started on the mound for the Marines and showed more than he had at all this season, in the eighth inning fanning "Junk" Walters, former Pacific Coast League luminary, with the sacks full. McNicol pitched the last inning for the Base.

Sore:

	R	H	E
MARINES	4	11	0
WALTER CHURCH	3	8	2

Batteries: Marines—Roberts, McNicol and Sonnenberg; Walter Church—Riley, Kropel and Helm.

MARINES LOSE EXTRA INNING GAME, 8-3

Dobbin's Tenth Inning Rally Sinks Base

Hopes For Defeating Fleet Champions
After playing on even terms with the classiest baseball team in the U. S. Fleet for nine innings, the Marines could not stop a five-run rally in the 10th and lost their first Naval Operating Base League game. The game was fast and well played and the Leathernecks had the Champions sweating at most stages of the game. Trunnell and Hudson, All Navy players on the Dobbin each contributed three hits, while Sonnenberg with two hits was the leading Marine hitter.

Score:

	R	H	E
MARINES	3	9	1
DOBBIN	8	12	3

Batteries: Marines—McNicol, Smith, Roberts and Sonnenberg; Dobbin—Trunnell, Ball, Reichert and Ray.

BASE TEAM DEFEATS THIRTIETH INFANTRY

Pounds Shuts Out Army Nine, 5-0

Gerry Pounds was in rare form against the Thirtieth Infantry ball club and the Marines chalked up a 5-0 victory in a Naval Operating Base League game played on the Marine Field. The Marines played heads up baseball throughout with Bakalarzek and Borowitz, the Base keystone

combination, proving especially effective, turning in three double plays for their afternoon's contribution. Tracy and Sonnenberg with three hits apiece led the Marines' attack.

Score:

	R	H	E
MARINES	5	12	2
THIRTIETH INFANTRY	0	6	2

Batteries: Marines—Pounds and Sonnenberg; Thirtieth Infantry—Williams, Johnson and Walker.

FLEET CHAMPIONS CONQUERED BY MARINES

Smith Too Much For Dobbin Team

Lefty Smith proved too much for the Fleet Championship team, the U.S.S. *Dobbin*, in the second meeting of these two teams in the Naval Operating Base League and the Marines won a 7-3 decision. While the Marine team played a flashy defensive game in back of Lefty, it was the south-paw's effective twirling more than any other factor to which the victory was due. "Gus" Sonnenberg handled Smitty well and the Marine infield completely outshone the *Dobbin*'s inner defense. Perry Moore saved a home run by a long running catch of a ball hit by "Country" Austin, the *Dobbin*'s long distance hitter. Joe Griffin led the Marine attack with 4 clean bingles. The first of the ninth found the Marines leading by a slim margin of 4-3, but in this inning the Leathernecks tallied three more scores, and Smith easily set down the *Dobbin*'s offense in the last of the ninth. The winning of this game put the Marines in a tie for first place with the *Dobbin* in the NOB League.

Score:

	R	H	E
MARINES	7	11	1
U.S.S. DOBBIN	3	7	2

Batteries: Marines—Smith and Sonnenberg; *Dobbin*—Kepner, Ball and Cyr.

MARINES WIN OVER ARMY TEAM

Leathernecks Hit Ball Hard to Annex 21-3 Decision

Pounding out 19 hits and taking advantage of errors made by their opponents, the Marine Corps Base Team won a decisive victory over the 30th Infantry nine in a game played on the Marine diamond. Joe Griffin, erstwhile catcher, now playing a bangup game at third base, led the Marine assault with four base knocks. Bakalarzek, smooth working shortstop, Don Beeson, veteran center fielder, Ray Sadler, 1st baseman and "Chet" Hall, playing his first game in right field, each accounted for three hits. McNicol, twirling for the Base team, allowed 11 hits, but was effective in the pinches.

Score:

	R	H	E
MARINES	21	19	3
30TH INFANTRY	3	11	7

Batteries: Marines—McNicol and Sonnenberg; 30th Infantry—Jones, Walker and Reid.

MARINES ROUT NAVAL AIR STATION

Sonnenberg Features With Two Four-Base Clouts

The Marine Base baseball team won another NOB League game here from the Naval Fliers by a football score of 21-3. The Navy players could not stop the assault of the Marine sluggers. Gus Sonnenberg led the attack with two home runs and two singles. Bakalarzek, Marine

shortstop, had four singles, while Griffin, Beeson and Tracy continued their heavy hitting. Pounds allowed but one hit in the seven innings he twirled. "Windmill" Sears relieving him held the Airmen to two blows in the final two innings.

Score:

	R	H	E
MARINES	21	23	5
NAVAL AIR	3	3	6

Batteries: Marines—Pounds, Sears, and Sonnenberg; Naval Air—Cruze, Newman and Blackwelder.

MEET THE CHAMP

Light-Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the Fourth Marines and Middleweight Champion of the U. S. Asiatic Fleet, that is the brilliant record achieved by Pfc. Harold N. Stoffet, U. S. Marine Corps, in less than a year.

Stoffet, now stationed aboard the U.S.S. *Augusta*, first enlisted in the Marine Corps on July 31, 1928, and served for four years. Upon reenlistment, October 4, 1933, he was ordered to Shanghai, China, for duty with the Fourth Marines. His amazing ability in the ring moved him rapidly toward the stellar position and in 1934 he annexed the Light-Heavyweight Boxing Championship of the Regiment, meeting all comers from the first, second and third Battalions.

In October, 1934, Stoffet was selected to join the Marine Detachment, U.S.S. *Augusta*, flagship of the Asiatic Fleet. While serving aboard that vessel he made the memorable cruise to Sydney, Melbourne and Perth, Australia, and to Java, Bali, Celebes and British North Borneo. Upon return of the flagship to Manila, P. I., Stoffet, representing the *Augusta*, met and defeated opponents from other units of the Fleet, this time acquiring the U. S. Asiatic Fleet Middleweight Silver Belt and the Asiatic Fleet Championship Medal.

The *Augusta* is back in Shanghai now and those who have seen Stoffet's business-like manner in his ring operations, predict that he will defeat the best that the Fourth has to offer in the coming bouts for the Walla Walla Cup in October.

The leather-pushing Marine hails from Arpin, Wisconsin, is twenty-six seasons in age and has won a sizeable portion of his bouts via the knockout route.

FOURTH MARINES SPORT NEWS

Baseball, tennis and swimming have taken their places among the sports entered into by the men of the Fourth Marines and at this time hold the spotlight among the activities. Baseball, that favorite sport of millions of people, has a large following in Shanghai. Both men of the Fourth Marines and the civilians turn out in large crowds to watch the different teams in action.

Since our last letter the Second Battalion has won the MacGregor Cup, emblematic of baseball supremacy between the battalion teams of the regiment. This is the first time that the Second Battalion has won the trophy since their arrival here in Shanghai in the early part of 1932. Along with the winning of the MacGregor Trophy the Second Battalion took another honor from the other Battalions. They had the leading batter of the series in the person of Walker. For his efforts he was the recipient of a beautiful cup given to the leading batter of the MacGregor series by Mr. Bruce of the Mercury Press. With the conclusion of the Inter-Battalion series the players turned their attention toward the annual baseball classic of

Shanghai, the game between the Fourth Marines and the civilians.

With proper ceremony and all the pomp of former conflicts thrown into the background the annual classic was played on the Shanghai Race Course. The game started with Consul-General Cunningham tossing the ball to Colonel Beaumont for a strike on Munari of the Marine team. Approximately 3,500 people turned out for this game. The game was in doubt to the end of the ninth inning. The Marines were leading with the narrow margin of 2 to 1, and the civilians were yet to come to bat. Many a bet was won and lost on the fine performance of the Marine team during that last inning. No other game of the season has furnished as much color, excitement and superb playing as that game on the Fourth of July.

After this classic in baseball the Shanghai fans were treated to another, in the form of a series of games between the Hosei University, baseball champions of Japan, and the Fourth Marines and the Amateurs. Each of the teams played a series for a trophy. The series between the Fourth Marines and Hosei was a shield given by the Amateur Baseball Club of Shanghai, the series between the Amateurs and Hosei was for a cup given by the Japanese Ambassador. Hosei took possession of both trophies when they beat the Marines in the final game of their series 10 to 5; and the Amateurs 14 to 4. This year the Marines hoped to win from the visitors but stiff opposition and fine playing of a calibre not normally to be seen in Shanghai proved to be a barrier too great to overcome. The Marines made a fine showing against the Hosei team. The scores of the games being no index to the excellent playing of the men.

Besides our baseball the Fourth Marines have been busily engaged in tennis. In the Inter-Battalion tournament the Headquarters team emerged the victors and for another time took possession of the trophy. After these games a Singles Tournament was started and is in full swing at the time of this writing.

The first smoker in the Regiment during the summer was held at the Second Battalion compound on July 11. Before three thousand enthusiastic fight fans, the First Battalion trounced the Second Battalion. Seven to one was the outcome of one of the classiest fight cards seen in Shanghai for some time. All fights were evenly matched and the knockdown and knockouts turned in showed the class of the performers. The main event was between Johnny Hill of the Fourth Marines and Levechenko of the Sokols. Joe Inferrera acting as referee of the fights gave many uncontested decisions and brought successfully to a close one of the best exhibitions of the manly art the fight fans have been drawn to in a long time.

The Regimental Swimming Team started the season in an auspicious manner on Saturday, 22 July, 1935, at the Chinese Y. M. C. A. by defeating the team from that place by the score of 36 to 33. Competition was keen in every event and the Chinese spectators showed their appreciation and good sportsmanship by applauding the achievements of members of both teams. Humber, Welz, and Derwae starred for the Fourth Marine Team.

A sport in which the men take great interest, both as player and spectators, is the game of Hai Alai. So far there has been only one contest this season. The team representing the Headquarters Battalion lost their first engagement to the Shanghai Sporting Club by the score of

(Continued on page 60)

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

AWARD OF KINCADE TROPHY STIRS COMPETITION IN THIRD BATTALION

Company D, Original Navy Yard Unit,
Wins First Leg on Handsome Cup
Donated by Capt. A. J. Cincotta

THE award of the new efficiency trophy cup, known as the Col. Gerard M. Kincaide Trophy, has stirred the new Third Battalion as nothing else has done since the formation of this organization. While the decision of the judges, composed of the regular Marine Corps officers assigned to observe the Battalion in camp at Sea Girt, was that Company D, the original Navy Yard Guard Detachment, had carried off first honors, the other units are setting out to capture this trophy without delay. The cup must be won three times by any unit for permanent possession, and D Company, commanded by Capt. Milton V. O'Connell, now has the first leg on the prize.

The cup was awarded by Capt. Angelo J. Cincotta, FMCR, and named for the commanding officer, Marine Barracks, at

Brooklyn, who has done much for the furtherance of Marine Corps Reserve activities, particularly in the Navy Yard at Brooklyn. The cup is for the most all-around efficient company in the Third Battalion, and is a handsome silver cup over three feet high. It is one of the most beautiful trophies ever offered for Marine Corps competition. Captain Cincotta served with the Sixth Regiment in France, and by a strange coincidence the trophy awarded by him was won first by the unit commanded by a wartime comrade in the Corps. Both Captain Cincotta and Captain O'Connell enlisted in New York together, were aboard the S. S. *Henderson* en route to France when she burned at sea, and were in the same regiment during the fighting in France. Incidentally, this is the third cup which

the former 462nd Co. Navy Yard Guard Detachment has won in the only three competitions in which it has been entered. The trophy case of the present Company D is filled, with more being sought.

The competition was exceedingly close, with all companies doing splendid work at Sea Girt, to put the "Baby Battalion" up top in the general efficiency of the provisional regiment. It was second only in rifle shooting records, and as it was the newest unit, and had not had any opportunity previously to shoot the regulation .30 calibre range, it did well, coming in second of the four battalions at Sea Girt.

The activity of this Battalion has spread far and wide throughout New York City, and on one recent night forty-five applicants for enlistment appeared at the Navy Yard. Company D, the winner of the Kincaide Trophy, has never been under strength since its inception, took the largest number of men to Sea Girt of any unit in the entire regiment, and had to close its enlistments some time ago. Company A, the six-foot "General's Own" unit, named in honor of Brig. Gen. R. P. Williams, chief of Reserve activities, is almost filled, and is commanded by Capt. John J. Dolan, FMCR.

The fall and winter schedule of drills and training has begun, and Non-commissioned Officers' School is under way for all units. A special military demonstration, and dress parade, will be held in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, early this month, with many high city and county officials present as guests to review the Marine Reservists of the Third Battalion.

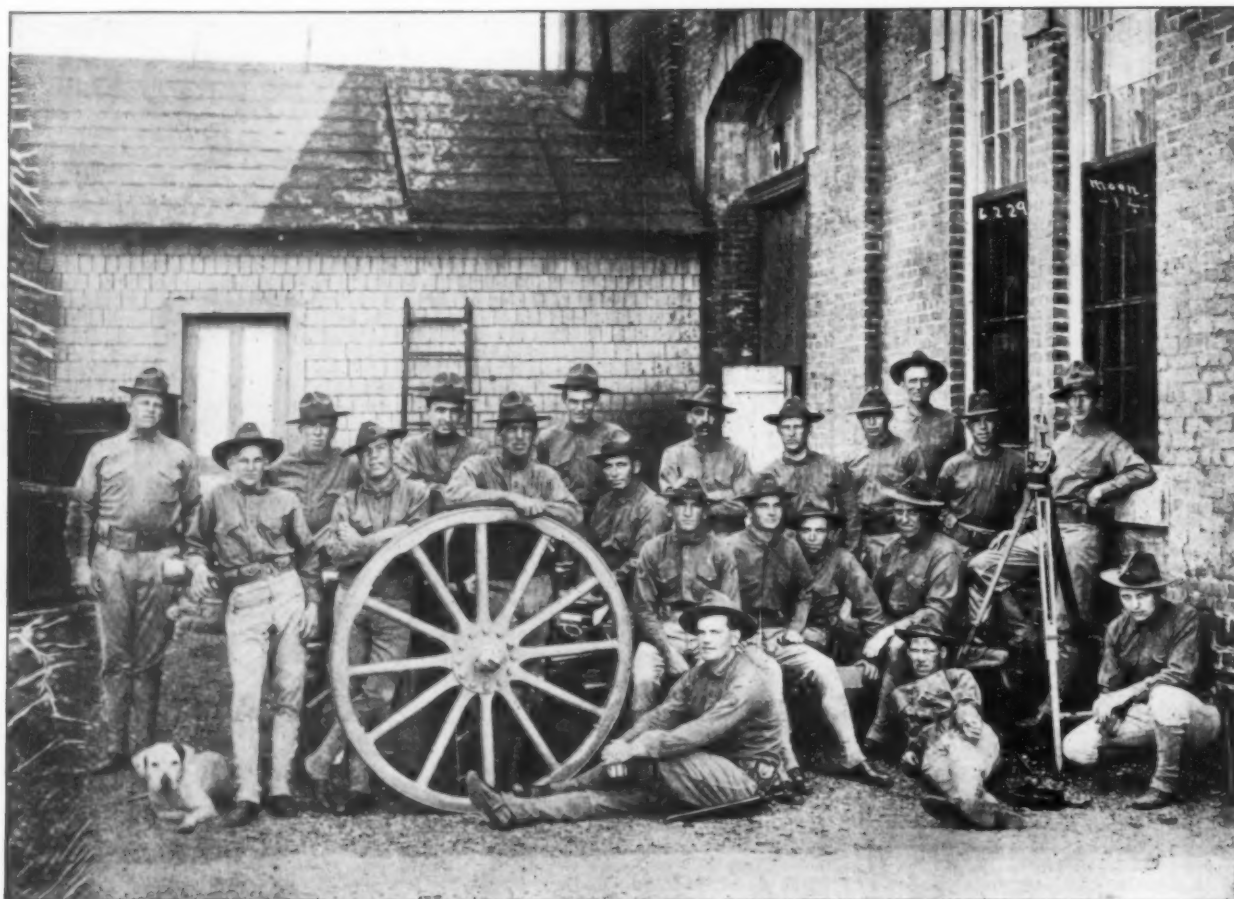
The most important news since the formation of this Battalion is the award of more than \$161,000 of PWA funds for the construction of a new building in the Navy Yard which will house the Reserve organization and which will be one of the finest structures of its kind ever built on a military or naval reservation. A huge drill floor, athletic courts, company offices, store rooms, shower rooms and every other modern convenience will be included in the new building, according to the plans which have been drawn. Maj. Bernard S. Barron is working closely with the government officials in charge of this construction and the new structure is expected to be ready for occupancy early next year.

In this structure there will be a rifle and pistol range, and classrooms for special instruction. The entire Battalion will be able to meet and drill together, which is not possible under the present circumstances and equipment.

The biggest athletic season ever undertaken by any Reserve unit is planned for the coming fall and winter. Once more Captain O'Connell will coach the basket-



Presentation of the Ida Lupino Cup, Company A, 13th Battalion, F.M.C.R. Left to right: Lt. F. Aderon, Jr., Capt. J. P. Sproul, Maj. J. J. Flynn, and Lt. A. Hunt.



Marine Artillery Landing Force, 1914

ball squad, which this year is augmented by many star players, and boasts a 6-foot-4 center in Lt. John Veeder, FMCR, and some other tall athletes. Lieutenant Veeder, a former Harvard University crew, basketball and boxing man, will coach the boxing team which already has a score of applicants. Football may be developed, though it is not certain for this year. A track team, rifle team, pistol team and other units will compete against military, naval and civilian teams during the year.

An all-Battalion vaudeville show is in prospect, with considerable talent available. Several men are in the entertainment profession, and with the aid of the Battalion band a fine entertainment is expected. The social season of the organization will get under way shortly after Labor Day. At present the outfit is eagerly awaiting the change in uniform, with the new issue of winter field greens in prospect. Overseas caps will add a snappy appearance to the outfit in its new uniforms.

A complete history of the activities of the Third Battalion is being made in motion pictures. Capt. Howard W. Houck, commanding C Company, has been working on this ever since the Battalion was formed, and has already made some excellent pictures both at camp and in the Yard. These, together with the films made in the past by Captain O'Connell, will go into the archives of the Battalion for frequent showing to the men. All phases of the fall maneuvers will be recorded as

were the former field activities of the old Navy Yard Guard unit.

One difficulty faced by the Battalion is keeping its men who wish to enlist in the regular Corps. Already the unit has sent half a dozen of its best men into the regular Corps, and others give promise of following suit. Numerous men of the organization have applied for admission to the special camps with a view to taking examinations for commissions in the Reserve.

Second Lt. A. J. Stone, Jr., FMCR, has been attached as company officer of D Company. He is a veteran of the World War, having served in the U. S. Navy during the last year of the war. At present Companies A and C are without company officers as second in command, but it is expected they will receive those officers in the near future.

Armory training schedules have been completed and prepared by the various company commanders and all is set for a successful season.

4TH BATTALION, F.M.C.R.

Well, here we are back home two months now from camp, and what a camp! We left Newark, N. J., on the 9:30 A. M. train. Why we ever got to the Headquarters at 7:00 A. M. is beyond this Gyrene's understanding, but I guess that this is the kind of life that makes Marines hard boiled. If we think that we of Newark

were early. Company "A" from Jersey City was already on the train. After picking up Company "B" in Elizabeth, the train set out for Camp Hoffman at Sea Girt, New Jersey. Someone told your scribe that the Pennsylvania Railroad was 100 per cent electrified, but as usual, the railroad must have found a ton or more of soft coal, and as it had to be burned up, they said run a steam engine and put it on the 4th Battalion, F.M.C.R. train, and so they did. The whole Battalion had cinders in their eyes before they arrived at Sea Girt. We arrived at the station at about 11:00 A. M. Quite a little time was lost looking for another man to put in Headquarters Company. After finding the other man, the entire personnel of Headquarters Company, consisting of three men, led the Battalion into camp.

The first few days in camp were routine days. All the time was spent on the rifle range, and we are proud to say that the 4th Battalion qualified a good percentage of their men in camp. Company "C," commanded by Capt. Edward F. Venn, won the plaque donated by Battalion Commander Otto Lessing for making the highest score in the Battalion. Pfc. Lawson F. Page, also of Company "C," won high honors for the highest individual score and received a ten dollar bill from Capt. Otto Lessing. Watch out, Page, the boys are going to be practicing with the .22's this year at the armory and claim that they will all make possibles at every range. So watch your laurels, Page!

Tuesday night of the second week in camp, the officers of the 4th Battalion gave a party for the enlisted men of the outfit. It sure was a party while the refreshments lasted, and more than one Gyrene felt good after partaking of as much liquid refreshment as he could consume. Our own Governor, Harold G. Hoffman, paid the Battalion a visit at the party and was well received. Say Governor, let us in on it and tell the boys where you get all the bright stories, as they were very much enjoyed by all.

The last night in camp, the Governor gave a party for the entire personnel of the outfit. And say, what a party! First we had Pfc. Tom Mastell of Company "C" put up a strong fight and win over Pvt. Tom Giordani, also of Company "C." Then we had Pvt. Joe Dellarco going in the ring against Pvt. Gene Diamond of Company "D," 3rd Battalion. Although the judges' gave the decision to Gene, we all felt our own "Jo Jo" won. Well, better luck next time!

Well, Gyrenes, we arrived back at our own home towns safe and sound and a little sorry that we had to leave Sea Girt as the camp was voted one of the best camps in the F.M.C.R. training period.

Don't forget, folks, we move our Headquarters this month to the new Post Office Building. Anytime you are in Newark, New Jersey, drop in and say "hello" to the best battalion in the F.M.C.R. So, until next month, "Good evening."

THE SIXTH BATTALION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

By Abe Abramson

The Sixth Battalion—the old Third Battalion of the 19th Regiment—is out to gather new laurels. The Philadelphia boys feel that their outfit is the best in the Eastern Reserve Area at the present time. By the time that they return from summer training next year they fully expect to be the best outfit in the entire Marine Corps Reserve.

In 1936, the Sixth Battalion fully expects to take a full battalion to camp—

Sea Girt or Quantico—and to return to Philadelphia the best outfit in camp. At present, we are on a drive for new recruits. . . . But, we are not taking every Tom, Dick and Harry into the outfit because he wants to be a Marine. That is only one of the requirements. He must be physically fit and mentally suited for the Marine Corps Reserve. The recruiting standards have been raised. To enlist in the Sixth Battalion, a prospective reservist must be 58 inches tall and his weight must be in proportion. He MUST be physically fit.

After he passes the physical examination the new recruit is placed on probation for one month. In those thirty days he is taught the fundamentals of recruit drill. If he shows an aptitude towards the work he is kept in the outfit; if he shows that he can't learn, the "boot" is told that he just doesn't belong. In charge of all recruiting are Sergeant Major Shaw and Sergeant Kaufman (Sergeant Major Shaw should, and does, know if a man would turn out O.K. or not. He spent 12 years in the "regulars"). We are trying to recruit between 35 and 40 men for the battalion to fill vacancies caused by transfers to the ERA and discharges.

Our Battalion year has just started. During the 48 drills preceding our 1936 camp, the battalion will be divided into four groups. Group I is composed of men who have not attended any encampments; Group II is made up of men who have attended one or two camps; Group III is composed of men who have attended three camps and Group IV is made up of men who have attended four or more camps. Each group will be given separate instruction in close order drill, extended order, musketry and other forms of armory instruction. The men who make up Group I are given regular recruit instruction until in the opinion of their instructors they are proficient enough to be sent to Group II.

The Sixth Battalion consists of Headquarters and four rifle companies under the command of Capt. James J. Gannon. Our Adviser and Instructor is Maj. Wm. Harrison, who also acts in the same capacity for the Seventh Battalion (Artillery).

Our other instructor from the Marine Corps is 1st Sgt. Carl Wilck. The "Top" is one of the best "shots" in the service and many men in the Sixth Battalion swear that he could teach a blind man to shoot.

The Sixth Battalion drills as a battalion every Monday evening at the Marine Barracks No. 2 in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Every person who reads THE LEATHERNECK is invited to pay us a visit. Members of other Marine Corps Reserve outfits are accorded a special invitation.

"IF YOU WATCH THE SIXTH—YOU ARE WATCHING REAL MARINES!"

THIRTEENTH BATTALION, F.M.C.R.

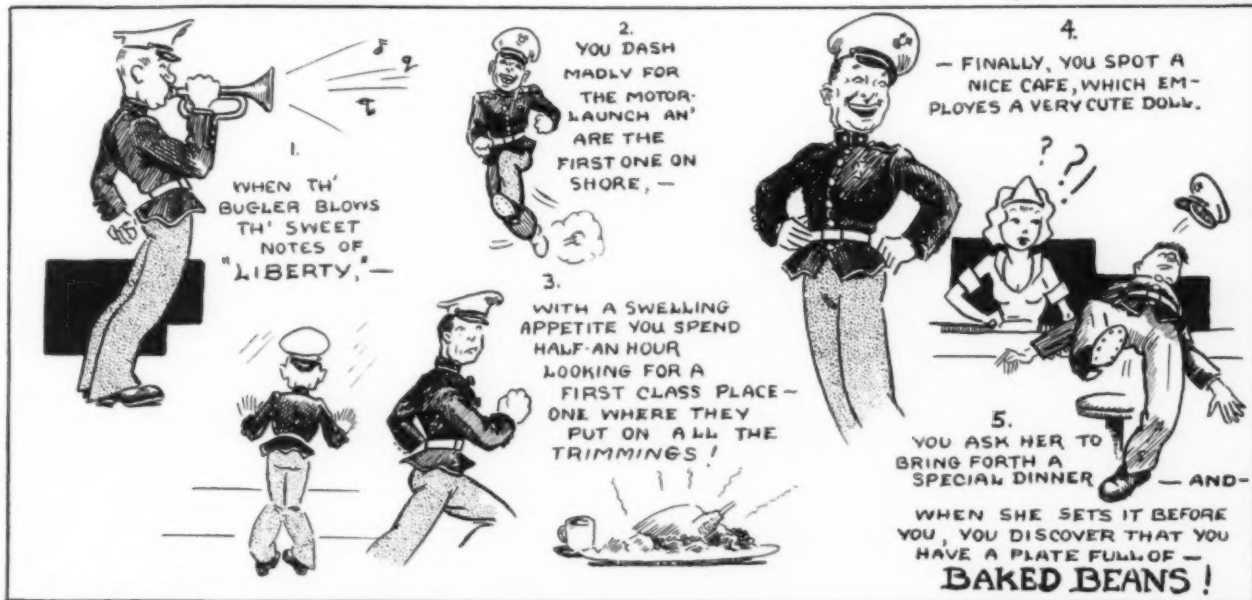
Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif.
By Donald A. Morrison

The 13th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps, Reserve has already made a great start towards a successful new year of drills and training, after a highly successful annual encampment at the Marine Base, San Diego. The Battalion consists of Companies "A" of Los Angeles, "B" of Pasadena, "C" of Glendale, "D" of Inglewood, and "Hdq." of Los Angeles.

On Sunday, July 7, the main body of the battalion left the Santa Fe Station in Los Angeles at 9:15 A. M. and at about one o'clock that afternoon we were "shaking down" in the camp prepared by the advance detail under the command of First Lieutenant Alpeter. Our tents had been set up in rear of Barracks Nos. 2 and 3. The personnel consisted of 148 enlisted men and 14 officers. The officers present were Maj. J. J. Flynn, Commanding Officer; First Lieutenant Hunt, Adjutant; Second Lieutenant Whitaker, Quartermaster; First Lieutenant Raymond, Police and Mess Officer; Captain Sproul and Second Lieutenant Odreon, "A" Company; First Lieutenant Alpeter and Second Lieutenant Salazar, "B" Company; First Lieutenant Andrews and Second Lieutenant Whitney, "C" Company; Captain (Continued on page 55)

LEATHERNECKIN'

by CHAPMAN



The MARINE CORPS LEAGUE NEWS

MANNING COMPLETES YEAR WITH FINANCES BALANCED

NATIONAL Commandant John F. Manning has just recorded the most successful term in the history of the Marine Corps League. As this is written two weeks before the National Convention and will not appear in type until after the vote of the convention is cast, we are unable to tell whether he will carry on or some other good Marine be chosen to continue the good work where he left off. But no matter what the outcome, his record still stands and here it is:

All outstanding debts of previous administrations cleared up and the treasury out of the red. Seven new detachments organized and four old ones revived. Every communication answered promptly and National Headquarters placed on a self-paying basis. And that, gentlemen, is something to shoot at.

His path was no bed of roses and he worked far into the night and gave all he had at great sacrifice of health and personal income. He had his enemies, as all successful men have, but he also had many staunch supporters to cheer him up and help him carry through to a successful goal. So on we go to another year and we hope even greater progress and a cleared understanding of mutual helpfulness.

FRANK X. LAMBERT,
Asst. Nat. Chief of Staff.

TEN LEADING DETACHMENTS

The standing, as of August 1, 1935, is as follows: 1st, Hudson-Mohawk; 2nd, Theodore Roosevelt; 3rd, Homer A. Harkness; 4th, Oakland; 5th Capt. Burwell H. Clarke; 6th, Akron; 7th, New York, No. 1; 8th, Simpson-Hogatt; 9th, San Jose; 10th, Frank Allen Bevers.

We are sorry to note that San Francisco has dropped out of the ten leaders, but expect it will be back strong in our next standing. Greetings to San Jose and the Frank Allen Bevers detachments into the inner circle of the Ten Leaders. Both have shown additions monthly and are now tie, but as San Jose made the biggest increase, we place it in 9th place. We were promised a detachment with "around 300 members" up at Detroit, Mich., but evidently something went wrong. We are still waiting, and would be satisfied if Detroit comes back with even one-sixth of the promised number.



AN URGENT APPEAL TO MARINES

Linwood H. Perrot, of 4031 Monticello Street, Richmond, Va., is desirous of contacting any Marine or U. S. Navy Hospitalman who served with him at any of the following places:

Marine detachment aboard the U.S.S. *New Jersey*, in the winter of 1917; Overseas Depot Automatic Rifle School, Quantico, Va., summer of 1918; 13th Regiment, Quantico, Va., during July, 1918; 4th Separate Battalion, at Quantico, during August, 1918; and in France, during September, 1918, with the 18th Company, 5th Regiment in September and ending with the Army of Occupation in Germany, same company.

This Marine was wounded twice, and contracted Berger's Disease, due to which he has lost his left leg, above the knee; three toes on his right foot; index finger on left hand, and facing possibility of loss of use of both arms from this disease. As statements from those who may have served with him are wanted to complete his case, anyone having any recollection of this comrade are urged to either address him or write to the National Commandant, P. O. Box 537, Methuen, Mass. Let's go, Marines, and help this comrade.

NORTH CENTRAL DIVISION

Several of the Leagues' outstanding members attended the Second Division Reunion in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 11, 12 and 13. Comrade Harrington of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment, Boston, Mass., was among those present. Past National Chief of Staff Vivian D. Corbly was there as were Past Commandants, Boden, Deiss and Past Adjutant Roy Cazel of the Cincinnati Detachment.

North Central Division Commandant Florence E. O'Leary extended the League's best wishes to Second Division National Commander Van Doran. Van promised cooperation with the League wherever possible.

One of the best stories of the convention was as follows: Bill Kreuzman and Florence O'Leary of the Cincinnati Detachment sat in the Pavillon Caprice and paid for their "refreshments," not aware of the fact that the Second Division Entertainment Committee had provided all this free on an-



other floor. And in times like these, too.
F. E. O'LEARY,
Division Commandant.

CAPE COD DETACHMENT Quincy, Mass.

Well, Marines, here we are on deck again. I see by the papers that we did not win any mention on that Membership Drive. Better luck next time. Perhaps we have decided it would be good policy to have something more to offer incoming members. Anyway we are working along those lines. So if any of you Marines ever find yourselves stumped for a toast when your glasses are hoisted toward the heavens, just think of us and wish us luck.

The meeting of June 26 was held at Frank Gilman's home in Brockton. Whist, refreshments and dancing were enjoyed by all. The ever agile Charlie Buckingham still amazes us with his athletic prowess. Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham entertained us with their aerobic dance. All in all we had a great time; thanks to Frank Gilman.

Our annual outing was held at Agawam Beach on June 30. Needless to say we had a fine day. Plans are progressing for our Field Day and Clam Bake to be held at the Fred Turner Estate at Brockton on Sunday, August 11. We expect a good crowd to attend and aside from the cats we expect that our sports program will be as interesting to the gallery as it is to the participants.

We had the honor of being Host to the National Commandant and his wife at our regular meeting which was held on July 31 at the home of Maurice Kramer at Spring Street, Brockton. We have finally decided on the disposition of this outfit relative to the resolutions to the National Convention. This detachment went on record as favoring John F. Manning for reelection to the office of National Commandant as a just reward for his work for the benefit of the League. Maurice, as usual, was the perfect host and the balance of the evening was enjoyable.

I almost forgot to mention that our fire-

eating sandwich-devouring champion, Jim Thomas, is still in the pink and is making records which ne'er will be broken. Well, gang, I have got to sign off for the present if I expect to get this typed and double-spaced in time.

D. CHARLES LUNETTA,
Chief of Staff.

FRANK ALLEN BEEVERS DETACHMENT Lawrence, Mass.

Greetings from the Merrimac Valley. Our Detachment is just getting over the hard work of a successful convention. We enjoyed the part we played and from all the letters we have received from Marines saying they had a good time we are inclined to feel proud.

Plans are now being formed for the celebration by the Cape Cod Detachment, a C L A M BAKE, Ray Rawlee assures us a good time so nearly all the detachment will attend. About 12 of our members journeyed to Dedham for the State Dance. Our Commandant, Joseph Moynihan, Harry Taylor and James Jackson, left in one car. Leo Lussier, Ray Welch and Charles Muller made up another and all agreed to a great time.

Our Detachment is sending the finest of Delegates to the National. None other than our Paymaster Andrew Donahue. Chaplain Peever will represent the Division. Leo Lussier and Ray Welch will be alternates.

Lost, strayed or stolen at the State Dance at Dedham, 1 new black coat with white pencil stripe, Initials H. T. (Marine Style) in sleeve. No money, valuable papers or other means of identification. Please notify this Detachment.—F.A.B.

JOSEPH A. MOYNIHAN,
Commandant.

CAPT. BURWELL H. CLARK DETACHMENT Newark, N. J.

By the time this goes to press the National Convention will be just a pleasant memory to those who attended and a regretful one to those who failed to be on deck. No doubt but what there will be quite a few nursing the usual hang-over and every one will be well acquainted with the location of the many bars in Newark.

At this time I would like to express a few words of appreciation both for myself and the balance of the detachment to the convention chairman, Charles Mageux, Charley worked many weeks both day and night to make this year's convention the success that it was. Also to Commandant Jack Whigam and Senior Vice Clarence F. Roy who were always there when Charley needed a hand. Fifty dollars were raffled off to raise money for the convention and Sergeant-at-Arms Steve Orzechewski chalked up a record by selling twenty-five books. Steve is a hard worker for the League and if we had about fifty Ski's in the detachment like him this detachment would surely go places. Its a BOY at the home of comrade J. Del-Grosse, a 1953 Marine so John says. Wishing the newly elected National officers a very successful year and expecting to see bigger and bet-

ter things from them I'll say, Adios.
FRANK J. WARNOCK,
Chief of Staff.

STATE DEPARTMENT Massachusetts

The State Department Officers, Division of Massachusetts, were guests of honor at a dance and entertainment, held at the Riverview Canoe Club, Dedham, Mass., Friday evening, July 26, supervised by State Commandant Roy S. Keene, many Marines and their ladies from the State were in attendance and all agreed that a good time was had.

It was rumored that National Commandant John F. Manning had gone canoeing with a charming young miss but upon investigating he was found struggling through a waltz. The two John's were very much in evidence and both agreed that it was one swell affair.

Commandant Joseph Moynihan and his outfit, the Frank Allen Beevers Detachment of Lawrence, was well represented.

Commandant Cresser of the Theodore Roosevelt Detachment with a good number and the smiles and charm of the Auxiliary, were there in force.

The charming smile of Charlie Lunetta dazzled many a miss and the remarks as to his dancing were very encourag-

ing. Naturally when we speak of Charles we mean the Cape Code Detachment. From this detachment also comes the State Adjutant and Paymaster, Ray Rawlee.

Our State Chaplain, Daniel McKenzie and Miss McKenzie were present. Also Vice Commandant and Mrs. Andrew E. Donahue, Sergeant-at-Arms and Mrs. Raymond H. Welch, Chief of Staff and Mrs. Leslie E. Peever. The Divisional Commandant, John A. Reardon, was represented by his assistant, Jerry Cohen, of Boston.

LESLIE E. PEEVER,
State Chief of Staff.

THE TWO JOHNS SPEAKING

By the time you read this column the National Convention will be history, and the new national staff will be functioning, and as this is written over three weeks prior to holding of convention, and not being clairvoyant, or in possession of proxies which would give us control of the convention (statements of a recent misleading letter to the contrary), we will not attempt any predictions, and gladly leave the destiny of the League in the hands of the delegates—*suum cuique suo marte, et semper idem!* (This is Latin, Bill; look it up.)

The ONLY thing we know and the one thing we desire to impress on the memories of all members is this: All membership dues expire September 30, 1935, and irre-

spective of who may be in authority next year, THE LEATHERNECK will not be sent to anyone until his dues for coming year are paid. If you desire the October issue (the next one) contact your paymaster at once and see that he gets your dues into national adjutant hands before September 5, or you will be missing October, 1935, issue of THE LEATHERNECK. By now, all detachments should have been advised of changes in the national per capita tax and such other business as was transacted at the National Convention which might affect dues or charter taxes, so no need to hold off any longer in paying dues.

The ability of National Headquarters to remind detachments as to their standing financially has been criticised, and all we care to say is that from comments of members we meet, maybe the majority of detachment paymasters might better serve their detachment were they to copy this formality, and NOTIFY their members when their dues expire. Most of us will pay our dues if reminded and many of us are not as interested in dues as the duly elected officers with the duty of collecting them should be, so we forget. It might be advantageous to the League were we to devote more of our time commanding the National adjutant and paymaster for his diligence in trying to collect money due national, and less to destructive criticism.

Maybe this is our last appearance, and if it is all our readers can rest assured that wherever we may retire to, we will be found cheerfully stringing along with our successors, and any dissatisfaction we might have will not be exhibited by any false propaganda or disorganizing statements. We were with the League when it organized June 6, 1923, and when Gabriel blows his horn for us, we will still be carrying-on for the cause of Marines, and in good-standing, financially, in the League. We invite those who may not have enjoyed

our successes to try and do the latter, and even though they can not do the former. Whatever the convention may deliver to us, we shall accept with a feeling that we did our best, and our conscience is clear as we did do our duty as we saw it.

In closing this, which may be our valedictory, we desire to offer this suggestion: Attend the next meeting of your detachment and hear the Bulletin for September 1, which should (and will, if we have anything to do with it) include a fairly concise and correct report of all legislation passed at the National Convention held at Newark, N. J., August 23-4-5, 1935. To whoever leads our organization the coming year we extend our sincere greetings, and wish for them a very successful administration. We extend our thanks to the many detachment officers who made our efforts such success as they may have been, by their cooperation, and to every Marine, whether a member of the

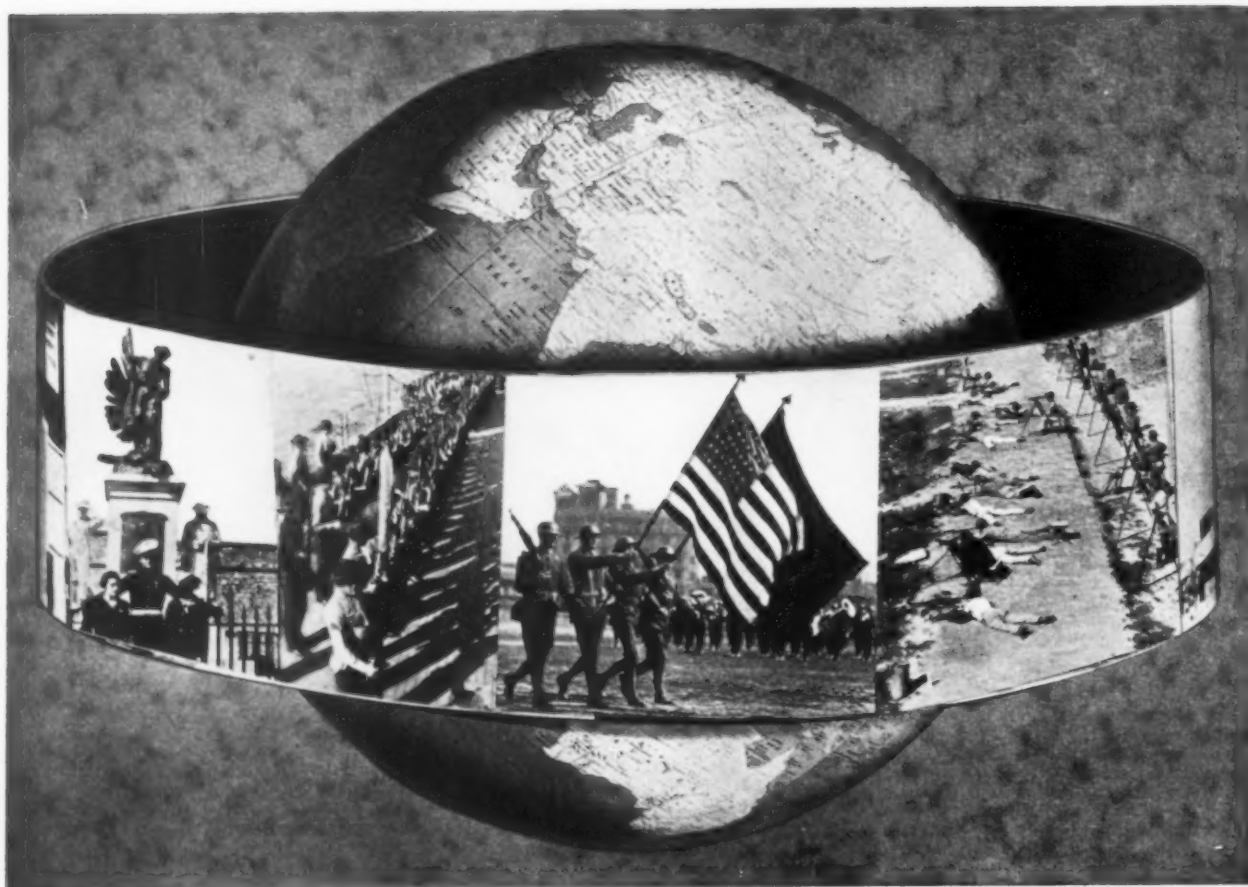
League or not, we wish a happy, prosperous and comradely future. With these remarks we sign off to wait the decision of our judges—the 1935 National Assembly.

The Two Johns—

MANNING and HINCKLEY.

“Let each have his own, by his own strength, and always the same.”





"The sun never sets, nor the moon never dies,
Where their colors are unfurled;
A belt of khaki and flashing steel
They girdle the bloomin' world."

GREETINGS TO TWO BABY DETACHMENTS

Well, with great pleasure, and just to show that they are not playing dead, we report and greet as our two Baby-Pre-convention detachments, the following infants: The Essex County det., of Glen Ridge, N. J., and the, as yet, unnamed detachment at Framingham, Mass. The first was organized through the efforts of Frank L. Serpico, Jr., State Vice Commandant of New Jersey, and comes in with ten new members who have never been in the League before, and one returned-to-the-fold Marine, and one transfer. Good start, Frank; and the League welcomes you and your child and wish for you many successful years of happy association with us and we will all be watching for you to take that lead you promised in New Jersey. Maybe the gang at Jersey City and Newark will think differently, but anyway, let's see your stuff.

Here is a husky infant and candidly, we anticipate that the older detachments of Massachusetts will have to watch their kid brother or he will be playing first fiddle first thing we know. The Marines around Framingham and Natick, Mass., got together and said "Let's have a detachment." No sooner said than done, with good old Commandant Crosby, of this outfit, to show the way, and on Aug. 7th this detachment's members were initiated into

the fold by the National Commandant and his suite. The reason no name can be given at this time is that the initials of the Civil War Marine, whose name will be adopted are not known. Forgive us, but even as efficient a reporter as your scribe slips up, and missed the name. Will shoot it in for next issue.

About 12 members, in uniform, from the Theodore Roosevelt det., and 6 from the Cape Cod Det., acted as suite to the National Commandant, and what a party was had. Marines who hadn't heard of the meeting, seeing the visitors in their uniform, got pepped up and several additions were made. Moral—wear the old dress blues and attract a Marine's attention. Greetings and a sincere welcome is extended this detachment, which starts out with 18 members and say we will have over 50 inside a month. After seeing these hombres, we expect that with their pep they will have even 100. Anyway, best of luck to both the babies, and long life for them.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT

Albany-Troy-Schenectady, N. Y.

The Detachment heeded the pleas of our Assistant Chief of Staff and loaned me a machine to write my stuff on so here I am pecking this out. I hope you appreciate

my efforts, remember Frank, I'm only a beginner. 'Tis a long time since I punched one of these for the good old QM so excuse the mistakes I'm likely to make. Our last meeting was held in Troy and quite a crowd attended, even though it was one of the hottest nights we've had in quite some time. Delegates to the National Convention were elected, and action was taken on the various resolutions offered by the National Commandant. To you all who attended the Eastern Seaboard and State conventions, we earnestly hope you have recuperated from the good time we know you had, and hope by this time you have survived the National Convention. Anyway, we hope the boys from upper New York have not been flooded out, at least we haven't heard any SOS calls from Elmira and vicinity, so I take it you're all right. Congratulations are in order for Gyrene Webb and wife. Mrs. Webb presented Bill with a five and a half pound girl on July 10 at 8.20 p. m. Mrs. Webb and Bill are doing fine, also the baby. I see we still lead the League as the largest detachment, and from the looks of things, we will go to the convention the same way. Come on, some of you other outfits, see if you can top our membership. Let's have some competition. Guess I've practiced enough for now, so until next month I'll say adios.

LEON E. (MUSIC) WALKER,
Chief of Staff.

THE LEATHERNECK

OAKLAND DETACHMENT

The Leamington Hotel was a living mass of Leathernecks, both in uniforms and red caps, last Saturday and Sunday. The registration began at 10 A. M., Saturday, delegates and members coming in from all parts of the state. All were happy, but some were happier than that. Members of the Ladies Auxiliary from San Jose, San Francisco and Oakland also came in large numbers. "Buddies" who had not seen each other for years met once again, and what a happy reunion. The stag went over with a bang, especially the act put on by "Doe" Jose Forrester, who, by the way, is a former sergeant major of the Marines. The "Dance of the Devil Dogs" is still the talk of the town. Looks like the next one will have to be put on at the Oakland Auditorium.

Sunday morning found most of the boys on time at the Veteran's Memorial Building. Convention business began at 11 A. M., with Earle Gilbertson presiding. Both the colors of the San Francisco and Oakland Detachments were marched to their proper places, with Chas. De Coste captain of the guard. Numerous resolutions were read and passed upon. It looks like Chas. Bramwell, of broadcasting fame and member of the V. F. W., is going to be recommended for honorary member of the Oakland Detachment.

Without any opposition, the following State Officers were elected for the coming year: Wm. H. Parsons, State Commandant; John E. Brock, State Senior Vice Commandant; Jim "Smoky" Woods, State Junior Vice Commandant; Ralph B. Westlake, Judge Advocate. By the way, Ralph is now serving his third term. Roy S. Taylor, State Chief of Staff; Victor Wolff, State Chaplain; L. E. Winchell, Sergeant of Arms; and M. C. Brown, Adjutant and Paymaster. State Commandant Parsons plans a concentrated drive for membership and hopes to have the Los Angeles Detachment in full bloom by the next convention. The outpost system as proposed by Brock no doubt will be given favorable cooperation, as it will tend to increase membership in the key detachments of the Department of California and might prove valuable to other detachments throughout the country. It has been reported that Sonoma County is ready to organize a detachment, probably known as the Santa Rosa.

Earle A. Gilbertson, Past State Commandant, was, without any opposition, endorsed for Senior Vice National Commandant and Henry Ruskofsky likewise for Junior National Vice Commandant. Gilbertson proved to be unusually popular at the convention and was given wide recognition for his efforts and accomplishments. Ruskofsky too was given fine recognition for his great work in the Marine Corps League. As chairman of the convention, he certainly did a masterful job, not forgetting that he was up until one and two in the morning sending out thousands of letters. Carl Bartlett, Treasurer, shares with Henry in putting the convention over. Comrade Wethern is an-

other one of the committee who played a very important part in the convention, especially the fine advertising done with his truck, and the toughest of all, the handling of the chow, which was served in the large banquet hall of the Memorial Building.

Arriving at the banquet, which climaxed the convention, we were honored to have with us Major General Breckinridge, U. S. M. C., Chairman of the Alameda County Supervisors; the Honorable Mr. Hamilton, City Manager of Oakland; the well known Jack Hassler; and Maj. T. T. Taylor, U. S. M. C. All contributed great speeches on behalf of the Marine Corps League. The Marine Band from San Francisco gave color to the convention. Entertainment was enjoyed by all. The newly elected Department Officers take this occasion of thanking all delegates for their fine support given them, with the assurance that a bigger Marine Corps League will result in the near future.

LEST WE FORGET: Joint picnic of the San Jose, San Francisco and Oakland Detachment, August 4th, at Ye Olde Trout Stream, Mountain View. As the space is limited we must close by saying, many thanks to the Ladies Auxiliary, who took an important part in the success of the convention.

JOHN E. BROCK,
Chief of Staff.

RESERVE NEWS

(Continued from page 51)

tain Card and First Lieutenant McFarland, "D" Company.

There followed a week which proved to be a very busy and strenuous period for all hands. Troop inspection, close and extended order drills, formal and informal guard mounts, bayonet drill and qualification, lectures and instructions on Navy broadside guns, first aid, landing forces, howitzers, 75 millimeter guns, and on and on—not to mention blisters, sunburn and Brown's Mixture. Compared to the Reserves on active training duty, life in a recruit depot of the regular Marines is a life of leisure.

We were extremely lucky to have the opportunity to observe the 6th Regiment, Fleet Marine Force, in their training and drills. They are a marvelously well-trained force as they proved. Their big show for us was, of course, the Regimental Parade which instilled in our youngsters a desire to be able to do as well as their Regular "Brothers." (If I'm not mistaken, a good many "Ex's" in our midst were "homesick" and wishing they had stayed in, while watching that parade.)

Saturday, July 13, we broke camp at the Base and moved out to the Rifle Range at La Jolla, immediately after the Commanding Officer's inspection. By three o'clock that afternoon, the "shakedown" was over and we were settled for a week on the rifle range. There was week-end liberty for those not unlucky enough to catch guard or mess duty. (This is the time when a first sergeant gets a "drag" with his

men.) This year we had the additional luck of being in San Diego at the time of the International Exposition being held in that city and many of us were able to take advantage of our opportunity and visit the many places of interest and education at the Exposition.

The week at the range proved to be a busy and very instructive one. This year, instead of only demonstrations with infantry weapons, the majority of the members of the battalion were instructed in and actually handled and fired the Browning Automatic Rifle, the Thompson Sub-machine Gun, and the .45 caliber pistol, in addition to our yearly practice and qualification on the "D" course with the .30 rifle.

Our annual camp ended with two big red-letter days. The first of these was record day on the range. Of the men who fired for qualification, there were only two men who did not qualify with the .30. We are quite sure that in this we have given all the other battalions in the whole country something to shoot at. Our percentage of qualification was 98.6 per cent of those firing for record. Or, to give the other out-fits a "break," we qualified with 94.6 per cent of our entire strength at camp. There were four men in the sick bay who did not fire and two men had been relieved from active duty prior to record day.

The other big day was Saturday, July 20, when we were inspected by General Williams and held before him our last bit of inter-battalion competition for the Ida Lupino Efficiency Cup, which is awarded to the most efficient company over the period of each fiscal year, and a close order drill competition between the four rifle companies. General Williams inspected the battalion rather closely and afterwards spoke to us about the Reserves and this battalion in particular. He was greatly disappointed in our numerical strength at camp but greatly pleased with us otherwise. He complimented us on our appearance in greens, the uniform for the inspection, and congratulated us on our drilling and especially our marksmanship shown the day before.

Sunday, July 21, we broke camp and were homeward bound from the Rifle Range at La Jolla by 8 A. M. So ended the fourth annual, and quite the best, period of active training duty that this 13th Battalion has enjoyed. We wish to thank Major Baker, the regular officer in charge of Reserve training this year, for the very interesting and instructive period of training which he supervised so ably for us.

CO. A, 2ND BATTALION F.M.C.R. BOSTON, MASS.

By O. J. Person

Back from camp and back to work. We certainly enjoyed the camp this year at Portsmouth, N. H. Before leaving for camp there were a few promotions made. Corporal Trainor was made sergeant; Private Morris was made corporal; Private First Class Poplawski was made corporal and Privates Fitzpatrick and McQueeney



made privates first class. These men worked hard here in Boston and are worthy of their stripes.

Corporal Morris had one of the toughest jobs at camp. His squad was made up entirely of "boots" or first year men. But that did not bother him, he made his men toe the mark and before camp was over he had a good squad. I could go on writing about each squad but this man did work the hardest. Everyone knows what work there is connected with the handling of new men.

Mention should be made of the excellent work done by the sergeants and, of course, we cannot fail to mention the splendid accomplishments of the captain and the lieutenant. Sergeant Kyle, of the Regulars, is a swell sport and a good ball player. He had to pitch in a game to beat us, but he'd better watch out next year!

We also wish to take advantage of this opportunity and thank the officers up at Portsmouth, N. H., for their wonderful co-operation.

So long until next month.

JOTTINGS FROM "A" COMPANY, 13TH BN., F.M.C.R. Los Angeles, California

Only 39 of us went to camp this year, due to prosperity and motor cycles. Five men got jobs during the two weeks prior to leaving for camp and two men got broken bones in motor cycle accidents. We surely missed "Irish" Leinow and "Cadence" Spiers.

How in the world does Martellotti keep out of step trying to get in step? Anyway we put a patch over his left eye and he qualified.

Why did Curtis and Hart consider themselves part of an inspection of clothing and equipment on the bunks?

Why doesn't Winters publish his poetry about blisters, sunshine, and the good of bunk? We'd all like to see it.

Did anyone see the "top kick" anywhere without Mickey?

I'm wondering if THE LEATHERNECK will publish camp pictures in the October issue if we send 'em in late for the September issue? (Ed's. note: Maybe. Let us look at 'em.)

San Diego: reveille . . . breakfast . . . drills . . . dinner . . . drills . . . supper liberty . . . the Exposition . . . beer joints . . . dancing . . . blondes (?). Did anyone ever experience a faster two weeks?

Could Corporal Fry name the persons to whom he shouted, "Pipe down, you mugs!" during colors that day? They piped anyway, Fry.

It is rumored that Gunnery Sergeant Stone could not stay with a couple of "oldsters" on a party with them and had to be brought out of it with some ice. Is that right, Buck?

This company won the Efficiency Cup in the 13th Battalion by finishing up the fiscal year at camp with the largest number at camp, qualifying 100 per cent with the .30 on the "D" course, and placing second in the final close order drill competition. The Cup was donated by Ida Lupino, of movie fame, for this purpose and was won by "D" Company, Inglewood, California, last year. It is suspected that it is now in the hands of its owner, for "A" Company has no intentions of letting any other company in the 13th Battalion ever win it from them after this.

This company claims to have the youngest Marine Reservist in the service in the person of Mickey Morrison, the "Top's Shadow." Mickey is four and a half years

old and has attended two annual training camps already. Quite a veteran and acts like one.

This column will be a good one with some assistance from members of "A" Company. We do promise that the rest of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve will be hearing from us regularly from now on.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 4TH BATTALION—FLEET MARINE CORPS RESERVE

By The Lone Marine

Hello everyone, this is Headquarters Company 4th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve located at Newark, N. J., calling, for a little space in THE LEATHERNECK. Have we got Contact?

Well, let's go—the first 15 minutes will be taken by your scribe to tell you about camp life. What say?—You were never in a Marine Corps camp? Tut—Tut—You don't know what you are missing. Up every morning at 5:15 a.m. work all day and sleep most of the night (sometimes). Now my little Gyrene, I will tell you about some of the men who served in Headquarters Company, at camp. We went to Camp Hoffman, Sea Girt, N. J. June 15-30th. And what a camp—First we have our Battalion Commander, Captain Otto Lessing. When that man gives battalion commands at formation he puts the other battalion commanders to shame. Capt. Chudleigh R. Long, commanding officer of Headquarters Company, was always on the go to see that the whole battalion was taken care of. Nothing was too big or too small for him to do. He was up the first thing every morning seeing that the range was in order, using his ear without a murmur—all in all—a great officer.

We also had Captain Edwin P. Simmonds of Philadelphia, Pa., attached to the Eastern Reserve Area, who acted as adjutant of our outfit. Our only wish is that we could have him back with us next year, as Captain Simmonds knew what it was all about (Come up and see us in Newark some time, soon on Tuesday night, Captain).

Say, if you want to meet a quiet sort of officer, and a real worker of a lieutenant, meet Lt. Carroll B. Grace, Jr., always on the job. Most of his time was spent in the battalion quartermaster depot, seeing that the battalion was supplied with everything. —The battalion never missed anything. A job well done, Lieutenant.

Hah! Now we come to the Medical Detachment. Lt. Francis MacDonald, though he is from the big city (New York), showed us Jerseyites that he could soldier as good as the Jersey Officers. Lt. (J. G.) Marc C. Angelillo, our Doctor from New Jersey taking care of the boys and boy, was that sick bay crowded with plenty of "gold-bricks," but when Lieutenant Angelillo was through with them, they wished that they had answered drill call—for the Doctor does not believe in gold-bricking.

If you ever wanted to find Sergeant-Major Mattia you could always find him with Top-Kick Aloia, from Company C. They were inseparable twins. If one of them could cook, the Company really believes that they would leave their "fraus" and get married to one another. Sup. Sgt. Morris Friedman was with Lieutenant Grace in the Quartermaster Depot at all times. Such a busy little man that he did not even take time to go on liberty. Mess Sgt. Aloise Zalusky gave the boys some of the best chow they ever had at any camp, but say, Red—some of the boys, including the Governor, would like to know where you ever got so many eggs to feed them every morning. Sgt. Donald Wright our pill roller, showed the boys that if he ever needed a job, he could go into the finger print department and rate aces high, for that man sure can take fingerprints.

We told you about one pair of twins in our Company, but if you ever wanted to find Cpls. Clifford A. Fronapfel and Alan A. Mersereau, all you had to do was walk down to the beach and there they were, either sunbathing or once in a while, in swimming. We sure did miss you boys, and in the next camp, we hope that you like us enough to stay with us during the day.

Pfe. Jesse A. Rodgers while not attached to the Company was with us so much that we transferred him into our Company the day we came back from camp. Say, Jesse, who do you have to know to get an invitation over to the Governor's house? For once in a while, we too, would like to eat off of dishes while in camp.

Well, this is Station, Headquarters Company located in Newark, signing off. We hope some of you other Reservists enjoyed our little chat. If so, drop us a line. If not, send us a telegram (prepaid). Signing Off * * * * * Till next month.

COMPANY D, 13TH BATTALION, F.M.C.R. INGLEWOOD, CALIF.

"D" Company returning home from the annual two-week encampment at San Diego are the losers of the Ida Lupino Perpetual Trophy by a small margin, to "A" Company of Los Angeles. "A" Company, who was second last year to "D" Company, under the command of Capt. Joseph Sproul and Lieutenant Adrian, really deserves the highest commendation. Congratulations, "A" Company.

The Battalion had a new experience this year as we all lived in tents which were erected by an advance detail of nineteen men under the direction of Lieutenant Altpeter.

Sergeant Quant was acting gunnery sergeant in place of Gunnery Sergeant Stein. Corporal Carter was acting sergeant and



Private First Class Hawkins was acting corporal. These men carried out their duties as if they were old hands at the job.

Our long awaited green uniforms and shoes were issued while at camp and every one is well pleased to store away the khaki and blossom forth in new greens.

Saturday morning before leaving for home, the Battalion was inspected by Brig. Gen. R. P. Williams who is now Commander of the Reserves. The Battalion received a very favorable comment from the general.

The Exposition at San Diego was always the scene of many Reserves enjoying themselves at the different amusement centers. "Flash" Murphy and Private Lutes were frequent visitors to "Miss America." Privates Frank and Giroux plan to join the nudist colony after visiting the "Zoro Gardens" at the fair.

Private Hamilton loses the gold brick this year, probably to Private First Class Card. Private Alvarado was the company's laundry man while Private Cleeton is still looking for the blanks to make last year's rifle report.

Two weeks after returning home from camp, we had five new members join us. They are: Rupert Buckalew, Ross Marling, Lorin Reich, Morris Dodge and James Patton. "D" Company extends a cordial welcome to these men.

PRESENTATION OF THE EFFICIENCY CUP TO COMPANY "A"

On Friday, August 2, 1935, Maj. John J. Flynn, Commanding Officer of the Thirteenth Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, presented to Capt. Joseph P. Sproul and "A" Company of the Thirteenth Battalion the Efficiency Cup, donated by Ida Lupino, who played opposite Richard Arlen in "Come on Marines," and won by "A" Company during the fiscal year just ended with the two weeks active training duty at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California. The cup was presented in proxy by Brig. Gen. R. P. Williams at the Rifle Range, Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, after he had inspected the Thirteenth Battalion on the twentieth of July.

"A" Company won the Efficiency Cup over the period of forty-eight weekly drills at the Armory in Los Angeles and the two weeks' active training duty at the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, California, in competition with the other three companies of the Thirteenth Battalion. The Efficiency Cup is awarded the company who in the fiscal year maintains the highest efficiency in keeping up to authorized strength, in drill attendance, in small bore qualifications, and in results of quarterly examinations on drill and instructions at their home Armory; and at active training duty on the attendance at camp, on the .30 caliber qualifications, and on competitive close order drill.

Major Flynn in presenting the Cup to Captain Sproul and "A" Company said that the reason "A" Company had won the Cup was in each member's ability to help

each other member, from the private in the rear rank to Captain Sproul. In other words, it is TEAMWORK that puts an organization over the top in a competition such as the one in which the Efficiency Cup is the prize.

We of "A" Company, are proud that we won the Cup this last fiscal year during which time it has been in possession of "D" Company of Inglewood, California. We are also serving notice that our teamwork this coming year will be real TEAMWORK.

FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By William McK. Fleming

The members of Company B, 1st Battalion, USMCR, N. Y., returned to their Armory after the active training tour at Sea Girt where they attained the highest percentage for Rifle Qualifications (no, we do not intend to forget about it), were cautioned by the Commanding Officer, Capt. Mark F. Kessenich, not to rest on laurels but to dig in for another busy season of soldiering and athletics.

A firing squad consisting of the first sergeant, Sergeant Hanley, Corporals Breen, Lynch and Simon, Trumpeter Brenner, Private First Class Sinnor and Privates Carberry and Larkin rendered a volley and taps for Chief Petty Officer Seth Wilson, a veteran of the 2nd Battalion, to which this organization is attached. The ceremonies were conducted with characteristic preciseness for which the command is noted.

On July 22 the Marines bordered the 50-foot Motor Launch, *Physic*, under command of Lt. Comdr. Arthur Sesselberg, USNR. The non-commissioned officers took the wheel, men were assigned lookouts and watches and instructed in navigation. The cruise lasted almost two and a half hours and not even the rawest recruit asked for an "overtime" slip.

Saturday afternoon, early Monday evenings and Thursdays, fourteen men have been conscientiously trying out for the whale boat crew which will represent the company this Labor Day at the Annual Races. Lieutenant Davidowitch, Company Officer, has acquired Arthur Smith, an expert coach and on one the former winning teams of the Navy, to teach the aspirants the finer points of the game. At this alleged writing, the problem seems to be not whom to pick, but whom to eliminate.

Commencing with the month of August a program was put in effect designating the company officer as Officer of the Deck, the gunnie as assistant; one of the sergeants as Sergeant of the Deck; a corporal of the Lower and corporal of the Upper Deck; four privates and an orderly for headquarters. The duties include policing and supervision; messengers; and appropriate work conforming to that performed by Marines aboard ship.

Plans are already under way for a Dinner-Dance in October to honor the twentieth anniversary of the organization. Tentative arrangements are a Banquet at seven

and the Dance at nine o'clock. More of this anon.

The company fund is growing; recruits are applying for enlistment; the boys are bocking at Leo's; the baseball players are awaiting a challenge from any of the other reserve teams; the handball whackers are anxiously looking ahead to cooler weather for a tournament and all in all activity is the by-word. And if you think this is just a write-up, drop down and be convinced the Reserves are Regular at The Shores of Fifty-Second Street.

ELIZABETH MARINES RETURN FROM CAMP

Company "A," 4th Battalion, Fleet Marine Corps Reserve of Elizabeth, with 1st Lt. Howard H. Sypher, Jr., F.M.C.R., commanding, returned Sunday afternoon from the State Camp Grounds at Sea Girt where it performed its annual fifteen days' tour of active duty.

Experiencing every kind of weather condition with true Marine Corps spirit, Company "A" distinguished itself by its cheerful willingness to perform the most arduous of duties and set an example for the entire Battalion.

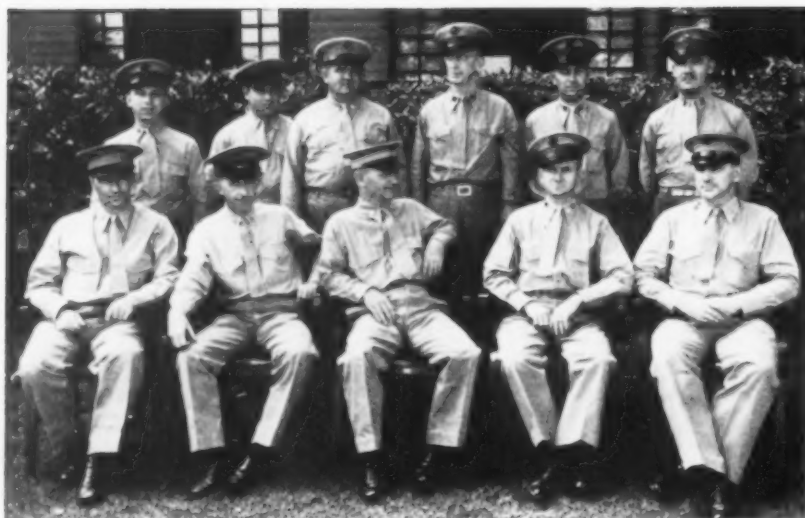
Firing for qualification during the first three days in a driving rain which made it extremely difficult to keep one's eyes free from water long enough to train on the bull's eye, members of the Company received a taste of the hardships experienced by the regulars. In spite of this and the fact that two-thirds of the Company were newly enlisted, good scores were posted.

Thursday found Company "A" performing its first tour of guard duty under clear skies. Many of the men enjoyed for the first time the experience of patrolling the darkened streets of a large camp under a star-lit canopy, and like their brothers in the regular establishment whiled away their watches with thoughts of other nights and all those things a Marine thinks about while walking post. Corporal Tordik at the Main Gate won't easily forget the sight of those members of the 3rd Battalion who tried to sneak through in their stocking feet with their shoes in their hands; neither will the sergeant major, falling asleep with a cigarette in his mouth which set fire to his mattress, forget being on the receiving end of a bucket of water thrown by a member of the guard. Who threw that water? The remainder of the first week was devoted to company and battalion drill and ceremonies under the watchful eye and careful guidance of the Battalion Commander, Capt. Otto Lessing of Elizabeth.

Saturday, the Honorable Harold G. Hoffman, Governor of New Jersey, gave a cocktail party and buffet luncheon to the officers of the camp at his summer home on the edge of the parade ground. This was followed by a review of the entire command in dress blues. The officers returned the Governor's luncheon with a cocktail party at the Shooting Club after the review.

The second week of the encampment was devoted to tactical problems in the fields and woods surrounding camp. Various phases of conditions likely to be encountered in actual warfare were touched upon. The town of Manasquan was "taken" in an offensive drive from the beach. A theoretical landing being made, the 4th Battalion pushed rapidly inland in skirmish formation with rear elements in squad and section column. The drive was culminated by a bayonet charge, Company "A" having the situation well





MARINE OFFICERS OF THE CAVITE BARRACKS

Standing, from left: 1st Lt. Ernest W. Fry, Jr., 1st Lt. Chandler W. Johnson, 1st Lt. Mercade A. Cramer, QM. Clerk John L. McCormack, Pay Clerk Thea A. Smith, Gunner Chester A. Davis. Seated, from left: 1st Lt. Ernest E. Shaughnessey, Captain Blythe G. Jones (Exec. Officer), Lt. Col. Edwin N. McClellan (Commanding), Captain Floyd W. Bennett (Post QM.), 1st Lt. Arthur G. Bliesener.

in hand. We understood there were many casualties among the fair inhabitants after the battle was over.

The following day the enemy was reported, by dropped message from friendly aeroplane (theoretically), to be marching from Allenwood to the relief of Manasquan. A quick movement of the 4th Battalion across the connecting road, after a forced march from camp, successfully held the advance elements of the enemy and forced him to deploy his main body, and at the same time allowed the Marines time to bring up their support and take favorable position in the rear of the covering body. Company "A" had the point of honor on the left flank from which the main thrust would apparently come, due to the topographical condition of the front which would allow the enemy opportunity for a flanking attack.

Both in the attack and the defense problems. First Lieutenant Mason, USMC, gave much valuable instruction to both officers and men. His great interest in our efforts and his friendly cooperation was much appreciated.

Early Friday morning, while the fog still swirled across the parade ground and with visibility at one hundred yards, the 4th Battalion formed as an expeditionary force, twenty rounds of blank ammunition were issued and one company commander had a rope to string up the bandit leader, none other than our genial mess officer, Captain Simmonds. Too bad eh? was so good, we really felt sorry for him. Later events were to prove the shoe on the other foot and the bandit chief to be thoroughly at home in the bush. This problem, typical of the guerilla warfare and bush fighting as waged in tropical countries by the Marines to quell native bandits and insurgents, was thoroughly gone over. The expedition was divided into the usual double point, support, main body, train, rear support and rear point.

Promptly at eight A. M. the 4th Battalion took the trail into the back country, Company "A" furnishing the train guard and rear elements. Load and lock

pieces! The trail makes a sharp right angle turn. Fire opens on the advance point. Up comes the support. The train goes off the trail into the bushes. Machine gun fire opens on the rear support which promptly executes a double flanking movement, under Sergeant Schlieker, capturing two bandit machine gunners. Orders came to support the right flank of the main body now heavily engaged with the bandits. As the rear support prepares to change position a heavy burst of machine gun fire rakes the trail from the left, followed immediately by fire on the rear point. The train commander goes down, a casualty, the second in command, Gunner Sergeant Mersitz, carries on and captures the machine gunner with the remnants of the rear support. The rear point, under Sergeant Shiller, quickly flanks and captures the other bandit. A whistle blows three shrill blasts; the fight is over. Back on the trail and in formation again with the bandits in irons. Who won? If . . . And so the controversy rages all the way back to camp.

What a hiking outfit Company "A" turned out to be! Not a dust eater among them. And did Company "D" eat dirt. Ask 'em. They can't take it. Three miles light-marching-order in thirty-five minutes. Believe me, the Company Commander was sure shedding sweat by the bucket-full. Must have been the battalion beer party the night before.

The last week end came all too quickly and camp came to a close with a grand party by Governor Hoffman on Saturday night. Entertainers worked throughout their performances on a fog-shrouded stage. Boxing and wrestling bouts brought out many battalion luminaries to strut their stuff. Company "A's" star performer, Whitey Simoni, threw his opponent from Company "D" in two straight falls. What a bone crusher Whitey is. Both boys were in fine condition and Whitey had a mighty tough nut to crack.

We can't close without mentioning our hard-working "Top Kick," 1st Sgt. Joe Kugler. Payrolls to the right of him,

morning reports to the left of him, liberty lists in front of him, volleyed and thundered. He never reasoned why, his was to do and carry on. Never a mistake and always on the job looking after the interests of the company. The company is mighty proud of their "top sergeant."

TROPICAL TOPICS

(Continued from page 44)

edo Q. "Sprinkle-dizzy" Diaddezio is in the money now and talks glibly of evenings spent at the Royal Hawaiian. . . . Corporal Yingling has been transferred from the Main Gate and is firing the range preparatory to taking a job in the quarter-master office as a clerk. . . . Sergeant Abromovitz has been on the sick list with an infected arm. . . . W. W. Whiteside is no longer contributing to the *Advertiser*. . . . Pvt. George Barker has returned from the range and is doing straight duty with Company "B". . . . Private Du Burg is working in the bake shop. . . . Librarian G. Brown is following closely in the footsteps of former librarian McKelvy. He has the musics in waiting stand by while he goes ashore and amuses a girl.

Chief Signalman Carroll W. Palmer has been worried by the rumor that Marines are to be removed from the signal tower. However, he and his henchmen, Bagnell, Rucker, Calhoun, and Billy Deuce Cousa, attempt to show their unconcern by sojourning to the Y swimming pool every afternoon and diving from the top of the tower and running the gamut of fancy dives. . . . Private "Curly" Stuhlsatz is acting as drum major for the musics at formal guard mounts—and doing a good job, too. In Honolulu it's (or was) Curly and Carmalita. Romantic sounding name! . . . Corporals Kelleher, Bottemer, Overlund, and Casanova, have been doing Sergeant of the Guard duty. . . . Heard in the Post's barber shop—Barber: My wife and I have been invited to a golden wedding anniversary party and we can't decide what kind of present to take. Gold is scarce these days. Kelleher: How about a gold fish? Aloha Nui.

QUAKER CITY NEWS

(Continued from page 40)

Capt. Rees Skinner, U. S. Marine Corps, now has charge of all athletics at this Post, relieving Capt. E. E. Larson, U. S. Marine Corps, who has been detached from this Post and assigned to duty on the U.S.S. *Pennsylvania*. Who do you think is the Captain's assistant? None other than "Cyclone" Jack Dempsey, the personage you've read so much about during the bowling season, as the one who introduced that famous and renowned hook-ball and barefooted bowling to the Philadelphia fans. Jack's all right, but he keeps the boys up a stump all the time. He's in charge of the Main Gate and there he keeps a close tab on the ball players going out and checking in from liberty. I wouldn't put it past him to put anyone of the boys in the "can" if he ever caught them coming in anywhere close to being inebriated.

The team has a good following and some of the very interested enthusiasts of the commissioned personnel, are: Lt. Col. C. H. Wells, Executive Officer; Capt. A. L. W. Gordon, Commanding Officer of the Barracks and Schools Detachments; Capt. Ralph C. Alburger, Post

Quartermaster; Capt. James Ackerman, Post Officer and Mess Officer and Chief Quartermaster Clerk J. T. Baugh. The boys are justified in putting forth their best efforts with such a following and I'm sure that they will and, consequently, make a good name for the Marines of the Yard.

One of the toughest games the Marines lost this year was to the Corn Exchange Bank of Philadelphia by a score of 7 to 5. The Marines had these boys 5-4 in the last inning when one of the Corn Exchange men got up and popped a home run over that very popular and crack right fielder's head, Patrick H. Kilroy, private first class, U. S. Marine Corps, with two men on base. To beat the Corn Exchange men would have been quite a feat, as they haven't lost a game in five years. Out of their last seven games the Marines have lost but one game, which is evidence of their steady improvement.

Much credit must go to Pfc. Henry G. Goare, a clerk in Sgt. Maj. Eugene Smith's office and Cpl. Anthony Papaila, who by the way is a corporal music. Goare has pulled the team through some pretty tight places. You may be aware of his ability as a pitcher when you consider his registering as many as thirteen strike-outs in one game.

We had quite an elaborate ceremony at the Navy Yard on July 10, 1935, when The Honorable George H. Earle, Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was here to be presented his commission as a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Naval Reserves by Rear Admiral W. C. Watts, Commandant of the Yard.

A detachment of U. S. Marine Corps and U. S. Naval Reserves paraded for the Governor, and thereafter Governor Earle made an inspection of both detachments and the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve band. A detachment of regular Marines, under command of Capt. Rees Skinner, USMC, participated as honor guard.

The Yard was like a bee hive for newspaper reporters and photographers. That was one occasion in which The Honorable Governor or rather Lieutenant Commander George H. Earle, as I may now address him, and all the other Naval and Marine Corps officers had gotten quite a bit of publicity.

In concluding the ceremony, Lieutenant Commander Earle made a lengthy speech which was followed by a speech from Admiral Watts.

What do you think of that! There's been a Tarzan of the Apes uncovered in the Marine Corps. Who is he? Why it can't be any other than Pvt. C. R. Carnathan, that famous wrestler of the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Just call him Chimpanzee for short now. Here's the low down on Carnathan: He and several of his friends were riding through Hershey Park, Pennsylvania, when they came upon a carnival. At the carnival they were offering two dollars for every minute that any man stayed with the ape in a wrestling tussle. This kind of hurt Carnathan's pride to hear of such an offer made in his presence, and he took it for granted that it would detract from his prestige if he wasn't to try his hand at the game. So after deep and thoughtful consideration (which brought on a headache) he decided to take the ape on. Well he stripped, excepting for a pair of trunks and went to town with the ape. What do you think happened? Holy cats! he stayed with the ape ten minutes for which he was remunerated with twenty dollars. Listen, folks, you might think

this is a "Believe it or not" stunt, but it isn't!

One of the difficulties which Carnathan's companions encountered during the match was trying to keep posted on what was what, due to the fact that there was such a striking resemblance between the two contestants. Staff Sergeant Powers made the assertion that he thought Carnathan had an edge on the ape as far as looks were concerned. Oh, boy! and that Carny is a tough looking hombre. I was wondering what would have happened had the ape become perturbed with Carny's presence in the ring. Had the ape become so, I guess it would have meant that Carny would have had to throw the ape (!) out of the ring.

However, we must credit Carnathan with having plenty of guts for undertaking such a task and giving the public a thrill. No doubt the public assumed that was just another one of the tricks which the Marines are so accustomed to pulling off just for the sake of a little fun—or say another way to keep from growing old.

SEA GOING USS ARKANSAS (Continued from page 35)

folk will be mentioned and all other places forgotten? Seems that everyone has had a very good time in Norfolk on every liberty.

Our stay at Annapolis was made interesting mainly because of the moving picture that was made there and aboard the *Ark*. Our first contact with the Hollywood Colonists was at the Annapolis Rifle Range, while the Detachment was firing. Perhaps they were in some way responsible for the remarkable scores made by the Detachment. Qualification average was very high, with Sergeant EPD (Police Sergeant) Tennant leading with a score of 330. The Movie People later came aboard ship and it's surprising how many Fresh Air Fiends were found in the detachment. Everyone, including Cpl. "Slowmotion" Rush, sacrificed his siesta for fresh air on the topside. Private First Class Hodges and Knox became quite popular with the stars at the rifle range. Knox was the personal rifle coach for Richard Cromwell, and Hodges, the Marine Wisecrack. It was too bad the Colonists knew all the answers. It's needless to mention that Frisselle was popular, being a former resident of Hollywood and friend of Cromwell. Pvt. Ling acted as Detachment Photographer and took some very nice pictures of various actors.

Annapolis was not the liberty port during our stay. Baltimore seemed the most popular and convenient, though some preferred Philadelphia and Washington. It was expected, of course, that Cpl. Geechee Gordon would have an aunt, uncle, cousin, or something, nearby. He had, or at least that's what he tried to make the first sergeant believe. Everyone enjoyed the stay of the Paramount people; they were interesting and sociable. Even while on liberty if they saw you they would come over and talk to you, drink with you and ask you to join their party. Also give autographs if you wished them. Speaking of autographs—if you should see Pvt. Endrun Delk, The Arizona Kid, ask him how it feels to be a movie star giving autographs to school girls. He should know.

Our stay at Annapolis ended on June 7, and though we were glad to get under

way, we'll miss Baltimore a great deal and will wish for the swell liberties we had there and for the grand type of people we met in that city.

We have now been at sea (in more ways than one) for ten days and have had opportunity to get acquainted. We have learned to appreciate that headquarters detailed Captain Miller as our skipper and Lieutenant Hutchinson as one of the detachment officers. Lieutenant Mahoney has been with the detachment for some time and was our able pilot until the arrival of Captain Miller. Lieutenant Hutchinson's reputation as an instructor in guns has traveled to the remote corners in the midshipmen's quarters.

Our first few days at sea were most unpleasant for some of the crew. The weather man double-crossed us twice; first by making us waste two nights at anchor in fog, then by stirring up a storm. Perhaps he thought he was making things interesting for new members of the crew and the midshipmen. "Cowboy" Keegan and "Mountaineer" Wooddell, along with most of the Middies, didn't find it so interesting, however. Wooddell had a perfect alibi—he hit his head with a wrench and it made him sick. "Frenchy" Ardoin was the most unpopular man on the topside one rough and stormy morning merely because he had a piece of fat pork in his hand. He wonders why the Middies took one look at him and then headed for the life line. One look at Frenchy, even in calm weather, would make anyone sick.

When the weather finally cleared and the stars came out in the evening, the Middies broke out their gadgets to shoot stars. "Peggy" Joyce expressed his hopes that none would fall on the ship.

Perhaps it would be well to revert to the first paragraph and give some information of the detachment in general. First, every member would say that the man missed mostly is Cpl. William (Willie) Gordon, who was transferred to the hospital during our stay at Annapolis. We all hope that he will have a speedy recovery (unless he likes it there) and that he will find the best of duty. The big moment was lost when Sergeant Darwell double-crossed the entire ship's crew by coming aboard in the evening instead of the afternoon. The welcome committee had been standing by all afternoon, then, while everyone was at the movies, Darwell comes back to the Old *Ark*.

This has gone to a greater length than was intended and our hopes are that you are not bored, and that you will follow us in THE LEATHERNECK on our European cruise. From time to time, we hope to have interesting pictures for those who keep scrap books.

PORTSMOUTH PANORAMA (Continued from page 40)

qualifying Edwards to meet Stringer—our local champ. The winnah to take on Mahatma Ghandi. . . . When the Top Sergeant gives all hands thirty-day furloughs. . . . Blame Japan for this, not me.

Speaking of pastimes here's a new angle on the number racket. . . . Top Kick Eddie Gorman returned to his office to find a "please call NOR-2-4-6-8." The canny Edward proceeded to diligently consult the directory and the findings convinced him that it was not the object of his affection who had called. . . . Boys! its getting pretty bad when a single fellow must resort to such carefulness. . . . He might have

called in our X-X Pinkerton Ace, Sleuthing Swimme. . . . Old gum shoes would doubtlessly have been able to furnish a "revealing report."

Although I promised relief in the form of Herbie Townsend's name atop this column, all I can say now is "Herbie should be thankful that its his column I'm working on and not his knee." 'Course its merely a coincidence that this column is twisted.

The members of this command were shocked to learn of the unfortunate accident which befell Private Lightfoot, and while the best of words are futile we sincerely hope that the best of care will help maintain his fighting morale. Keep a stiff upper lip, Buddie, and we're all pulling for you.

And now, if I had an air mail stamp, or, could borrow one of l'Duce's new bombers I could drop this "Bum" into the lap of Ye Ed. . . . as tis, sense please. And so, 'til the gong sounds up yonder I'll be out in town looking for Lulu. . . . This is Big Bad Bill hiding you—spades with which to dig into some of these heavy dinners Murray puts out. . . . And then to entrench in the good earth after attempting to digest some of his "cottage pudding" . . . see Bukowy for the recipe. . . . So long.

PARRIS ISLAND NEWS

(Continued from page 41)

MCR, and to the whole-hearted support of his officers and men.

Unlike the places where most reservists put in their annual period of training, there was at Opa Locka no permanent organization from which the men could draw their commissaries and other supplies. But Captain Harrison is the man who bought the unfinished, million-dollar Fritz Hotel in Miami, and converted it into a chicken farm where he raised thousands and thousands of chickens (You probably remember Ripley's mention of it). So he didn't let a little problem in messing facilities stump him for a minute. He built his own mess tent, rented a range, an ice box and cooking utensils, contracted for the commissaries personally, and even outfitted a little canteen. Then, knowing that his men were allowed only fifty cents per day, ration allowance, he hired a cook who guaranteed to feed the men well and still keep within the allowance. This cook was none other than former Commissary Steward George Clayton, who had served twelve years in the U. S. Navy and had become disabled during the War. He had gone ashore with the first landing party of Marines in Vera Cruz in 1914, and had served with Admiral Byrd in Canada. And did that man know how to cook? Oh, boy! There was plenty of good, wholesome chow for everybody and, when the final day of reckoning came, and the profits of the canteen were credited to the mess fund, it was found that each man would have to be assessed forty-five whole cents per day.

But here we go, telling about the chow, before we tell about the outfit itself! The Squadron consists of four officers and fifty-two men, thirty-two of whom were on active duty for training this summer. They've had better than 90 per cent attendance at drills during the past three months, and 68 per cent during the last six months, and on two occasions have had a 100 per cent attendance. Their average is 94 per cent.

These men, besides shooting the small arms course and having all sorts of classes and drills, and standing guard duty, have 75 flying hours to their credit. They have made eight 20-hour checks on Wasp engines, changed two starters, recovered one wing, repaired several broken ribs, put in two new engine valves, besides taking care of their own guns. Some of these men own and operate their own aeroplanes in Miami.

We will not have the space to say much about the men individually but we'd like to express our thanks to them all for the excellent hospitality they showed us, and the fine cooperation they gave us in the work we had to do. Also our thanks to Captain Harrison and Lieutenant Greve-meyer for the first "hop" we ever had in a plane. We'll never forget it (The "we" is editorial, of course). For Chief Pay Clerk E. J. Donnelly, Jr., who made the trip with "us," had made numerous pay trips by plane in both Haiti and Nicaragua and did not join "us" in accepting the invitation to take a ride. Some time we'll have to tell you about that ride.

PLATOON FOURTEEN

By J. W. Utz

A day that will be remembered by the men who helped build the reputation of Platoon 14, was May 20, when 56 men, representing the North, South, East and the State of Mississippi, fell in line to the shrill blast of Sergeant Slusser's whistle.

The man in charge of our Platoon was Sgt. John H. Slusser, aided by Corporals Clanton, Moore and Adams. Sergeant Slusser came to us with a fine reputation as a drill instructor and Marine (We firmly believe, without doubt, that he has lived up to that reputation). Corporal Moore is largely responsible for the commendable record the platoon made for itself at the Rifle Range. Corporals Clanton and Adams are a fine team. Adams always boasted that he could check as many heavies as Clanton could hand out.

Three weeks of hard work were spent on the drill field and, as we look back, we recall the many humorous incidents that occurred. No one will forget the day Private Aronson earned his first stripe as a Marine (The Sergeant's swagger stick was responsible). A large part of the last week on the drill field consisted of snapping in, in preparation for the Range.

Upon arriving at the Range, we were greeted by Sergeant Piffle and his associates, and on completion of every day's work we always found time for a little exercise which usually consisted of a belt line for those who "doped off." While at the Range we also settled the question as to who was the best runner, "Little Dope" Braitmayer or "Five Mile" Wilson (Ohio Champ). The race was run from the barracks to the butts and back and it resulted in a victory for Braitmayer.

At last—the bayonet course, one of the last phases of our schedule. The Dingleberry medal failed to make its appearance, much to the relief of two privates from the Bronx. After the bayonet course, we spent the last few days on bush warfare, scouting and patrolling.

At this point we wish to thank Captain Hollingsworth and Lieutenant Ballantine for the interest that they have shown in our Platoon. At the time that this article is being written the majority of us are preparing to embark for the Fleet Marine Force at Quantico, Virginia.

Incidents we will never forget: Ranson's

agility as a tree climber. . . . McGrath trying to get into the kneeling position. . . . Ratliff reaching for the chow (boy, what a reach!) . . . "Little Dope" showing Fort how to make up a pack. . . . Tiehy's well-cooked chow on camp day. . . . Michalski and his perpetual grouch. . . . Madame X and the sick bay.

SPORTS

(Continued from page 48)

7 to 5. Hanvey and Bloom of the Marine team starring in the games.

With the hot weather coming up and a card full of events, competition will be rampant among the athletes of the Fourth Marines. But the same spirit that has always been noted among these men will carry them through successfully in any game in which they are entered. We look forward to another month of interesting and worth while contests in the realm of sport.

NAVY WINS LEECH MATCHES

Navy won another victory in the Leech Cup Matches, taking the 1935 series Saturday, July 20, on the courts of the Army-Navy Country Club, Arlington, Virginia. The matches were not held in 1933 or 1934 because the Army team could not be spared from training activities.

The scores were:

SINGLES

1. Lt. Dolf Muehleisen (Army), defeated Lt. J. K. McCue (Navy), 6—1, 6—4 (Umpire, C. B. Doyle).
2. Lt. R. M. Watt, Jr. (Navy), defeated Maj. R. C. Van Vliet (Army), 6—4, 6—3 (Umpire, Tom Frydell).
3. Capt. S. K. Robinson (Army), defeated Lt. C. H. Lyman (Navy), 6—4, 2—6, 6—1 (Umpire, Joe Rutley).
4. Ens. J. B. Gay (Navy), defeated Lt. D. D. Hedekin (Army), 6—3, 6—3 (Umpire, A. O. White).

DOUBLES

1. Lt. R. M. Watt, Lt. W. E. Howard (Navy), defeated Lt. Dolf Muehleisen, Lt. J. T. Helms (Army), 6—3, 8—6 (Umpire, C. B. Doyle).
2. Lt. R. W. Doyle, Lt. J. K. McCue (Navy), defeated Lt. D. D. Hedekin, Lt. H. B. Thatcher (Army), 6—3, 6—2 (Umpire, Tom Frydell).
3. Capt. S. K. Robinson, Lt. E. M. O'Connell (Army), defeated Ens. M. M. Kimmell, Ens. Jesse B. Gay, 6—3, 6—4 (Umpire, A. O. White).

MARINES CHAMPIONS IN GENERAL STARK RIFLE LEAGUE

After three years without success the rifle team of the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, succeeded in winning the 1935 Championship Trophy in the General Stark Rifle League. The match was held at Manchester, New Hampshire, and the following eligible teams competed: The Piscataqua Rifle Club, Piscataqua Team No. 2, The Manchester Rifle Club, and the Rifle Team of the Marine Barracks from Portsmouth.

The match was closely contested, the Marines only winning by the narrow margin of seven points. The excellent shooting of the Marines in the rapid fire stages was responsible for their success.

1st Lt. John F. Stamm, USMC., made the individual high score for the match, with 189 x 200, but was ineligible for the individual championship medal under the league rules, which require the firing



Royal Marines of HMS Danae Visit Charleston, S. C., Marines

in one of the preliminary matches. However, Lieutenant Stamm's excellent score of 142 x 150 for three positions and 189 x 200 for four positions will stand as a range record until broken. Sgt. Cleatus W. Robison, USMC, won the New Hampshire State rapid fire championship with 49 x 50 at 200 yards and 46 x 50 at 300 yards, and was awarded a silver medal. Cpl. Monroe W. Robinson, USMC, was niggled out of the off-hand championship by Mr. J. L. Soulia, of the Manchester team. Pvt. Frank K. Campbell won the high team man for the series and for his efforts was awarded a silver medal.

The General Stark Rifle League has been in existence for quite some time, and the interest shown in it in the New England states is evidenced by the large amount of publicity given the matches in the various state newspapers. It is an excellent opportunity for the Marines in this part of the globe to uphold the traditions of the Corps, and also furnish high class competition for the civilian entries.

New Englanders take their shooting seriously, and I venture to say that the next match in the General Stark League will be in doubt as to who is the winner until the last shot is fired—as the civilians will be out to win back the cup from the Marines, but if our team does as well as in the last match they will have a hard tussle on their hands.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

	200sf	200rf	300rf	600p	total
Stamm	46	49	47	47	189
Robinson	46	43	40	35	164
Clark	38	39	42	43	162
Campbell	43	47	46	45	181
Miner	42	47	40	28	157
Robison	38	49	46	44	177

Totals .. 253 274 261 242 1030

MANCHESTER RIFLE CLUB

	200sf	200rf	300rf	600p	total
Brown	41	44	42	49	176
Stevens (A)	44	43	45	47	179
Soulia	46	45	26	40	157
Stevens (F)	43	47	43	46	179
Foss	41	41	44	40	166
Anderson	42	43	41	40	166

Totals .. 257 263 241 262 1023

INSTRUCTORS FOR THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

From time to time vacancies occur in the instruction and clerical staff of the Marine Corps Institute, and such vacancies are filled by transferring duly qualified Marines to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., for this duty.

In general, a prospective instructor or clerk must have at least two years to serve on his current enlistment; have an excellent military record; and possess a high school education or its equivalent. Special consideration is given to those men who are enrolled for a course with the Marine Corps Institute and have made satisfactory progress with their studies. This duty should have particular appeal to men with college or university training.

Any men who believe that they can meet these requirements and are desirous of being assigned to duty with the Marine Corps Institute, may submit application direct to:

The Director,
Marine Corps Institute,
Marine Barracks,
Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANY ROMANCE, AND A PAIR OF TWINS

(Continued from page 45)

of Onieda, and that the notice had been placed in the Seattle newspapers as a joke by a reporter friend of the family who had snapped their picture unexpectedly. When Mother Sebring read the letter she remembered that she had talked to the girls' mother when they were only six months old, and had said: "Wouldn't it be wonderful if my twin boys grew and married your twin girls?"

The pretty Washington University co-eds wrote to the Kansas farm boys for about a year. By some uncanny predilection the

girls could determine which correspondent was the older. They were correct forty-two out of fifty-five guesses. The first-born then wrote to first-born. Ray Alvin wrote to Louise May and Roy Calvin wrote to Lois Maude. Proposals came to the Seattle girls from the four-corners of the earth; from Hawaii, England, Australia, Alaska. Two wealthy brothers telegraphed from Hamilton in Ontario that they were coming to Seattle immediately. The much-wooed twins wired a hasty "thousand times no" reply. Later they said: "We don't want anyone thirty-eight years old, and have to sit by the fire and fill their pipes. What we want are chums our own age. Besides, one of the twins is a widower, and that is all wrong too. Neither of us is going to play second fiddle."

Ray and Roy decided to wait no longer. In June of 1934 they went to Seattle and called upon the vivacious twins and found them even more charming than their photographs had revealed. Mr. and Mrs. Ballard B. Coats were well pleased with the young and handsome lotharios. In the mornings the men sought employment, and in the afternoons went to the beach with the girls. They paired as they had corresponded; Ray with Louise, Lois with Roy. However, Mother Coats suggested an experimental change. The new combination was a great success and they never swapped again.

Anyone will tell you that Marines are "tops" in Seattle. The Coats twins were not different. They went to Marine Recruiting Headquarters and talked with Capt. D. C. Oglesbury. The boys were persuaded to report for physical examinations. First Sgt. Shadbolt, examining officer, reported that outside of a slight murmur of the heart the boys were in great shape.

Privates Roy and Ray Sebring went through the recruit training at San Diego in fine form, and with the exception of a ten-day Christmas leave did not see the Coats girls for over a year. During that holiday leave something took place which, if known, would be surprising. The girls finally decided that they would never say "Never Again" again, and the boys heard over the radio that the girls were coming to San Diego.

Exposition and theatre officials besought them for the privilege of staging their wedding ceremony, promising "world-wide" publicity. However, they said "I do" at the Mission Beach Ballroom at 10:30 p.m. on June 29th where the event was billed as the highlight of the season's formal opening ball. Paramount News recorded the ceremony as did dozens of reporters and photographers. The perspiring Dr. Roy H. Campbell tied the knot whereby twins became "quadruplets." The minister was so nervous he could scarcely hold his bible. But, the boys were not nervous, and they had a reason.

The newly-weds now live in San Diego. They are all the same age, twenty-three. The boys are quiet, home-loving lads, and they like the Marine Corps. Both girls have jobs. The bad wolf doesn't hover around the Sebring door. When asked if he was happy, Roy replied: "Am I happy? My wife is more like me in her ways, actions, and thoughts than are most identical boy and girl twins."

The men are now stationed in "H" Company, F.M.F., Marine Corps Base. Roy is the company runner, and Ray is in the Stokes Mortar Company. A story is that Marine Gunner Tom Woody placed them in separate platoons because he claims that one of them dug a Stokes Mortar base plate pit for both of them.

ADDITIONAL MARINE GENERAL

As a result of the appointment of a considerable number of second lieutenants and a redistribution in grade based on the increased officer personnel, the Marine Corps will gain one additional major general.

The annual redistribution of officers in grade, made on July 27 resulted in a number of promotions in the upper grades. Except for the general officer appointment, these were filled immediately from officers already selected and who were waiting on the promotion list. A selection board composed of rear admirals of the Navy will be convened sometime during the Fall to select one of the present brigadier generals for advancement to major general.

The distribution is based upon a commissioned strength of 1,061 plus one additional number, an increase of 25 over the old commissioned strength of 1,037. The numbers are distributed in grades as follows: 11 line generals (four major generals and seven brigadier generals), an increase of one major general; three staff brigadier generals, no change; 40 colonels, an increase of one; 85 lieutenant colonels, an increase of two; 159 majors, an increase of four; 318 captains, an increase of seven; and 446 first and second lieutenants, an increase of ten.

As the result of the promotions on July 27 and the filling of regular vacancies on August 1, resulting from retirements, the promotion lists for colonel and lieutenant colonel are practically exhausted. But one officer remains on each list, Lt. Col. C. J. Miller and Maj. A. H. Noble. There is no prospective vacancy for Colonel Miller to fill, but Major Noble will be advanced on the first of September and by the first of October there will be three vacancies in the lieutenant colonels grade with no officers eligible. Despite this fact, it is not planned to convene a selection board in the near future. The vacancies will be allowed to pile up until the regular selection board is convened in December or January.

For the grades of captain and major, however, there still remain a number of eligibles. There are 47 captains still on the promotion list, and 91 first lieutenants who have been selected but not yet promoted.—*Army and Navy Journal*.

BRIEFING THE NEWS

(Continued from page 18)

Private First Class Ned S. Kline carried off both the Chesterfield and the United States Marine Corps Reserve Cups with a score of 234.

Private B. R. Stille placed second in the competition for the Chesterfield Cup. Runner-up in the fight for the Marine Corps Reserve Cup was Corporal John Gite.

FLAG FOES TARGET OF LEGION'S CHIEF

Fresno, Calif., Aug. 11.—A smashing blow at communism and a call to awakened patriotism against all enemies of the flag was delivered here tonight by Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., national commander of the American Legion.

At the same time, Belgrano, in his opening address before the State convention, reiterated his demand for immediate cash payment of the bonus, and insisted that sound business, if nothing more, demanded that Congress take the profit out of war.

3 KILLED, 13 HURT, IN LEGION CRASH

Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 11.—Three members of the American Legion were killed



and 13 were injured here today when a truck crashed into a bus carrying a party of Legionnaires returning from a convention.

POLICING PLANNED FOR VIRGIN ISLANDS

Washington, D. C., July 3.—The administration has under consideration a program to establish a native constabulary in the Virgin Islands.

This was learned today, as a Senate committee prepared to delve deeper into the tangled affairs of the Caribbean group. Under the plan being studied, United States Marines, officers and enlisted men, who have had experience in that recently-acquired domain of Uncle Sam, would be sent down to whip into shape a native force. This would be similar in character to what the Marines already have done for Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua.

Half a dozen officers and around 20 non-commissioned Marines would be sent down to St. Thomas and St. Croix, under the tentative program, to commence the building up of the constabulary, which would be confined to natives of the Virgin Islands.

NAVY IN DOUBT ON LABOR POLICY

Washington, D. C., Aug. 10.—Navy officials said yesterday the almost unanimous

rejection of a compulsory labor disputes arbitration clause by bidders on 13 new warships left future policy in doubt.

They pointed out that the provision, which would authorize the Navy to mediate any labor troubles in the builder's yards and to cancel contracts if the arbitrators' decision was disregarded, was only tentative.

There were intimations that because practically all the companies had taken exception, the provision might be modified. Officials emphasized, however, that final decision would be taken this week.

BODY OF MARINE SENT HOME

Annapolis, Md., Aug. 10.—The body of Pvt. Theodore Kovaleski, U. S. M. C., which was found floating in the bay near here, was sent today to his home in Minersville, Pa. Identification was made today by a check of Kovaleski's fingerprints on file in Marine Corps headquarters in Washington.

Capt. Frank Goettge, commander of the Marine detachment at the Naval Academy here, said that Kovaleski was one of a group of Marines being transferred from Philadelphia to Norfolk. He left Baltimore by boat on the night of August 5 and had been reported as absent without leave from Norfolk.

An Anne Arundel County coroner's jury has returned a verdict of death by drowning and said it found no evidence of foul play.

CHINA STATION

(Continued from page 44)

Privates of the Battalion. A novel prize has been arranged for the winners of the events. The losers will pull the winners around the compound in rickshaws. This should be worth watching.

For several months now it has been the custom to have a dance in honor of the homegoing detail. The next detail will leave Shanghai sometime the early part of August. To follow out all precedent a dance will be held at the Canidrome Gardens, Tuesday evening, 30 July, 1935. This dance promises to be one of the best ever held in the Regiment. So far the complete details of the dance have not been arranged but the best in music and in entertainment will be secured for the occasion.

The tentative sailing list for the homegoing detail has caused a lot of groans and also a lot of sighs among the men. Many are well pleased and want to get back to the States, but the consensus of opinion is in favor of staying in Old Cathay for a little while longer.

WHO RAISED THE AMERICAN FLAG IN OLD SAN DIEGO?

(Continued from page 10)

Gillespie of Marine Corps Captain. Other junior Captains, Lieutenants, Quartermasters, Commissaries ordnance officers were taken from the men.

This party thus organized were embarked on board the *Cyane* and on the fourth day were in the harbor of San Diego. Lt. Rowan with the Marine Guard and a few sailors marched up to the Presidio, or Pueblo or Town, distant five

THE LEATHERNECK

miles from the Anchorage and without opposition hoisted the Flag having previously read the proclamation. The Marine's were left with their officer to guard the Flag and that afternoon Fremont arrived with a portion of his command..."

The other photostat contains a portion of the log of the sloop-of-war *Cyane*, Samuel F. Dupont, commanding:

"San Diego July 30th 1846

"Commencing with moderate breezes from the We and pleasant—at 3 the *Launch* and *Alligator* under command of Lieut. Rowan armed & equipped and the Marine Guard under command of Lt. Maddox left the ship to take possession of the town of San Diego & hoist the American Flag.

A. Alemand.

"From 4 to 8 light breezes from the No & E and pleasant—Hove up shifted our berth and came to with Starb Anchor in 4½ fathoms water—Veered to 30 fathoms chain. Lt. Lisarde bearing per compass S ½ E. Bah . . . NW ½ W—Major Fremont left the ship with a detachment of his men.

A. Alemand.

"From 8 to midnight light airs from the We & pleasant—at 9 the *Launch* returned and at 10.50 the *Alligator* with Lieut. Rowan returned after taking possession of San Diego and hoisting the American Flag, leaving all our Marine Guard under the command of Lieut. Maddox on shore to defend the Flag and Town.

R. F. R. Lewis.

"From midnight to 4 light and pleasant.

E. Higgins.

"From 4 to meridian moderate breezes from the So & We and clear pleasant weather. Finished landing Major Fremont's troops and baggages—Sent out a Kedge and dropped it to the No & Ea dropped the Larbd anchor in 4¾ fathoms wather and moved ship with 50 fathoms on the starbd and 40 fathoms on the Lard Chain.

R. F. R. Lewis."

Rowan's journal and the *Cyane*'s log account for the movements of both Rowan and Fremont. From these it is clear that Rowan marched into San Diego, read Stockton's famous proclamation to the people of California, raised the flag, left Lt. Maddox and the Marine Guard in charge of the situation and returned to the *Cyane*; that Major Fremont was engaged during all these hours in landing his California Battalion.

Both these officers were carrying out orders. Those of Fremont appear in a Sketch of the Life of Commodore Robert F. Stockton (with copies of official documents &c.) published in 1856, p. 118:

"In twenty four hours after assuming the command the Commodore organized and accepted the services of the California battalion, 160 in number, and despatched them on the sloop-of-war *Cyane* to San Diego, with directions to Major Fremont, after securing a supply of horses and cattle in that neighborhood, to co-operate with the proposed attack on Ciudad de los Angeles. . . ."

There is no mention here of Fremont's raising a flag! In Appendix A, p. 20 of the same volume we find:

"... information was received of the arrival of the *Cyane* at San Diego, of the landing of the battalion, and that Major Fremont had experienced great difficulty in procuring the necessary supply of horses. . . ."

Stephen Clegg Rowan was born in Ire-

land December 25, 1808, coming to America as a small child. He was appointed midshipman in the Navy at the age of 18; from 1845 to 1848 being executive officer of the *Cyane* on the Pacific Coast. At Monterey as well as at San Diego took part in both "capture" and flag-raising. He was one of the two United States naval officers who during the Civil War reached the high rank of Vice Admiral.

A VISIT TO THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION

(Continued from page 14)

beams from electric moons and hidden under-water lights. Only the Amusement Zone is brilliantly illuminated. Underlying the spacious park are over twenty miles of electric cable. Tall, feathery eucalyptus trees shield from the casual eye two miles of poles which transfer ten miles of high tension wires. This complicated network of generators, wires, and transformers is as well hidden from the disinterested observer as are the nerves of the human body. Atop the million-dollar Spreckels Organ are seven great high intensity searchlights mounted on a turntable fifteen feet in diameter which are fed by a huge generator located at the base. The revolving lights reflect all colors of the spectrum over the vast spaces of the park, and in clear weather they are visible for twenty-five miles.

The accent is Spanish at the Exposition. If you speak *Español* it will be most convenient, for Spanish names have been given all the streets, busses, and many of the buildings. The swift, large, brilliantly coloured sightseeing busses are named after birds, e.g., La Golondrina, El Loro, El Canario, El Cardenal, and La Paloma. Entering the park from the west one crosses the Puente Cabrillo (Cabrillo Bridge) to Avenida de los Palacios (Avenue of Palaces). The large plaza separating the Fine Arts Building and the Organ Amphitheatre is called Plaza del Pacifico, and the large arch located in the plaza, and which houses fifty floodlights and twenty loudspeakers is called Arco del Porvenir (Arch of the Future). Zo-eale is the Amusement Zone, and it fronts the Calle Colon; nearby is the Calle Venecia. Down the road called Camino de Oro (Road of Gold) to Gold Gulch one encounters the Bazar Mexicano. The Firestone Fountains are located in the Plaza de Aguas Cantantes, and a popular cafe is called Casa del Rey Moro (Garden of the Kings).

There is only one mechanical man at the Exposition, and his name is Alpha. The robot is over six feet tall, and weighs two thousand pounds. Not in the least bashful, Alpha is a devil with the women. He will answer the most personal questions without hesitation, fire a gun, move about, and do almost everything but run a hundred yards in ten seconds. The following conversation took place between a visitor and the chrome-plated steel armoured giant while I was in the auditorium:

Girl: "Are you married?"

Alpha: "Not yet!"


Girl: "What type of women do you prefer?"

Alpha: "Blondes."


Girl: "Why?"

Alpha: "Robots prefer blondes!"

Professor Henry May, Alpha's inventor and henchman, says that Alpha cost \$180,000, and that fourteen years were required to perfect his technique. Alpha



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No extra charge, boys, for this freshness insurance!

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is from London, and has created three precedents: He is the only robot to appear by Royal Command; the only robot to act as master of ceremonies at the world's largest theatre, Radio City; and is the only robot to give a complete coast-to-coast broadcast.

Down the arcade from the robot show is the Bell Telephone Exhibit where one can hear his own telephone voice, and observe the "scrambled speech" feature. To insure privacy on trans-oceanic conversations a statement such as "Popeye the Sailor Man" becomes the gibberish "Kick down the cellar door."

What do you think of the artist who spent the first part of his career painting things obscene, and then at fifty experienced a change and became famous for so doing? James J. Tissot, whose pictures are on exhibition in the Holy City, was such a man. Schooled at Ecole des Beau-Arts in Paris he gained minor fame painting the worldly aspects of Parisian life. In 1886 he changed, went to Palestine and presented the world with three hundred immortal paintings of the life of Christ. The Holy City also shows a priceless, hand-carved, mother-of-pearl masterpiece of Antonio Bartillo called "The Last Supper."

Up in Zocalo there are chalk-faced dancing girls who wiggle and warble for fourteen hours a day for fourteen dollars a week. The lights are bright, the music is loud, and the popcorn is plentiful. The Midway, 1,200 feet long and 350 feet deep with a 40-foot pavement, has \$1,500,000 worth of amusement centers. The zone, which boasts nearly every imaginable attraction, features Ripley's "Believe It Or Not," "Miss America," "Gay's Lion Farm," "Days of Saladin," "Venus in the Half-Shell," "Midget Village," "Log Rollers," "Globe of Death," "Life," and "The End of the Trail." The latter is a huge Indian Village with exact Zuni and Taos pueblos—the original penthouses. The Hopi, Mequi, Ute, Mission, Navajo, Apache, and other southwestern tribes are represented and give impressive snake dances for their visitors. "The End of the Trail" is also headquarters for the San Diego Boy Scouts.

As I left the Midway, I visited the famous Spanish Village—largest feature of its kind ever built for an American fair. The cheerfully picturesque and informal architecture, and the art and culture of Old Spain and Mexico are quaintly represented there.

AT THE Motion Picture Hall of Fame the Screen Actors Guild of Hollywood present semi-popular actors and actresses for your pleasure. Collected mementos from various studios, such as two wooden crows from "Kid Millions" and Mary Pickford's curls, and Garbo's dress and Shirley Temple's shoes are there for your abject admiration. If you have not left beforehand, a marionette theatre with puppets of film celebrities perform after the regular dull exhibition of how sound movies are made. Not far from the Hollywood Hall of Fame is the Palace of Education—one of the best places to visit at the Exposition. The motif is "Education for Life," and the exhibit is held in cooperation with the California State Department of Education. Many California schools are represented, especially with commendable projects.

On my way homeward I stopped by the San Diego Museum and the Old Globe Theatre. In the upper gallery of the Museum is the famed Joseph Jessup archery collection of over 5,000 pieces. It is the most complete archery exhibit in the world. There are tiny poisoned darts from a pygmy tribe of Africa, seven century old crossbows from Germany, and one giant Mongol reflex bow from China, which can send an arrow 500 feet, or through a 3-inch plank.

The Shakespearean Globe Theatre is an unique playhouse patterned after the original Old Globe Theatre of London which was founded in 1599. The varied repertoire includes abbreviated versions of Shakespeare's most important plays. On the Village Green fronting the theatre Old English Folk Dances which are designated by such titles as "Wyresdale Greensleeves," "New Castle," and "Goud Man of Ballangee" are well interpreted by boys and girls from the progressive School of Organic Education of Fairhope in Alabama.

I left the fair via the Cabrillo Bridge. There over the Leguna del Puente, the slender Italian cypress, the pampa grass and bamboo I hesitated, as did others of the festival crowd, and gazed over the sweeping panorama of city, bay, and ocean. America's Exposition—1935, a modern Eden in lights and shadows, was at my left; south were the dim mountains of Mexico; east were the high peaks of the Cuyamacas. As my eyes searched for distant Point Loma where the sun can be seen to both rise and set in the Pacific, and around which the intrepid Spaniards sailed over four hundred years ago, my thoughts turned toward things historical. Do you know the romance of San Diego?

This little city on the southwest corner of our nation teems with romance and tradition. It was a Portuguese navigator, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, fifty years after Columbus' discovery of America who first sailed the *San Salvador* and *Victoria* past the Silver Gate on September 28, 1542 and became the first European to enter San Diego Bay which he called "San Miguel." Lower California and the Pacific Coast of Mexico had been seen and named the "Two Californias" by Hernando Cortez of Mexico in 1536. Next to Florida, California is the oldest United States name, because this "Conqueror of Mexico" wearied of being the respectable "Marquis of the Valley of Oaxaca," went to Mexico, and later explored for the Spanish Crown.

Don Sebastian Viscaino of Acapulco in Mexico gave San Diego its name on November 12, 1602. It was the day of Saint James of Alcala, and during a religious ceremony in honor of the Spanish Saint Viscaino denominated the place "San Diego." Francisco Vasquez Coronado, who had gained fame but little else while searching for the mythical "Seven Cities of Cibola" on the "Coronado Expedition" was a friend of Viscaino. "Coronado Island" Viscaino named in memory of his companion explorer. When Viscaino left San Diego it was one hundred sixty-six years before another ship entered the port. That ship, *Santa Ana*, entered San Diego Harbor of the Sun on April 11, 1769.

The grey-robed Franciscan Miquel José Serra of Majorca, fifty-six years of age, came as the leader of a small "Order of Saint Francis" group to San Diego in 1769 "to establish the Catholic faith among a heathen people, submerged in the obscure darkness of paganism, to extend the dominion of the King our Lord, and to protect this peninsula from the ambitious views of foreign nations." Junipero had said "If Saint Francis wants a mission, let him show us his port, and we will put one there for him;" but, when informed of his appointment as the leader of the group, "was unable to speak a single word for tears." These "Pilgrim Fathers of the West" landed at Dead Man's Point (so called because thirty-one men were given a Christian burial there by Friar Serra the day after arrival), and California's first mission of the Order of St. Francis was christened "San Diego de Alcala" on July 16, 1769. The old Gray Friar before his death in 1764 dedicated a chain of twenty-one missions along *El Camio Real* under the sovereignty of the King of Spain. Prominent among these were San Luis Obispo de Tolosa, Santa Clara, Santa Barbara, and San Juan Capistrano. Each of these missions had its individual church, Father's residence, a *Presidio*, and the shops and workrooms for the Indians. In 1775 Mission San Diego de Alcala was moved

six miles up the San Diego river to an ideal location. The Jesuits of the Ignatius Loyola "Society of Jesus" had evangelized Lower California and established eighteen missions between 1697 and 1767; but their successors, the Friars, who were sworn to "Poverty, Obedience, and Celibacy" were more successful. California ceased being a Spanish Colony in 1822, and Mexico began the secularization of the missions in 1834. One of the saddest injustices in all history took place when General Muechstorena and army completely destroyed all that had been accomplished by the Monks. The Christian Indians were scattered, and the Fathers deprived of their belongings.

On August 28, 1800 the first American ship entered San Diego harbor. It was the *Betsy*. She was commanded by Charles Winship who later participated in the "Battle of San Diego." The first American to arrive in San Diego from across the continent was Captain Jedidiah S. Smith in December of 1826. He was placed in chains because he had no passport. During the same year the first immigrant train of Americans entered California. A party of Americans seized Sonoma from Mexico in 1846 and proclaimed the independence of the Republic of California under the Bear Flag.

A youth from San Antonio, Texas, R. W. Lewis, brought the first overland mail to San Diego on August 9, 1857. The trip took him thirty-four days on horseback. Twenty days later the first San Diego, newspaper, *The San Diego Herald*, appeared under the editorship of John J. Ames.

"San Diego is Heaven on Earth," said Alonzo Erastus Horton when he first saw the city on April 15, 1867. Horton was a wealthy San Francisco merchant who had come west from Connecticut for his health. His first investment in San Diego was only \$10; but later he was negotiating \$20,000 per day. It was he who built the "Horton House," advertised San Diego, and brought the city to the great boom which reached its peak in 1886 when E. S. Babcock opened the million dollar "Hotel del Coronado"—one of the world's famous year-round resort hostleries.

Like Apollo's son Phaeton, who went too fast and fell a blackened corpse into the limpid waves of the Eridanus River, San Diego failed. However, San Diego rose again. More rational developments have made this little metropolis on the San Diego Bay one of the richest, liveliest, and most bustling little cities in the world. Admiral Robert D. Evans brought the fleet to the West Coast for the first time in 1908. Sixteen thousand officers and men enjoyed a holiday in a town said to have, next to Rio de Janeiro and Havana, the most beautiful waterfront in the world.

In 1910 a ground-breaking ceremony was held for a Panama-California Exposition, the purpose of which was "to commemorate and call attention to the fact that San Diego was the first port of call on the Pacific Coast from the Panama Canal." A 1,400 acre park which had been bought in 1868 by Isabella Carruth-

ers for \$175, and today valued at \$7,000,000, was named "Balboa Park" and selected as the scene for the Exposition. The State Legislature appropriated \$300,000 for the construction of a State Building. The Cabrillo Bridge was built. The Fair opened in 1915, and although San Francisco had one going simultaneously, it lasted two years. Theodore Roosevelt came, and so did Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, Henry Ford, and Thomas A. Edison.

That sacred relic of American freedom, the Liberty Bell, was brought, after an extensive showing throughout the states, to the Panama-California Exposition so that all could behold that which had "proclaimed liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

San Diego legend centers about a treasure reputedly hidden under an Old Mission by a Spanish pirate in 1833; and another place of great historic fame is Ramona's Marriage Place. Among the acacia, olive, and pepper trees is that house of tender tradition—the old Lieut. Jose Estudillo home—where, as Helen Hunt Jackson wrote, "her heroine, Ramona, was married to Alessandro, her Indian sweetheart, in the old chapel."

When Colonel Lindbergh flew alone to Le Bourget in 1927, San Diego was again helping to establish tradition; the single motored monoplane, "Spirit of St. Louis," had been built by the Ryan Airlines of San Diego.

The muse was over. The hour was growing late. I left the rail, and there came the dark-eyed flower girl again.

"Una Gardenia?"

"Yes," I said, because I had learned that the flower girls get only seven cents of the twenty-five for which the flowers sell, and they sometimes find it difficult to sell two dozen in a day.

I paid her, turned to leave, and she said:

"Hasta la vista. Esperamos y descamos volverlo a ver muy pronto por acá."

WEST COAST NEWS RIFLE RANGE DISKS

(Continued from page 39)

streak of shine goes by in the direction of the "outpost" squad huts where several of the detachment have taken refuge from the congestion of the barracks. And the clock ticks on—such a regular and dependable thing, even if it is a Navy clock.

In the line of daily activity, dear Broadcaster, will say that the fight is on, on, on—to qualify all who come within the scope of the range detachment's rifle coaching staff. Our school range, headed by one of the range old masters, Gy-Sgt. Leo Jennings, gets 'em, trains 'em, and the firing line on the long range, under direction of Sgt. Wallace Henry, fires 'em. And when they don't qualify—well, there is room for 'em again on the school range. The only thing we haven't here for some of the daisies who come to learn to shoot is a Turkish bath, a daily rubdown to keep them in physical shape to withstand recoil on the firing line. And another thing, as Private Bettis says, no group-tighteners.

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The detachment is now under command of Maj. E. W. Skinner with Capt. Harry E. Leland as assistant range officer, ChMar-Gnr. William Liske in charge of the Infantry Weapons' School and 1st Sgt. George L. Robinson, senior N.C.O. present. First Lt. George R. E. Shell is temporarily with us from the Base as an assistant range officer. Chief Marine Gunner Liske has taken a well-earned leave of short duration and soon we expect to be without Captain Leland, ardent sportsman, who takes a tour of the mountains in the interior of California where the fishing, hunting and hiking are said to be of grade A variety.

Sgt. Theodore R. Cathey, Cpl. Leonard A. Odernan, and Pfc. Dennis M. Cantrell are away on furlough at present. Cathey has driven off to the high Sierras for a real outing under the trees, we hear, while Cantrell has given his address in South Carolina for duration of furlough. Odernan will stay in the San Diego area. Sgt. John Bambalere, with 24 years of service, recently re-enlisted and is taking a 30-day furlough. Bambalere is our ace mess sergeant, the man who gets it and puts it out, something to shoot at in the line of mess sergeants' accomplishments. We will all be glad to have Bam back with us again although we feel he has picked a worthy acting chief of mess in Pvt. Thomas L. Mendoza for the period of his being away.

Sgt. Charley Angus says he is back on the "list" again and is happy over same and we all join in wishing him good luck. Angus has decided to take "Man Mountain" McKinney, a local corporal of dimensions, in hand and make a champ out of him in the rasslin' game. However, of late, since taking over new duties, Corporal McKinney has shown some reluctance at Angus' assignment. McKinney is now Lord of the Short Range, Keeper of the Target Houses, and Master of the Rabbit-Hunting Grounds, of that area. While his car is away in the repair shop he is getting a considerable number of workouts in walking back and forth from quarters to firing line and from quarters to mess hall. Keep up the good work, Mac, say all. Gy-Sgt. Lewis V. Hensley recently extended his enlistment for three years and at present supervises the work in the range armory with Cpl. Arthur A. Compton, an athletic young fellow, and Pfc. Edgar E. Dewitt, recently of Aircraft Two, as assistant armorers. We have lost Sgt. Frederick Hacker who is under orders to proceed to the next class of the Armory School in Philadelphia via the U.S.S. *Henderson*, now in San Diego harbor. Best wishes, Hacker. Hacker has been one of our star coaches. Many a problem case has been turned over to him on the firing line and results obtained. A good rifle coach is a loss, indeed.

Private David L. Smith has returned to

the range after several months enforced stay in the Naval Hospital due to a foot injury received in April. Smith says he appreciates "back to duty" status very, very much. And who doesn't appreciate such status in these great outdoors miles away from the city? Glad to see you with us again, Smith.

Among the late to succumb to the persuasive line of the used car dealers are Cpl. Robert D. Ludgate and Pvt. Dannie L. Shuck. Ludgate, of the school range, has sought quicker transportation in a Dietator or Commander model of the Studebaker cars and Shuck, who knows quite a few folks down in beautiful and romantic La Jolla, has an Oakland roadster. Johnny Jennings, the corporal in charge of our post exchange, recently had a run on his Marine Handbook when the Reserves were here. Johnny had just put in the supply.

We have a rumor afloat that Fleet Marine Force is angling for a couple of our good coaches, however, we place little to it. Another rumor is that we will have a range handball court before winter sets in. Where do all these rumors start? Matthew M. Thornton, recently of the Base transportation force, has joined our detachment and been appointed specialist fourth class as truck driver. Thornton makes the ration and mail run daily in an efficient manner and we hope will be with us for some time although he says time is bringing the East coast closer. The letter will have to close now, Broadcaster; taps has arrived and I think the sergeant of the guard, within hearing, wants to get in some "night" sleep. So Adios, as we say when departing, until the next time.

BILLY GOAT BLAH

By Bishop

Since the last contribution from this detachment, several of the plank owners have been torn up by their roots and flung across the Pacific much to their surprise. Corporals Nordflet, Patchinson and Hoppe were sent to Cuvite, Hawaii, and Shanghai, respectively on the last westbound *Henderson*. Corporal Linville escaped the draft by the slender margin of an appendectomy, only to catch the following boat. He was accompanied by Corporal Snider, who, only recently returned from the Orient, barely had time to shine his shoes before returning west again.

Privates First Class Williams and Kujawa, Privates Anderson, Riggs, Kelly and White were also among the "Volunteers" for the *Henderson* draft.

First Lieutenant Bellinger relieved Major Beecher as detachment commander and judge advocate here. Major Beecher is going to Chicago for duty with the Reserves. Good luck, sir.

THE LEATHERNECK

Hog-caller Smith went back to help his dad farm the 160 in Mississippi, much to the relief of San Francisco's finest. Private Kren, famous for a record non-stop dash from Puget Sound to the Brooklyn Navy Yard on \$2.85 and one clean sock can now be encountered occasionally in Frisco in company of Jack Lowe, an old buddy formerly on the U.S.S. *Tennessee*. Ex-Private Carpenter is everybody's best friend now—insurance. Private First Class Brewer is a water lily specialist in the water gardens in Pasadena by now.

Privates Rodgers and Cecil White jumped the starting gun for the outside with three-month priority discharges.

Among the newer arrivals are Corporal Behey, Privates First Class Welch and Brown and Private Kayes, all from Sunnyside. Behey, it may be remembered, helped drive the Indians off Goat Island.

Private Franklin, late of China, is biding time with his hai alia basket until he can return to where it is played. Privates Torres and Hinman are enjoying duty here after lengthy transfers from the U.S.S. *Arizona* and Guam, respectively.

Social notes: A gay time was noted at The College Inn, Saturday evening, June 22. This popular San Francisco resort was resplendent with uniforms of the army, navy and Marine Corps and gay with the music of the Wyoming Cowboy Orchestra. Among those enjoying the festivities were Privates First Class Bass and Steeples.

These two young men have just completed a 30-month course in naval tactics aboard the U.S.S. *Tennessee*, and were recently ordered to Goat Island. Other socialites observed were Privates Hinman and Ekberg, also attached to Goat Island.

Drummer Oppitek has assumed the duty of tutoring a bewhiskered dog, in addition to being the snappiest bugler in the district, but due to fleas has been banished to live alone in splendid isolation on the hill.

Vinson and Crawford have been buying each other wrist watches and spring outfits as a result of some modified games of acey deucey.

Notes: "Hon" Ewing never misses the first liberty boat to Oakland. Corporal Bishop plans to substitute the Policemen's Manual for the T. & R. this fall. Sergeant Brennan announces that "The smoking lamp is always lighted and the joe pot is always on" in his bachelor quarters. He is a short timer and does not quite know what to do about it. Private First Class McKinney challenges all comers to either an oratorical or tennis contest. Swede Stromstad wishes to announce that he will face the outside this fall if he has a suit of civilian clothing by then. The cooks are planning to donate him one.

A DEVIL DOG'S CODE

(Continued from page 17)

hunters!" Shorty told Gorman through the phone.

"Yeah, I see his gun now," the other replied. "Must be a bum shot if he has to use that kind of a weapon. . . . Still, he does look sort of oldish—"

A white flash of smoke came from the cockpit of the old grey plane just then. Whiskers landed, and leisurely picked up a limp coyote.

Disgustedly, Shorty Holt pushed on the power, and pulled back on the stick. No percentage in watching that old coddler wasting good shot and powder. Queer though how such an old fellow should be

running a plane. . . . But of course, some of these desert rats lived to be a hundred or more—"

"Hey, Shorty!" Gorman's excited voice gruffed through the phone. "Look up there . . ." he pointed off toward the right. "There's our silver ship, sure's hell, an' making a get-away!"

With a few quick motions, Shorty had the Falcon in a roaring zoom, but he knew it was useless. That silvery cloud way off in the west was miles away, and at a high ceiling.

Back at the airport that night, the two leathernecks got off by themselves and tried to make some plans. "Too bad we went down to lamp that ol' bunch of whiskers, wasn't it?" Gorman suggested in an undertone. "Listen, kid, you don't s'pose the old fellow is mixed up in this smuggling outfit, do you?"

Shorty lit a cigarette. The two Marines were sitting on the grey sand, with backs against a side-wall of a hangar. "Hell, no," Holt puffed confidently. "no smuggler goin' to waste his time shooting coyotes. But just th' same, we'll keep mum about spotting him, 'till this mysterious smuggler is cleaned up."

Gorman shook his head. "I been thinkin'," he added soberly, "that ol' hermit might be a sort of decoy. Next time we spot him, I suggest that we make him land, so we can look him over."

It was two days later, when the two Marines spiraled their two-seater into the blue Texas sky, and stared eagerly about. These two old-timers were something like bloodhounds when it came to chasing smugglers, and today, both had a feeling that something was going to happen.

The 605 was well out over the desert on the Texas side of the Rio Grande, when

Gorman focused his binoculars, then yelled to the pilot through the phone.

"There's grandpa, again, Shorty!" he pointed with one grimy hand, Holt nodded, the Falcon in the direction indicated.

This time, the old grey plane was flying at a 2,000-foot ceiling, and was headed eastward.

"Damn his innocent ol' hide!" Shorty ejaculated as the Falcon drove in pursuit. "we'll make him land this time, and turn him wrong side out."

As the two-seater got closer to its prospective victim, Shorty could see that the tattered old monoplane was gradually dipping towards the desert floor, a double-barreled shotgun edged over the cowl as usual. Holt hung a painted sign over the fuselage on the side next the hermit. The warning read:

MARINE AIR SERVICE
LAND AT ONCE

He saw the old man lift his goggles. Grizzled brows furrowed for an instant as the puzzled eyes glimpsed the curt message. Then, with a wave of his hand, the hermit thrust his joy stick ahead, throttled his engine and went into a long dive.

In a few moments, the suspicious plane had made a clever three-point landing on the level sand. Holt followed closely and taxied the Falcon up alongside. An innocent pair of grey eyes peered over the weather-worn cockpit, and blinked inquiringly at the troublesome officer of the law.

"Wal, what's th' big idea?" the old man queried testily. He reached nervously to a hip-pocket and jerked out a ragged hunk of tobacco. His yellowed teeth closed over a jagged corner. "Yuh think I'm hittin' off too many of them 'ere coyotes?" he asked sourly, "or what is it?"



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IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

By this time, Lieutenant Holt had climbed to the worn cockpit of the ill-kept little ship. He noted that the glass to the altimeter was broken, the airspeed pointer was missing, and the padding on the edge of the cowlings in tatters.

Holt grunted an answer to the old man's remarks. He was hardened to wise-cracks. Ignoring the old fellow's glowering face, he peered searchingly about the little cabin. On the floor were two dead coyotes, some shreds of newspaper, and a couple of pieces of twine. On the side wall was a narrow shelf containing a pair of binoculars, while a rusty old shotgun rested upon two padded hooks.

The old hermit grinned knowingly as he noticed the Marine's gaze focused upon the treasured weapon. Leisuredly he slid it from the hooks, and pointed the muzzle over the edge of the fuselage. "S'cuse me a second," he mumbled, "I jist spied another of them cusses slinkin' along that ridge yonder—"

Bang! Holt noted that the old man had pulled both triggers, but the result was apparently disappointing to the pelt collector. As the smoke cleared away, he sputtered disgustedly.

"I missed th' devil, sure's preachin'! Queer how I could miss with both barrels full up. . . . Guess I'm gittin' old. I used to spot 'em with a rifle."

Shorty Holt glanced amusedly over to his companion who had remained in the rear cockpit of the Falcon, and shook his head meaningly. He watched curiously as the hermit with shaking fingers measured out some black powder, and laboriously loaded the ancient weapon. A wad of paper rammed down, then a handful of buckshot, and another wad on top of it. As the rusty ramrod clamped the charge down, Holt turned disgustedly away.

"All right, grandpa," he remarked absently, "sorry I had to bother you, but business is business, yuh know."

The old man's horny hand fondly caressed the muzzle of his pet weapon. He turned with a grin on his bewhiskered face. "Yuh kinder got an idea that someone's smugglin' stuff across th' border?" He asked in an awed tone.

Lieutenant Holt met the innocent old eyes narrowly. "I don't think!" he rapped aggressively. "I know!"

For an instant a queer look flitted across the hermit's grizzled face. He changed his end of tobacco to opposite cheek, then stroked his flowing whiskers. "S'pose I could git a job chasin' those devils?" he asked eagerly. "Yuh see," he added reflectively, "I'm 'round here about every day, shootin' these 'ere coyotes. Th' Ranchers association only pays me a dollar a pelt, but it sort o' keeps me goin', an' my hand in at flyin'—"

Lieutenant Holt interrupted with an oath. His alert eyes happened to glance upward just then. Dipping in the sun's rays, and rocketing across the sky like a shot from a gun, was a silver colored plane. Like a shadow of some meteor, it pointed gradually upward, and toward the north. Already it had reached a ceiling so high that the drone of its propellers was barely audible, but it was several miles south of the Falcon.

"I'll get you this time!" Holt shouted as he leaped toward the government plane.

Gorman had also spied the smuggler ship. He reached over to the forward cockpit, and by lying upon his stomach managed to push the throttle a little wider open. Shorty slid into the pilot's seat, slammed the side-door shut, and in a moment the two-seater was roaring along the desert floor.

When they had gotten into the air,

Gorman spoke to Shorty through the phone: "What do yuh think of the old hermit, now, kid? Not so innocent, eh?"

Shorty leaned forward and pushed the throttle wider open. His face was hot with rage as he realized how the old man had so nearly tricked him again. Still, of course, it might be a coincidence. As the Falcon spiraled rapidly higher, Lieutenant Holt could easily make out the lines of the approaching plane. There was no doubt of it—the silver smuggler!

Like a great eagle, the huge craft dipped gracefully and glinted in the bright sunshine, as it struck bad places in the air. As lightly as one of the grey clouds that surrounded it, the outlaw ship swept impudently toward the north.

But the 605 was a good climber. By this time, the government plane was nearly up to the ceiling of the larger ship. Another minute or two, and it would be necessary to commence hostilities. Gorman's rasping voice came through the phone.

"Goin' to fire at her before you find out who's in the pilot's seat?" he asked meaningfully.

Shorty Holt started, what should he do? He'd got to capture that smuggler ship, but how could he do it without killing his friend? By this time, the outlaw plane was within machine gun range. Shorty swerved the Falcon a trifle, then sent a burst of tracers just a few yards ahead of the smuggler's nose. The threat was ignored!

Shorty shouted to his companion: "I'm goin' to range up along aside. Put the binoculars on him; see who it is!"

In a moment, the 605 had swerved and for a brief second the two ships were side by side, and only a few yards apart. Shorty stared with straining eyes as he tried to distinguish the features of the man in the pilot's seat. No use. Two puffs of white smoke stabbed toward the government plane, and Holt heard a slug whistle by his head. Then came Gorman's rumbling voice:

"They nipped me in the shoulder, kid. Guess I'm outta it—"

Shorty was too busy to reply for a second or two. He put the two-seater into a nose-dive, then looped and leveled out. He whirled anxiously in his seat. Gorman's head was lolled helplessly upon his shoulder, and the man was apparently unconscious. But the cool air seemed to revive him. Shorty saw the head move again. "You hurt bad, big boy?" he queried tensely.

"A-uh, I seem to be dizzy," Gorman replied in a hollow tone. "But don't bother about me. I'll feel better, soon. And by th' way, I feel certain that Jack Woods isn't in that smuggler plane. . . . I had a good look—"

Shorty Holt felt a glad surge through his veins as he got that bit of news. If Jack Woods wasn't in that ship, then he could rip hell out of the thing—and he would!

As Shorty reached this decision, he felt a stinging sensation along his left cheek. Something had pierced his leather helmet from behind!

He knew it hadn't come from the big smuggler ship, for that silver colored menace was a thousand feet or more above him, and some distance ahead. With a muttered oath, Shorty crouched lower in his seat, and brushed several drops of blood from his chin.

"Hell, this must be war!" he mumbled into the roar of the straining engine. "But who's back of me, that's what I'd like to know!"

Determined to find out who had attacked him, Lieutenant Holt banked the Falcon

THE LEATHERNECK

sharply, one hand on the trigger of his machine gun. As the nose of the plane came around, his eyes widened in amazement. Shooting by him, a hundred feet overhead was the hermit's old grey plane, a white-whiskered face leaning impudently over the cowl.

"Hell's bells!" Shorty cried. "Then that was a charge of buckshot that struck me. That old Judas is mixin' up in this dog fight!"

For an instant, Holt was dazed. It was hard to believe even now that this innocent looking old codger was one of the smuggler-gang. But it must be! Those buckshot had certainly raked his face, and he could see several partly imbedded in the shiny varnished side-wall of the cockpit.

Holt came out of his musing with a jerk, as a burst of machine gun bullets criss-crossed in front of his head. In an instant the instrument board was a mess. Ragged holes plopped through the right wing, and riddled the fuselage. Then Gorman's strained voice came through the phone.

"Look out, Shorty!"

But Holt had already spied the approaching danger. Out of the tail of his eyes, he saw the big silver-colored monoplane bank sharply and aim its blunt nose toward the two-seater. In a second he had the Falcon over in a side-slip, and a grin wrinkled his wind-whipped face as he saw a stream of incendiaries go harmlessly by. This was like old times. Almost he imagined that he was back in France.

He leveled out and tried to get the smuggler ship through his ring sights, but the big plane was too quick for him, and before he could turn, a ragged hole suddenly appeared in Holt's flying coat. The sleeve was torn at the elbow, and his left arm went numb.

"Thunder, that isn't so good!" he thought grimly as his one good hand groped for the controls.

With a jab at the stick, he sent the Falcon into a power-dive to gain speed, then up and over in an Immelmann turn. As he straightened out, he spied just above him the silver smuggler, and a little to one side, the old grey plane. The hermit was leaning over the side and making motions to the men in the larger plane!

For an instant, the weather worn hull of the old grey plane showed through Holt's ring sight, but somehow he hadn't the heart to press the trigger. No doubt that old fellow was one of the gang—but he was different.

With a vicious kick at the rudder bar, Holt swerved the sleek nose of the two-seater in the direction of the big outlaw.

As his ring-sights focused, a shadow came between. The hermit had deliberately offered his ship as a buffer! For an instant, Holt was tempted to push the trip on his Browning. But something held him back. "Hell," he muttered, "I can't shoot that cuss; it's like hitting an unarmed man. Why don't he keep out of it?"

Disgustedly, Shorty pushed the throttle wider open, banked sharply, then zoomed for altitude. For an instant, as he pulled away from the shelter of the grey ship, he was exposed to the galling fire of the silver smuggler's twin Brownings. Then, as incendiaries and slugs tore through his tail rigging, he climbed to safety.

"I got to get that big ship without hitting the old fellow," he thought grimly. "Wonder if I'm a fool to spare him?"

At last, Holt maneuvered the two-seater so as to be directly over the silver-colored outlaw. Here he was safe for a moment. With the speed of a hurricane the larger ship surged ahead, and Lieutenant Holt

swung the Falcon down in a screaming dive to head the smuggler off.

Suddenly, the big outlaw came up in a zooming loop, turned on its back and sent a stream of slugs toward the Marine plane. Shorty's windshield disappeared, a slug ripped his helmet open and sent a stinging sensation along the top of his head. With an oath, he dropped off in a side-slip. A loop, and once more he was on that bird's tail. About to push the trip to his Browning, when a grey fuselage glided in front of his sights. Damn!

For several moments, the old hermit played a daring game between the two roaring planes. Seeming to realize that the Marines wouldn't shoot him, he took grave chances. But soon it was apparent to Holt that the silver plane was gradually edging away.

"No you don't," Shorty exclaimed. As his left arm was useless, his right had to do double duty. Giving the motor full gun, he dove under the grey plane, and headed straight for the big outlaw. Then came a shadow on his left.

Holt stared in amazement. The old battered plane was cutting in ahead of the Falcon! "Well, what do you know about that?" Shorty gasped. Then he heard Gorman's voice through the phone:

"That old devil's playing with yuh, Shorty. Better give him th' works, if yuh get a chance. I feel better. Maybe I'll draw a bead on him—"

"Don't do it!" Shorty commanded. "I want to get him alive!"

The next second, Holt had something else to think about. The white plane had banked, and was now snarling towards him like an avenging sky god. The tri-motored ship seemed to have taken on new life, and Shorty decided that a different pilot must have taken over the controls. By this time, he knew there were several men in that big cabin. His heart went cold, as he wondered if by any chance this new pilot might be Jack Woods!

"Oh, hell, what a mess this is!" Shorty told himself. "Now what'll I do?"

With a flashing zoom, a side-slip, then a reckless nose-dive, the big ship was flitting about the sky like a shadow. Desperately, Holt tried to focus his sights and get a burst through the smuggler's vitals. No use. Twice he almost accomplished it, but each time the smuggler slipped aside.

Suddenly a perfect spider-web of slugs and tracer bullets swept across his cockpit. His flying coat turned into tatters, and part of it floated away in the back-wash. By some miracle Holt escaped serious injury. Blood streaked down his face, and something burned like fire along his right shoulder. With a grin, he dropped off into a side-slip, leveled, then went into a nose dive. Must be the World War was on again!

Coming up in a zooming loop, he spied the silver belly of the hated smuggler through his ring sights. For a long moment he stood the straining two-seater squarely on her tail, and with squinted eyes sent a burst of slugs directly upward.

"Take that for luck!" he muttered soberly.

As the nose of the Falcon eased down, Shorty's trained ear caught a strange in the roar of his engine. A glance at his tachometer showed 1,500 revolutions. He knew it should be around 1,900 at least. Missing! Must be that last burst of bullets from the smuggler had damaged a cylinder.

Shorty Holt's heart missed a beat as he realized what that meant. Plenty of pep to keep going in a horizontal position, but no extra power to do stunts with. It would be just a matter of time, when the other bird shot him out of his seat. And there



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was poor old Gorman disabled and almost helpless in the rear cockpit. He'd have to tell him the bad news.

"Hello, big boy," he called through the phone. "You better climb over the side an' take a ride in your 'chute. I got a busted cylinder; won't have a ghost of a show now—"

The two adventurers met each other's eyes for a second. Then Shorty saw his pal painfully easing himself over the fuselage. He steadied the plane for a moment, then saw a huddled figure slide out into the atmosphere.

Then as Shorty glanced upward, his eyes widened in amazement. A great cloud of smoke was surging from the vitals of the big smuggler ship. "Glory be!" Holt cried. "Must be I got him with that last burst—"

Shorty's voice ended with a gasp. A bomb dropped from the sky, and the two-seater's Wasp engine revved into a scream—his propeller was gone! With an oath, Holt shut off the useless power. Blinking his eyes clear of the flying debris, he glanced furtively upward again. The big smuggler had become unmanageable, and was plunging earthward in a helpless tail-spin!

His own plane had been pointed upward, and had not yet lost its momentum. Would he clear those threatening wings of the wrecked smuggler? With held breath, Holt waited for the expected collision. He was helpless to avoid it.

A tremor ran through the riddled body of the Falcon, and instinctively Holt glanced over the edge of the cowl. Just as he had feared, his landing wheels and their supports were being carried away in a shapeless mass upon the broad wing of the plunging smuggler. Now he was crippled for fair!

Nervously, Holt kicked at the rudder bars, wiggled the stick. Useless, the Falcon was now in a nose-spin, and a few feet below him he could see the smuggler pilot's haggard face looking upward through the open window. It was no one that he had ever seen before. But Shorty had but little consolation out of that discovery. He was bound to crash now. No landing wheels, and no power! Of course he could use the parachute, but how the inspectors at the Southern Texas Airport would razz him, if he did.

Holt peered calculating earthward. He estimated there might be 5,000 feet of space between the Falcon and the desert floor. Both ships were dropping like plummets. Well, he might as well jump. Useless to wait any longer.

Shorty mechanically tightened his 'chute harness. A shoulder strap was hanging loose! Hastily he tried another buckle. That was loose too. With frightened eyes he jerked the chute-pack around where he could inspect it. The silken bundle was riddled with bullet holes! Disgustedly he unfastened the remaining straps and tossed the useless thing over the cowl. He was done!

Just then, a shadow darted alongside. With one grey wing-tip almost touching the broken propeller stubs of the doomed Falcon, the old hermit leaned down from his cockpit, and Holt glimpsed something dangling from the smuggler's hand. The roar of the grey plane's engine suddenly ceased, and Holt heard above the shrilling of wings and wires, a hoarse shout.

Instinctively, Shorty Holt threw out his good hand, and clutched at the hurled missile, even as a drowning man grabs at a log. A parachute pack!

But even as he realized his good fortune,

Holt felt the Falcon, shiver. In a second he realized the awful truth. The hermit had ventured too close; the two ships were tangled! In a moment, both ships were hopelessly locked, and spinning to sure destruction.

Each second now, Holt expected to see the familiar figure of the old man leaping from his cockpit. With nervous fingers, he adjusted his own 'chute harness, then leaped blindly into the screaming atmosphere. He felt himself turning end over end, then he twitched the rip-cord, and soon the big umbrella was bellying in the wind and holding him back.

With a sigh of relief, Shorty glanced about him. A few feet to one side, and perhaps 200 feet below him, he spied the Falcon and the old grey ship, a huddled, tangled mass swirling earthward, with the hermit still playing with his controls. Why didn't th' fool jump?

Another sharp glance, and Lieutenant Holt's face froze in horror. The old man had no parachute harness over his shoulders! "My God!" Shorty gasped. "He gave his chute to me!"

For a long moment, Lieutenant Holt started with terror stricken eyes, then he turned his face. Each second brought the deadly earth nearer now. Grey sand, patches of mesquite, prickly cacti. Holt could see it in his mind. Then came a crash, and he knew the big silver-colored outlaw had crashed first. He saw a surge of black smoke, then a flash of red. Then came another crash. But Holt didn't look. His heart felt like lead; his throat was tight and choking.

Finally, as Holt's feet touched the ground, he shrugged quickly from the harness and broke into a run. He wasn't interested in the silver plane, not now, but the other.

From the midst of shattered fuselage and bent wires, he uncovered a grimy hand, then oil-shot coveralls came to view, and a ragged flying coat. Frantically he brushed aside more debris, and met the familiar blinking eyes. But the face looked different now. The long white whiskers had been torn off, along with the disfiguring goggles. Holt bent lower with a surprised exclamation.

"My God! Jack! . . . You in that disguise? And you threw away your life to save mine . . . !"

A faint smile flickered to the dying man's face. He panted for breath. It came in short gasps now as he fumbled for his old pal's hand. "Listen," he whispered huskily. "I've been what they call a bad egg. I couldn't get work. . . . The Government turned me down. . . . So I took this. It paid good money—" he caught his breath, then went on:

"Didn't know you were on the patrol, Shorty, til that day you searched my bus. Yuh see, th' big ship carried the booze. I carried the snow, an' acted as sort of decoy when the inspectors got too thick. . . . Look in the right hand barrel of that old shotgun. Yeah, I fooled yuh, same's all th' rest of 'em. Too bad yuh persisted in chasin' the Silver Wren—that's what I called her—this was goin' to be my last trip, Shorty. Then I was goin' on th' straight. . . . Yeah, got a little gal waitin' over in New Mexico fer me. . . . God, its gettin' dark. . . . Must be n-i-g-h—"

Shorty brushed the tears away from his eyes. Absently he picked up the rusty shotgun. One barrel full to the muzzle, but he knew it wasn't powder and shot.

"Poor ol' Jack," he muttered. "An' that little gal waitin' for him. Waiting for a white man gone west."

THE GAZETTE

Total Strength Marine Corps on June 30	17,260
COMMISSIONED AND WARRANT —June 30	1,163
Separations during July	5
Appointments during July	1,158
Total Strength on July 31	1,210
ENLISTED —Total Strength on June 30	16,097
Separations during July	356
Joinings during July	15,741
Total Strength on July 31	348
Total Strength Marine Corps on July 31	16,089
	17,299

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS COMMISSIONED

Maj. Gen. John H. Russell, The Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. L. McCarty Little, Assistant to the Major General Commandant.
Brig. Gen. David D. Porter, The Adjutant and Inspector.
Brig. Gen. Hugh Matthews, The Quartermaster.
Brig. Gen. George Richards, The Paymaster.

Officers last commissioned in the grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.
Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.
Col. John Marston.
Lt. Col. Clifton B. Cates.
Maj. Prentice S. Geer.
Capt. William E. Burke.
1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen.

Officers last to make numbers in grades indicated:

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman.
Brig. Gen. James T. Buttrick.
Col. Julian C. Smith.
Lt.-Col. Alfred H. Noble.
Maj. Julian P. Brown.
Capt. Thomas C. Perrin.
1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen.

MARINE CORPS CHANGES

JULY 16, 1935.

Col. Frank E. Evans, about 25 Aug., detached MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to OIC, Southern Rectg. Div., New Orleans, La.

Maj. Chester L. Gawne, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Lincoln," due to arrive San Francisco 17 Sept., 1935.

Maj. Donald Curtis, about 1 Aug., detached Office of Judge Advocate General, Navy Dept., Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Maj. George F. Adams, detailed an Assistant Paymaster.

Maj. Clifton B. Cates, about 26 Aug., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Richard Livingston, detached MB, NAS, Sunnyvale, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Capt. Evans F. Carlson, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Wilson," due to arrive San Francisco, Calif., 20 Aug., 1935.

Capt. Lloyd R. Pugh, detached MD, AL, Peiping, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Wilson," due to arrive San Francisco, Calif., 20 Aug., 1935.

Capt. Joseph M. Swinnerton, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to Dept. of Pacific, via SS "President Wilson," due to arrive San Francisco, Calif., 20 Aug., 1935.

Capt. William F. Kelly, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay 2 months enroute.

1st Lt. John S. Letcher, on 29 July, detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Field Artillery School, Fort Sill, Okla. Authorized to delay in reporting at that school until 26 Aug.

1st Lt. Arthur W. Ellis, on 1 Aug., detached MB, Wash., D. C., to Office of Judge Advocate General, Navy Dept.

(Continued on page 72)

THE U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

JULY 1, 1935.

Cpl. Sterling J. Crabtree—FMF to MB, Quantico.

FM. Sgt. Vernice S. Calvert—Norfolk to Quantico.

JULY 3, 1935.

Cpl. Martin H. Grohowski—Cuba to Dover.

1st Sgt. James J. Jordan—NYd, Washington to MB, Washington.

Gy-Sgt. Walter F. Kroup, MCRP&TD to FMF.

Cpl. Norman R. Clark—MCRP&TD to FMF.

Cpl. Vernon J. Wyrick—MCRP&TD to FMF.

Sgt. Fred O. P. Seyfert—Newport to Pensacola.

JULY 5, 1935.

Cpl. Junior B. Broadus—PI to Pensacola.

Cpl. Woodrow W. Gordon—XXX Portsmouth, N. H., to Quantico.

JULY 6, 1935.

Cpl. Earle E. Gould—FMF to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. Eugene A. Kight—Quantico to Charleston, S. C.

Cpl. John H. Faggard—FMF to Asiatic.

Cpl. John A. Dulaney—FMF to So. Charleston.

JULY 8, 1935.

Cpl. John C. Nix—Quantico to Norfolk Sea School.

Sgt. Kenneth L. Thomson—WC to New York.

Cpl. Luke M. Henderson—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Cpl. Gerald D. Peirce—MB, Washington to Pensacola.

JULY 9, 1935.

Cpl. Chas. M. O'Malley—Norfolk to MB, Washington, D. C.

Gy-Sgt. Louis Rossich—Quantico to Portsmouth, N. H.

Sgt. James W. Burnworth—WC to Norfolk for recruiting.

Sgt. James P. Evans—WC to Norfolk for recruiting.

Sgt. Carl H. Glaser—WC to Norfolk for recruiting.

Sgt. Milligan G. Hereford—WC to Norfolk for recruiting.

Sgt. Oliver W. Ostmeier—WC to Norfolk for recruiting.

JULY 10, 1935.

Cpl. John Mihaylo—Pearl Harbor to Philadelphia.

JULY 11, 1935.

Cpl. Leon J. Baker—Pensacola to Quantico.

Sgt. Wade H. Lee—Norfolk to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. John A. Witt—NYd, Washington, D. C. to Coco Solo.

JULY 12, 1935.

Sgt. Michael T. Harbrook—FMF, Quantico to NOB, Norfolk.

JULY 15, 1935.

Sgt. Max W. Craig—FMF, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

1st Sgt. Geo. Nelson—Shanghai to East Coast.

Cpl. Casper B. Plotrowski—FMF to Iona Island.

Sgt. Oliver P. Hagerty—NYd, Washington, D. C., to Lakehurst.

(Continued on page 73)

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

DALTON, James Pierpont, 7-30-35, New York for Portsmouth, N. H.

RITTER, Harry W., 7-30-35, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.

HEARN, Benjamin F., Jr., 7-29-35, New Orleans for So. Rectg. Div., New Orleans.

HEAD, Joseph E., 7-30-35, Quantico for Quantico.

MADEY, Joseph H., 7-29-35, Philadelphia for APM, Philadelphia.

THOMAS, Joseph J., 7-24-35, San Diego for San Diego.

BAUGHMAN, Stewart Lewis, 7-29-35, Quantico for Quantico.

COB, John Otis, 7-24-35, Parris Island for Philadelphia.

HARRIS, Waldo, 7-29-35, Quantico for Quantico.

ROSS, Lorenzo D., 7-17-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.

WILLIAMS, Frank H., 7-28-35, Quantico for Quantico.

DAHL, Thomas, 7-26-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

LATUSKIEWICZ, Klemens J., 7-27-35, Wash., D. C. for Hqrs. USMC, Wash., D. C.

PATRICK, John W., 7-26-35, Washington, D. C. for Guantanamo Bay.

BROOK, Stanley E., 7-21-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.

HODGES, William R., 7-24-35, USRS, San Francisco for USRS, San Francisco.

OGDEN, Denzil H., 7-20-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.

SANTMYER, Wilson R., 7-22-35, Pt. Angeles, Wash. for U.S.S. "Chester."

THOMAS, Harold Jennings, 7-23-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.

WALL, William C., 7-27-35, Gt. Lakes for Philadelphia.

KNIGHT, Roy A., 7-26-35, Pittsburgh for Iona Island.

DUNNING, Mort, 7-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.

GEORGE, Ralph E., 7-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.

REEDY, Leo J., 7-25-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

WILLIAMS, Andrew J., 7-23-35, New Orleans for Pensacola.

BARTOSZEK, Victor J., 7-25-35, Quantico for Quantico.

BROADUS, Junior Burge, 7-23-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.

PETERSON, William C., 7-18-35, San Diego for San Diego.

SMITH, John S., 7-25-35, Charleston, S. C. for Charleston, S. C.

STANCELL, James A., 7-25-35, Washington, D. C. for Marine Band, Wash., D. C.

WHITE, William, 7-25-35, Quantico for Quantico.

YASI, William, 7-24-35, Boston for Boston.

McGRAW, Robert E., 7-22-35, Savannah for Cavite.

HOLMES, James, 7-23-35, Indian Head for Indian Head.

RUSSELL, John W., 7-24-35, Portsmouth, N. H. for Portsmouth, N. H.

WITT, John A., 7-25-35, MBNYd, Washington, D. C. for Coco Solo.

LEVKULICH, John, 7-23-35, Pittsburgh for New York.

SULLIVAN, William J., 7-21-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

(Continued on page 73)

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U. S. MARINE CORPS CHANGES

(Continued from page 71)

2nd Lt. Robert L. Denig, Jr., detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay 2 months enroute.

Ch.QM.Clk. Willis V. Harris, about 5 Aug., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Parris Island, S. C., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Diego, 6 August.

Ch.Mar.Gnr. Robert C. Allan, on 1 Aug., detached MD, NP, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Mar. Gnr. Chester A. Davis, detached 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, to MB, NYd, Cavite, P. I.

JULY 18, 1935.
Col. Russell B. Putnam, APM, about 10 Sept., detached Office APM, Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Maj. Merritt B. Curtis, APM, about 1 Sept., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Office APM, Hdqrs., Dept. of Pacific, San Francisco, Calif.

Maj. George F. Adams, APM, on 14 Aug., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

1st Lt. Jefferson G. Dreyspring, orders to MB, Quantico, Va., modified, on arrival New York, N. Y., ordered to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C. Authorized to delay in reporting NYd, Charleston, until 20 Aug. Ch. Mar. Gnr. John F. Evans, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NYd, Charleston, S. C., via USS "Henderson," sailing San Diego, 6 Aug., 1935.

The following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 15 July, 1935, to rank from dates shown opposite their names:

Capt. Arthur T. Mason, 2 June, 1935.
1st Lt. Samuel D. Puller, 9 March, 1935, No. 3.

1st Lt. Roger W. Beadle, 12 May, 1935.
1st Lt. Robert L. Denig, Jr., 2 June, 1935, No. 2.

1st Lt. Howard J. Turton, 2 June, 1935, No. 4.

1st Lt. Walter Asmuth, Jr., 2 June, 1935, No. 6.

1st Lt. George N. Carroll, 2 June, 1935, No. 15.

1st Lt. James C. Bigler, 2 June, 1935, No. 16.

1st Lt. Hector deZayas, 2 June, 1935, No. 21.

JULY 22, 1935.
Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle, detail as Assistant Paymaster revoked.

Capt. Mural Corbett, about 15 Aug., detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Army Industrial College, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Hal N. Potter, detached MB, NS, Guam, to MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

1st Lt. Joseph D. Humphrey, on reporting Dept. of Pacific, assigned duty MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

2nd Lt. William K. Enright, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, NTS, Newport, R. I. Authorized delay 1 month enroute.

2nd Lt. Robert O. Bowen, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to MB, SB, New London, Conn. Authorized delay 1 month enroute.

The following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 17 July, 1935, to rank from the dates indicated:

Col. Paul A. Capron, 30 June, 1935, No. 1.

Col. John Potts, 30 June, 1935, No. 2.

Col. Edward A. Ostermann, 30 June, 1935, No. 3.

Col. John Marston, 30 June, 1935, No. 4.

Lt. Col. David L. S. Brewster, 1 June, 1935.

Lt. Col. Harold S. Fassett, 30 June, 1935, No. 1.

Lt. Col. James T. Moore, 30 June, 1935, No. 2.

Lt. Col. Thomas E. Bourke, 30 June, 1935, No. 4.

Lt. Col. LeRoy P. Hunt, 30 June, 1935, No. 5.

Maj. David R. Nimmer, 29 May, 1934, No. 60.

Maj. Gus L. Gloeckner, 30 June, 1935, No. 1.

Maj. Harold D. Shannon, 30 June, 1935, No. 4.

Maj. Prentice S. Geer, 30 June, 1935, No. 5.

Capt. Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr., 30 June, 1935, No. 1.

Capt. Caleb T. Bailey, 30 June, 1935, No. 2.

Capt. John D. Muncie, 30 June, 1935, No. 5.

Capt. William E. Burke, 1 July, 1935, No. 2.

JULY 29, 1935.
Maj. Herbert Hardy, about 17 Aug., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to NROTC Unit, University of California, Berkeley, Calif.

Maj. George F. Stockes, AQM, detached Dept. of Pacific to Army Industrial College, Wash., D. C.

Capt. Gustav F. Bloedel, AQM, on 1 Aug., detached Depot of Supplies, Phila., and ordered home to await retirement.

Capt. William C. Hall, APM, detailed an Assistant Paymaster, effective 15 Oct., 1935.

Capt. William Ulrich, about 23 Aug., detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Fleet Machine Gun School, USS "Utah."

Capt. William H. Doyle, on 31 July, 1935, detached MD, USS "Tuscaloosa," to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Francis M. Wulbern, about 25 Aug., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MD USS "Tuscaloosa."

Capt. William R. Hughes, about 25 Aug., detached MB, SB, New London, Conn., to Aircraft 1, FMF, MB, Quantico, Va.

1st Lt. Raymond A. Anderson, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, Quantico, Va., via "Henderson," sailing San Diego, 6 Aug.

1st Lt. Floyd A. Stephenson, on 2 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk, Va., on 10 Sept. Authorized delay enroute NOB, Norfolk, until 9 Sept.

1st Lt. Hartnoll J. Withers, orders to MD DP RS NOB, Norfolk, Va., revoked. On 17 Aug., detached USS "Chicago" to Tank Course, Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga.

1st Lt. Charles G. Wadbrook, detached FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to MB, NOB, Norfolk, Va.

Pay Clk. Ernest M. Jones, on acceptance of appointment as Pay Clerk, assigned to duty at MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

AUGUST 1, 1935.

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Lyman, on 1 Sept., 1935, relieved from duty as CG, FMF, will continue as CG, MB, Quantico, Va.

Br. Gen. Douglas C. McDougal, on 1 Sept., 1935, assigned to duty at CG, FMF, with additional duties as CG, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

Col. Robert L. Denig, on 1 Sept., 1935, relieved from duty with FMF, and assigned to duty MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. Emile P. Moses, on 10 Aug., 1935, detached MB, Wash., D. C., to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for duty as Chief of Staff, FMF.

Col. Frederick A. Barker, on or about 10 Sept., 1935, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MB, Wash., D. C., for duty as Commanding Officer.

Col. James J. Meade, on 26 Aug., 1935, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to MB, Quantico, Va. On 1 Sept., 1935, assigned to duty as Commanding Officer of all units of FMF, at MB, Quantico, Va.

Col. Henry M. Manney, about 27 Sept., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C.

Lt. Col. Randolph Coyle, detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., about 15 Aug., to Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Oregon.

Maj. Thad T. Taylor, detached MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif., to Recruiting District of San Francisco, San Francisco, Calif.

Capt. Howard N. Stent, about 30 Aug., detached Recruiting District of Portland, Portland, Ore., to MB, Puget Sound NYd, Bremerton, Wash.

Capt. Gustav F. Bloedel, retired as of 1 October, 1935.

1st Lt. Andrew J. Mathieson, on 10 Aug., detached MB, Puget Sound, NYd, Bremerton, Wash., to Fleet Machine Gun School, USS "Utah."

AUGUST 5, 1935.

Col. Edward W. Banker, AQM, on or about 10 Sept., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 1 October.

Lt. Col. Miles R. Thacher, on 10 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 1 Sept.

Lt. Col. Lloyd L. Leech, on 10 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 1 Sept.

Maj. Henry D. Linscott, on 10 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 1 Sept.

Capt. Raymond P. Coffman, on 10 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 1 Sept.

Capt. Christian F. Schlitt, on 10 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 1 Sept.

Lt. Col. Karl I. Buse, on 5 Aug., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to Army War College, Fort Humphries, D. C. Authorized to delay in reporting at Army War College until 26 Aug.

Maj. Charles I. Murray, on or about 5 Sept., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 20 Sept.

Maj. Lucian W. Burnham, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as Inspector-Instructor, 10th Battalion, FMCR, New Orleans, La. Authorized to delay in reporting at New Orleans until 7 Sept.

Capt. Paul A. Lesser, about 24 Aug., detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via SS "President Monroe," sailing Los Angeles 26 Aug.

Capt. Sherman L. Zea, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MD, NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

Maj. Francis E. Pierce, on 1 Sept., assigned to duty with FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.

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Capt. Gregon A. Williams, on or about 5 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego Calif., via USS "Nitro," sailing Norfolk, Va., 10 Aug.

Capt. James D. Colomy, orders to MB, Puget Sound NYd, modified, assigned to duty MB, NYd, Mare Island, Calif.

Following-named officers were promoted to the grades indicated, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on 26 July, 1935, with rank from the dates shown opposite their names:

Lt. Col. Clifton B. Cates, 1 July, 1935.
Capt. Clarence J. Chappell, Jr., 30 June, 1935, No. 4.
1st Lt. Frederick B. Winfree, 9 March, 1935, No. 2.
1st Lt. Ernest R. West, 29 March, 1935.
1st Lt. Robert R. Porter, 2 June, 1935, No. 1.
1st Lt. Marvin T. Starr, 2 June, 1935, No. 8.
1st Lt. Julian G. Humiston, 2 June, 1935, No. 10.
1st Lt. William K. Enright, 2 June, 1935, No. 11.
1st Lt. Harvey C. Tschirgi, 2 June, 1935, No. 12.
1st Lt. Paul J. Shovelstul, 2 June, 1935, No. 18.
1st Lt. Cleo R. Keen, 2 June, 1935, No. 22.

AUGUST 8, 1935.
Lt. Col. Oscar R. Cauldwell, on or about 10 Aug., detached MF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego Calif. Authorized to delay 1 month in reporting NOB, San Diego.

Maj. Thomas P. Cheatham, on 20 Aug., detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Recruiting District of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Lt. Col. Thomas E. Bourke, on 12 Aug., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to Army War College. Authorized to delay in reporting at Army War College, until 26 Aug.

Major William B. Croka, about 1 Sept., detached Rectg. District of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pa., to MB, NS, Guam, via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk on 10 Sept.

Maj. Evans O. Ames, about 15 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay 1 month in reporting at NOB, San Diego.

Capt. Leo Sullivan, APM, on 5 Sept., detached Hdqrs., Marine Corps, Wash., D. C., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay in reporting at NOB, San Diego, until 20 Sept.

Capt. William W. Paca, about 15 Aug., detached MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to USS MB, NYd, Pearl Harbor, T. H., via USS "Henderson," sailing Norfolk, Va., on 10 Sept., and SS "President Polk," sailing Los Angeles, Calif., on 7 Oct.

Capt. Eugene F. C. Collier, on or about 20 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay 26 days in reporting at NOB, San Diego.

Capt. Stuart W. King, on or about 16 Aug., detached FMF, MB, Quantico, Va., to FMF, MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to delay 1 month in reporting at NOB, San Diego.

Capt. George R. Rowan, about 10 Sept., detached Recruiting District of New Orleans, New Orleans, La., to 4th Marines, Shanghai, China, via USS "Henderson," sailing San Pedro, Calif., on 5 Oct. Authorized to delay enroute San Pedro until 4 Oct.

Capt. Lester A. Dessez, when directed by Naval Attache, Paris, France, assigned to Ecole de Guerre, Paris.

1st Lt. Manley L. Curry, about 25 Sept., assigned to Ecole d'Application d'Artillerie of French Army at Fontainebleau, France.

1st Lt. Albert F. Moe, on 12 Aug., detached MB, NYd, Boston, Mass., to MB, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H.

1st Lt. Edward A. Robbins, about 7 Sept., relieved duty with 10th Bn., FMCR, New Orleans, to Rectg. Dist., New Orleans, New Orleans, La.

U. S. MARINE CORPS ENLISTED

(Continued from page 71)

JULY 16, 1935.
Cpl. John H. Baldwin—USS "New Mexico" to San Diego.

Cpl. Wm. C. Mikel—FMF, San Diego to Charleston, S. C.


JULY 17, 1935.

Gy-Sgt. Manny Bernam—New London to Asiatic.

Cpl. Frank C. Grote—Ft. Mifflin to New York.


JULY 18, 1935.

Sgt. Thos. M. Bradley—USS "Taylor" to FMF, Quantico.



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Cpl. James E. Dickerson—USS "Taylor" to San Diego.

Cpl. Walter F. Chandler—NOB, Norfolk to Sea School.

Gy-Sgt. James F. North—WC to Asiatic.

Sgt. Jos E. Head—FMF to Recruiting, Baltimore.

JULY 19, 1935.
Cpl. Wm. Gordon—"Reina Mercedes" to Philadelphia.

JULY 20, 1935.
Cpl. Woodrow W. Gordon—FMF to MB, Quantico.

Sgt. Fred Harrison—FMF, San Diego to FMF, Quantico.

Sgt. Theo. M. Stephenson—Annapolis to Recruiting, Washington, D. C.

Gy-Sgt. Wm. Nelson—Quantico to Peiping.

JULY 22, 1935.

Cpl. Wm. J. Shaw—East Coast to USS "New York."

Sgt. Fred Harrison—FMF, San Diego to FMF, Quantico.

Cpl. Herbert L. Frazier—Newport to Quantico.

Cpl. Willie L. Wages—PI to Pensacola.

Sgt. John R. Howard—Cuba to Indian Head.

JULY 23, 1935.

Cpl. Ernest E. Jones—PI to Sea School.

Sgt. Daniel J. McNeil—Norfolk to Charleston, S. C.

JULY 25, 1935.

Gy-Sgt. John C. Miller—Oahu to East Coast.

Cpl. Nick Citrini—Portsmouth to Iowa Island.

JULY 26, 1935.

Cpl. Charlie J. Wertman—Quantico to Peiping.

JULY 27, 1935.

Sgt. Harvey B. Carden—WC to Philadelphia.

JULY 29, 1935.

Cpl. Glenn LeR. Kemp—NTS to MB, Newport.

Cpl. Wellington J. Clagg—WC to Hingham.

Cpl. Maynard Jordan—Norfolk to Guantanamo.

Cpl. Edward Bourquin—New York to San Diego.

Cpl. Clyde I. Wheeler—FMF to PI.

JULY 30, 1935.

Cpl. James A. Holder—WC to PI.

Sgt. Lionel E. Simmons—Sunnyvale to FMF, San Diego.

Cpl. Willis R. Singletary—PI to Quantico.

Gy-Sgt. James Courtney—FMF to Asiatic.

Sgt. Wilfred E. Bassett—FMF to Asiatic.

JULY 31, 1935.

Cpl. Ernest L. Wood—FMF, Quantico to FMF, San Diego.

RECENT REENLISTMENTS

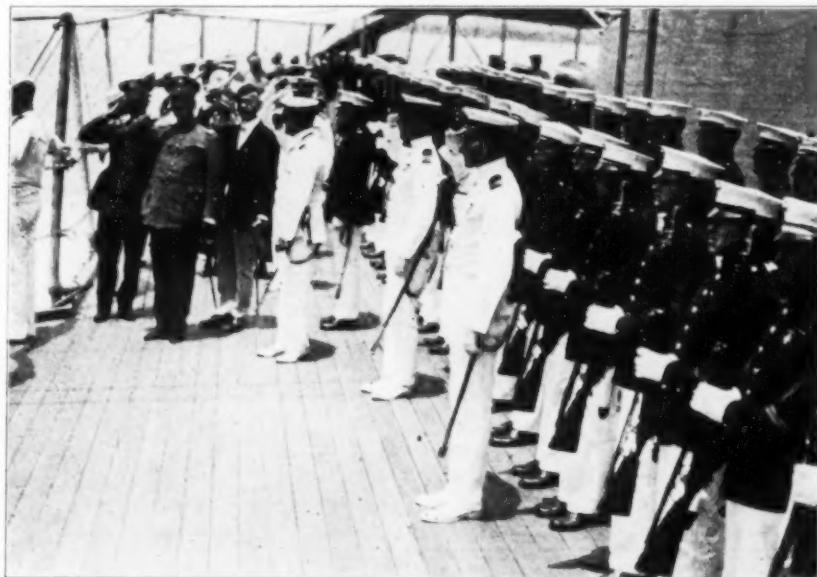
(Continued from page 71)

BUTT, Charles R., 7-22-23, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.

COOK, Joseph W., 7-22-35, Quantico for Quantico.

MUSACHIA, Seraphine G., 7-21-35, Norfolk for Norfolk.

GADDIS, Earl L., 7-20-35, Washington, D. C., for Hqrs., USMC, Wash., D. C.



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WRENN, Roy A., 7-20-35, Washington, D. C. for Norfolk.
CAMPBELL, Donald R., 7-20-35, Quantico for Quantico.
GAGYI, Alexander, 7-15-35, San Diego for San Diego.
PIERCE, Gerald D., 7-22-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.
RICHARDS, Alfred, Jr., 7-16-35, San Diego for San Diego.
WRIGHT, Claude, 6-19-35, Tutuila, Samoa for Tutuila, Samoa.
GRUBAUGH, David A., 7-19-35, Baltimore for Quantico.
ABBOTT, William H., 7-17-35, New Orleans for Quantico.
JOHNSON, Ellis J., 7-19-35, Quantico for Quantico.
GREEN, William J., 7-18-35, New York for Quantico.
BITTER, Peter, Jr., 7-18-35, Wakefield for Wakefield, Mass.
DENTON, John H., 7-18-35, Quantico for Quantico.
GOULD, George H., 7-18-35, Mare Island for Boston.
LITTLE, Arthur L., 7-13-35, Mare Island for Charleston, S. C.
MORGAN, Augustus G., 7-12-35, San Diego for San Diego.
TURNER, Guy F., 7-18-35, Quantico for Quantico.
WRIGHT, Edward, 7-12-35, San Diego for FME, San Diego.
BEASLEY, Herbert D., 7-15-35, Savannah for Charleston, S. C.
BRANNON, Clyde T., 7-17-35, Yorktown for Yorktown, Va.
WALTER, Joseph, 7-17-35, Quantico for Quantico.
BLOSSER, Harold D., 7-14-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.
PADGETT, Delmar H., 7-12-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
UHLMAN, Alban H., 7-10-35, U.S.S. "Taylor" for U.S.S. "Taylor."
COSS, Orville L., 7-15-35, Pittsburgh for Quantico.
DEARING, Charles B., 7-16-35, Washington, D. C. for Hqrs., USMC., Wash., D. C.
BOSTON, Howard C., 7-11-35, Los Angeles for San Diego.
GENTRY, Harvey C. V., 7-11-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
MERRICK, John, 7-15-35, Portsmouth, Va. for Portsmouth, Va.
POTTS, John M., 7-15-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.
FILKOSKY, Louis P., 7-13-35, Pittsburgh for So. Charleston, W. Virginia.
IVEY, Adam P., 7-11-35, Savannah for Parris Island.
KELLEHER, Joseph A., 7-7-35, Mare Island for Mare Island.
STECKI, Eugene, 7-11-35, Chicago for Quantico.
FERRIGNO, William G., 7-5-35, Mare Island for Hingham, Mass.
GILBERT, Samuel G., 7-7-35, Guantanamo Bay for Guantanamo Bay.
NOONAN, Arthur J., 7-11-35, New York for New York.
WADE, Robert L., 7-10-35, Portsmouth, Va. for Portsmouth, Va.
KNOWLES, Lewis E., 7-9-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.
LARIMORE, Corey E., 7-9-35, Wash., D. C. for Hqrs., USMC., Wash., D. C.
HARRIS, David E., 7-3-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.
HIGUERA, Philip R., 7-10-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.
MURRAY, David H., 7-9-35, Charleston, S. C. for Charleston, S. C.
ONTJES, Fred, 7-9-35, Lakehurst for Lakehurst.
PFEIFFER, William F., 7-9-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for Marine Band, Wash., D. C.
LANDRY, Frederick A., 7-7-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
STRINGER, Roy J., 7-7-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
MAGEE, Paul E., 7-8-35, Dover, N. J. for Dover, N. J.
O'BRIEN, John W., 7-5-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
MILLER, Lewis C., 7-1-35, San Francisco for Mare Island.

VROOMAN, Albert L., 7-1-35, Los Angeles for San Diego.
WOOD, Lyle B., 6-29-35, San Francisco for San Diego.
ZENMAN, Frank F., 7-2-35, San Francisco for Mare Island.
FLATTERY, John E., 6-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.
HILL, Lloyd M., 7-1-35, San Diego for San Diego.
KANE, James A., 7-6-35, Quantico for Quantico.
PORTERFIELD, James G., 7-1-35, Bremerton for Bremerton.
SALWACH, Henry M., 7-1-35, Mare Island for Boston.
EDWARDS, Eric W., 7-5-35, Quantico for Quantico.
KINSMAN, William R., 7-5-35, Quantico for Quantico.
MILLER, Lloyd M., 7-5-35, Norfolk for Norfolk.
SMITH, Arthur L., 7-4-35, Quantico for Quantico.
BAILEY, Ralph E., 7-5-35, MB, Washington, D. C. for MB, Washington, D. C.
FARISS, Robert L., 6-29-35, Mare Island for Philadelphia.
HICKS, Carl, 6-29-35, San Diego for San Diego.
MILLER, Lewis, 7-3-35, Portsmouth, N. H. for Portsmouth, N. H.
MITOFF, Simeon, 6-28-35, San Diego for San Diego.
SHUMAN, Manasseh H., Jr., 6-28-35, Parris Island for Parris Island.
OLDFATHER, Lester P., 7-4-35, Wash., D. C. for Hqrs., USMC., Wash., D. C.
DUNN, John J., 6-29-35, Savannah for Parris Island.
EAKER, Willie B., 6-29-35, Savannah for Quantico.
GRIFFITH, Motte V., 6-29-35, Savannah for Southern Recg. Division.
HARRIS, James J., 6-27-35, San Diego for San Diego.
MONTGOMERY, Ralph, 7-2-35, Wash., D. C. for Hqrs., USMC., Wash., D. C.
DAWDY, Ollie B., 6-25-35, San Diego for San Diego.
FENYKO, Andy, 7-1-35, Iona Island for Iona Island.
SMITH, John F., 7-1-35, Quantico for Quantico.
WILKINS, John H., 6-28-35, Guantanamo Bay for Guantanamo Bay.
REEVES, Tom P., 6-29-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
SECHKUS, John, 6-29-35, Philadelphia for Philadelphia.
HOFFMAN, Murrell J., 6-27-35, Savannah for Parris Island.
BEIN, Hardaway H., Jr., 5-31-35, Peiping for Peiping, China.
CAPONAU, Ivan M., 6-25-35, San Diego for San Diego.
CUMMINGS, Ivan, 6-3-35, Peiping for Peiping, China.
DAVIS, Robert W., 6-19-35, Pearl Harbor for Pearl Harbor.
HYLA, Frank, Jr., 5-26-35, Peiping for Peiping, China.
JOHNSON, Melville T., 6-23-35, San Diego for San Diego.
MOUZON, Wilbur L., 6-25-35, Sunnyvale for Sunnyvale.
WRIGHT, Johnalson E., 6-22-35, San Diego for San Diego.

TENTATIVE SAILINGS

Vessels of the
Naval Transportation Service
ANTARES—Will remain NOB Norfolk until further orders.
CHAUMONT—Leave Tsingtao 1 August; arrive Shanghai 2 August, leave 12 August; arrive Hongkong 14 August, leave 15 August; arrive Manila 17 August, leave 21 August; arrive Guam 27 August, leave 28 August; arrive Honolulu 3 September, leave 10 September; arrive San Francisco 17 September, leave 1 October; arrive San Pedro 3 October, leave 4 October; arrive San Diego 5 October, leave 7 October; arrive Canal Zone, 17 October, leave 19 October; arrive Guantanamo 22 October, leave 22 October; arrive Norfolk 26 October. Will depart Norfolk about 9 November for the West Coast.



THE LEATHERNECK

HENDERSON—Leave San Pedro 3 August; arrive San Diego 3 August, leave 6 August; arrive Canal Zone 17 August, leave 20 August; arrive Guantanamo 23 August, leave 23 August; arrive NOB Norfolk 27 August, leave 10 September; arrive Guantanamo* 14 September, leave 14 September; arrive Canal Zone 17 September, leave 20 September; arrive San Diego, 1 October, leave 2 October; arrive San Pedro 3 October, leave 5 October; arrive Mare Island, 7 October. Will depart Mare Island about 21 October for the Asiatic Station.

NITRO—Leave NOB Norfolk 10 August; arrive Guantanamo 14 August, leave 14 August; arrive Canal Zone 17 August, leave 20 August; arrive San Diego 30 August, leave 4 September; arrive San Pedro 5 September, leave 11 September; arrive Mare Island 13 September, leave 26 September; arrive Puget Sound 29 September, leave 7 October; arrive Mare Island 10 October, leave 19 October; arrive San Pedro 21 October, leave 24 October; arrive San Diego 25 October, leave 29 October, arrive Canal Zone 8 November, leave 11 November; arrive Guantanamo 14 November, leave 14 November; arrive NOB Norfolk 18 November.

RAMAPO—Under repairs at Mare Island. Date of completion indeterminate.

SALINAS—Leave Norfolk 14 August; arrive Port Arthur 22 August, leave 23 August; arrive Norfolk 31 August.

SIRIUS—Leave Seattle 26 July; arrive Dutch Harbor, St. Paul, St. George 31 July, leave 21 August; arrive Seattle 27 August, leave 3 September; arrive Puget Sound Yard 3 September.

VEGA—Leave Philadelphia 5 August; arrive New York 6 August, leave 10 August; arrive Boston 12 August, leave 17 August; arrive New York 19 August, leave 24 August; arrive Philadelphia 25 August, leave 29 August; arrive Norfolk 30 August. "Vega" will be under overhaul at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, from 9 September to 29 October.

DEATHS

Officers

LOHMILLER, Charles Joseph, Captain, USMC, retired, died July 16, 1935 of carcinoma of pancreas at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Ellen Lohmiller, wife, 103 Woods Road, West Medford, Mass.

McCAUGHTRY, Walter F., Captain, USMC, retired, died June 19, 1935 at Chambersburg, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Grace Hoffman, sister, 711 Romine Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

THALHEIMER, William F., Captain, USMC, retired, died July 5, 1935 of disease at Troy, N. Y. Next of kin: Mrs. W. F. Thalheimer, wife, 154 Ninth St., Troy, N. Y.

Enlisted Men

BOND, Exton, Pfc., died July 17, 1935 at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Next of kin: Archie Bond, father, Mole Hill, W. Va.

GRANAVICH, Frank E., Pvt., died July 24, 1935 of accidental drowning at Portsmouth, N. H. Next of kin: Frank Granavich, father, 1604 South Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HAGAR, Fred B., Cpl., died July 2, 1935 as result of motorcycle accident at Yuma, Arizona. Next of kin: Mr. Malcolm H. Hagar, father, General Delivery, Martin, Tenn.

HAMILTON, John W., Pvt., died July 29, 1935 as result of an accident at Quantico, Virginia. Next of kin: Mrs. Nellie Hamilton, mother, Route No. 4, Watseka, Ill.

RICE, Clarence R., Pfc., died July 26, 1935 as result of automobile accident at Sunnyvale, Calif. Next of kin: Mr. T. J. Rice, father, General Delivery, Depew, Okla.

STRINGFELLOW, LeRoy, Pvt., died July 23, 1935 of disease at Parris Island, S. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Annie Caushy, sister, Route No. 2, Kings Creek, S. C.

HAUG, Aksel H., Gy. Sgt., retired, died June 17, 1935 at Lansing, Iowa. Next of kin: Mrs. Bertha Haug, wife, Lansing, Iowa.

JOHNSON, Samuel, 1st Cl. musician, retired, died July 1, 1935 of disease at Washington, D. C. Next of kin: Mrs. Ann M. Bolton, daughter, 317 "E" St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

VON DER BRUCKE, Louis, Gy. Sgt., retired, died June 23, 1935 of disease at Philadelphia, Pa. Next of kin: Mrs. Marie S. Warren, administratrix, 869 North Preston St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PATTERSON, Frank B. Sgt., Class II
(b), FMCR, inactive, died July 3, 1935
at Washington, D. C. Next of kin:
Mrs. Esther Patterson, wife, 329 "H"
St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

HOLMGREN, Gordon R., Sgt., Class VI.
USMCR, inactive, died May 4, 1935 at
Minneapolis, Minn. Next of kin: Mrs.
Pearl Holmgren, mother, 406 East 32nd
St., Minneapolis, Minn.

GRADUATES OF THE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, MARINE CORPS SCHOOLS, FOR THE MONTH OF JULY, 1935

U. S. Marine Corps

HARTEL, Robert T., Sergeant, Noncom-
missioned Officer's Course.

STEWART, Robert C., Corporal, Noncom-
missioned Officers' Course.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—E. M. R.: A Good Conduct Medal and a Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal have been lost. Is it possible to obtain duplicates gratuitously or must they be purchased? In either case, what is the proper procedure to obtain duplicates?

Answer—Application for duplicate insignia should be made via official channels, stating how the medals were lost, etc. Duplicate insignia is furnished gratuitously to enlisted men in the service upon presentation of satisfactory evidence that the original was lost, destroyed or stolen through no fault of the owner.

TRANSFERRED TO RESERVES

QM. Sgt. Lee Brendt, Class II(d), July
31, 1935. Future address: 4316 Alabama
Avenue, San Diego, California.

Sgt. George A. Wilson, Class II(b),
July 31, 1935. Future address: 1204 Ma-
son Street, San Francisco, California.

Pfc. Paul H. Miller, Class II(b), FMCR,
July 15, 1935. Future address: Chicago,
Illinois.

Sgt. Charles Robinson, Class II(b), FM-
CR, August 15, 1935. Future address:
106 McKelley Avenue, Middletown, Ohio.

Cpl. William V. Hancock, Class II(d),
FMCR, August 15, 1935. Future address:
General Delivery, San Diego, California.

Sgt. Edward M. Schowe, Class II(b),
FMCR, August 31, 1935. Future address:
c/o Mrs. J. Sharlow, 361 Sherman Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.

RESERVE CHANGES

Appointments

2nd Lt. John E. Linch, Philadelphia,
Pa., with rank from 16 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. James D. O'Neal, Pensacola,
Fla., with rank from 1 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. Edwin C. Perry, Pensacola, Fla.,
with rank from 1 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. Logan D. Scott, Pensacola, Fla.,
with rank from 1 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. Michael Sampas, Pensacola, Fla.,
with rank from 1 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. Lewis C. Lindsey, Pensacola,
Fla., with rank from 1 July, 1935.

2nd Lt. Elliot A. Billings, Pensacola,
Fla., with rank from 1 July, 1935.

Promotions

Capt. William W. Stickney, Washington,
D. C., with rank from 16 July, 1935.

1st Lt. Lyle H. Meyer, with rank from
24 July, 1935.

Separations

Capt. Ralph E. Updike, discharged, July
23, 1935.

2nd Lt. George J. Burkhard, resigned,
July 30, 1935.

2nd Lt. Donald K. Mackay, resigned,
August 5, 1935.

PROMOTIONS

TO SERGEANT MAJOR:

William Paul

TO GUNNERY SERGEANT:

Charles C. Freeman

Tom J. Griffin

Curtis Goehring

TO STAFF SERGEANT:

Thomas F. Ford

TO SERGEANT, REGULAR WARRANT:

Milligan G. Hereford

Clifford G. Wulk

Martin H. Devore

John Madero

TO SERGEANT, SHIP AND TECHNICAL

WARRANT:

John M. Mayer

George Heindel

Chester E. Conary

Foy M. Howard

Ben T. Thomas, Jr.

Adam G. Hileman

Stewart L. Baughman

Daniel J. Nugent, Jr.

William C. Jones

Waldo Harris

Zachariah Brown

TO CORPORAL, REGULAR WARRANT:

Meade H. Wathen

James M. Crabtree

Roland E. Brandley

Chester E. Conary

Albert D. Gehres

TO CORPORAL, SHIP AND TECHNICAL

WARRANT:

Oscar J. German, Jr.

William A. Coleman

Raeford Williams

Harold J. Sargent

Charles S. Barker, Jr.

Robert L. Gray

Colon J. Gosney

Merle B. Johnson

Thomas Inman

Clarence M. Harper

John A. Redling

Randolph L. Guy

Thomas B. Riddick

Charles W. McCluskey

Paul M. Morton

Charles McD. Smith

Ira W. Walter, Jr.

Henry Kell

Kenneth Piper

Alfred N. Bisgard

Howard C. Frazer

Paul J. Hendricks

Harry S. Ferguson

Edwin M. Clements

Edward L. Kucharzyk

Allen W. Bulay, Jr.



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EDUCATIONAL BULLETIN JULY 1, 1935

New Diesel Engines Course

The development of the Diesel Type of internal combustion engine has been very rapid in the past few years. These engines have been perfected to burn the heavier fuel oils, and the resulting low cost of operation has increased their use in industry, in many instances supplanting steam and the conventional type of gas engine. Diesel engines have also found their way into sailing service, and experiments are being made with a view to adapting this engine for use in automobiles.

The new Diesel Engines course offered by the Marine Corps Institute gives a good understanding of the principles and construction of this type of engine, together with sufficient technical information to properly understand the principles of operation and maintenance. Both stationary and high speed types are covered. The texts have been completely revised, and are fully illustrated.

Graduates for the Month of June

1st Lt. William R. Hughes—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
1st Lt. Perry O. Parmelee—Airplane Maintenance.
2nd Lt. Henry T. Elrod—French.
2nd Lt. Harold I. Larson—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
2nd Lt. Marshall A. Tyler—Post Exchange Bookkeeping.
Sgt. Cletus K. Gibson—Complete Radio.
Cpl. Burton F. Osborne—Service Station Salesmanship.
Phm-3cl. Jesse C. Brown—Pharmacy.

Pfc. Frank H. Jones—Service Station Salesmanship.
Pfc. Raymond Potter—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Charles P. Anastasio—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Edgar Bates—Salesmanship.
Pvt. Frank E. Davis—Inspector of Customs.
Pvt. Milton M. Frankel—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. William J. Gill—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Charles A. Holmes—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. John T. Huff—Railway Postal Clerk and Clerk-Carrier.
Pvt. Lee A. Jenkins—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. Charles S. Kerr—Automobile Mechanics.
Pvt. Robert L. Kimball—Airplane Maintenance.
Pvt. Bert A. Knox—Service Station Salesmanship.
Pvt. Ernest C. Kramm—Good English.
Pvt. Albert T. Hall—Service Station Salesmanship.
Pvt. Ralph E. Hall—Air Conditioning.
Pvt. Clayton H. Kniley—Machine Shop Practice.
Pvt. Walter J. Lane, Jr.—Electric Illumination.
Pvt. Morris R. Marsh—Complete Radio.
Pvt. Clair W. Muffy—Aviation Engines.
Pvt. Anthony Parrish—Spanish.
Pvt. Leonard A. Pym—Aviation Mechanics.
Pvt. Paul G. Rose—Good English.
Pvt. Laverne M. Ruth—Radio Operating.
Pvt. Edward C. Smith—Selected Subjects (WI).

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 OLD ADDRESS _____
 NEW ADDRESS _____

Pvt. Lyle W. Smith—Airplane Maintenance.
 Pvt. Albert W. Somerford—Immigration Patrol Inspector.
 Pvt. Elmer C. Travis—Automobile Mechanics.

U. S. Marine Corps Institute Activity
 Total number students enrolled 4,417
 May 31, 1935 389
 Students enrolled during May, 1935 464
 Students enrolled during April, 1935 671
 Students disenrolled during May, 1935 5,103
 Lesson papers received during March, 1935 4,726
 Lesson papers received during April, 1935 3,800
 Lesson papers received during May, 1935 593,662
 Total lesson papers received since establishment 31
 Graduates during month of May 1935 6,658
 Graduates since establishment I. C. S. Diplomas awarded since establishment 6,422
 Graduates Post Exchange Book-keeping and Accounting 236

Classification
 Enlisted 3,514
 Commissioned 55
 Navy Enlisted 55
 Navy Commissioned 4
 Enlisted Fleet Marine Corps Reserve 768
 Commissioned Fleet Marine Corps Reserve 14
 Dependents 4,417
TOTAL 4,417

The Following Are Eligible for Enrollment
 Officers and enlisted men of the regular Marine Corps.
 Naval personnel serving with the Marine Corps.
 Personnel of the Marine Corps Reserve on active duty or attached to Fleet Marine Corps Reserve Companies, or serving with Fleet.
 Reserve Aviation Squadrons and Aviation Service Companies.
 Officers and enlisted on the retired list.
 Marine General Court-Martial prisoners.
 Dependents of Marines upon payment for textbooks used.

Headquarters Bulletin

ADVANCE INFORMATION

The purpose of advance information is not only to inform an officer of a contemplated change of station, but also to enable him to request:
 (a) Transportation for his dependents.
 (b) Any delay he may desire enroute to his new station.
 (c) To make known other personal considerations.
 In the past, officers have almost invariably waited until the receipt of their official change of station orders before furnishing the information indicated above and in most cases it has necessitated issuing a modification of their orders. Such requests should be submitted to the Major General Commandant immediately on receipt of advance information.

LANGUAGE STUDENTS

Due to lack of funds, it will not be practicable to assign a Marine Officer as Russian language student in Europe this year. The first student to be assigned to that detail will probably be ordered about September, 1936.

ROSTER FOR PROMOTION—GUNNERY SERGEANT

The following roster prepared by the Noncommissioned Officers' Promotion Board will be used in making promotions in the rank of gunnery sergeant:

Sergeant Eugene J. Ruiz—Ordinance.
Sergeant Oliver P. Turner—Ordinance.
Sergeant Robert E. L. Hearn—Ordinance.
Sergeant Oscar V. Bennett—Ordinance.
Sergeant Frank A. Vial—Ordinance.
Sergeant Charles E. Angus—Ordinance.
Sergeant Walter A. Flippo—Ordinance.
Sergeant Ernest F. Gore—Ordinance.
Sergeant Charles L. Wilkinson—Ordinance.
Sgt. Joseph G. Vogt—Maintenance.
Sergeant Samuel Clayton—Ordinance.
Sergeant William F. Codner—Ordinance.
Sergeant Milton C. Marvin—Ordinance.
Sergeant George Mace—Ordinance.
Sergeant Lincoln Smith—Ordinance.
Sergeant Lerrad D. Carter—Ordinance.
Sergeant Charles E. James—Ordinance.
Sergeant James G. Petrie—Ordinance.
Sergeant Alton O. Coppage—Ordinance.
Sgt. Richard M. Couch—Mechanical.

HIGH SCORE (Rifle)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a score of 330 or better over the rifle qualification course for the target year 1935 since publication of the May Bulletin:

Cpl. Edward V. Seeser 337
Capt. Merrill B. Twining 335
1st Lt. John D. Blanchard 334
Cpl. Richard B. McMahon 334
1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke 333
Sgt. Harold J. Thomas 333
Cpl. James C. Anderson 333
Cpl. Thomas E. Richards 333
Pvt. Woodrow T. Williams 333
Cpl. Gordon E. Gulick 331
Pfc. William D. Linfoot 331
Sup-Sgt. August W. Carlson 330
Sgt. Wallace Henry 330
Sgt. Harvey W. Tennant 330
Cpl. Harry M. McAvoy 330
Pvt. Emmitt Perdue 330

Something to Shoot at

Pfc. Louis E. Painter 339

HIGH SCORE (Pistol)—Officers and enlisted men attaining a percentage of 55 or better over the pistol qualification course for the target year 1935 since publication of the May Bulletin:

1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke 99
Capt. William J. Whiting 98
1st Sgt. Glenn O. Seider 98
Gy-Sgt. Michael T. Finn 98
Sgt. Alton O. Coppage 98
Cpl. Richard B. McMahon 98
1st Lt. Frank M. Reinecke 97
Capt. Lawrence R. Kline 96
1st Lt. Robert O. Bare 96
1st Lt. William F. Coleman 96
Sgt. George R. Carlson 96
Cpl. Albert N. Moore 96
Pvt. Harold A. Barrett 96
1st Lt. Henry T. Eldred 95
1st Lt. Alva B. Lasswell 95
1st Lt. Joseph J. Tavern 95
2nd Lt. George N. Carroll 95
MGun. Tom Woody 95
M-Sgt. Robert A. E. Lillie 95
1st Sgt. Willard M. Mills 95

Gy-Sgt. Carl F. Cain 95
Gy-Sgt. George F. Haubensak 95
Gy-Sgt. John C. Miller 95
Gy-Sgt. Leo Peters 95
Gy-Sgt. Sterling P. Roberts 95
Sgt. Joseph A. Burch 95
Sgt. Hubert D. LaFever 95
Cpl. Marius J. Beukering 95
Pfc. William D. Linfoot 95

Something to Shoot At

1st Sgt. John D. Bellora 99
1st Sgt. Bernard G. Betke 99
Gy-Sgt. Roy M. Fowel 99
Sgt. Brook E. Clements 99



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ENLISTMENT ALLOWANCE

The Treasury-Post Office Appropriation Act for the fiscal year 1936, approved May 14, 1935, continued in full force and effect during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1936, the provisions of Section 18 of the Treasury-Post Office Appropriation Act for the fiscal year 1934. Under this legislation, enlisted men of the Navy and Marine Corps are not entitled to enlistment allowance on reenlistment or extension of enlistment during the fiscal year ending June 29, 1936.

COOKS AND MESSMEN

The Act making appropriations for the Navy Department and the naval service for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1936, approved June 24, 1935, (Public No. 163—74th Congress), contains the following provision:

"Provided further, That except for the public quarters occupied by the Chief of Office of Naval Operations, the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, and the Commandant of the Marine Corps and messes temporarily set up on shore for officers attached to sea-going vessels, to aviation units based on sea-going vessels including officers' messes at the fleet air bases, and to landing forces and expeditions, and in addition not to exceed forty in number at such places as shall be designated by the Secretary of the Navy, no appropriation contained in this Act shall be available for the pay, allowance or other expenses of any enlisted man or civil employee performing service in the residence or quarters of an officer or officers on shore as a cook, waiter, or other work of a character performed by a household servant, but nothing herein shall be construed as preventing the voluntary employment in any such capacity of a retired enlisted man or a transferred member of the Fleet Naval Reserve without additional expense to the Government, nor the sale of meals to officers by general messes on shore as regulated by detailed instructions from the Navy Department."

CHECKAGE OF SUBSISTENCE IN HOSPITAL

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1936, the rate to be checked for subsistence while in hospital under the provisions of Article 1329-11, Bureau of Supplies and Accounts Manual, is \$0.66 per ration.

TARGET PRACTICE

Rifle Qualification Firing at the Principal Ranges So Far Recorded for the Target Year 1935

	Experts	Sharpshooters	Marksman	Unqualified	Qual.
Camp Wesley Harris	25-13%	57-28%	82-41%	36-18%	82%
Cape May	24-12%	49-24%	96-47%	36-17%	83%
Guantanamo Bay	27-13%	53-25%	70-34%	57-28%	72%
Hongkew	26-5%	81-14%	287-52%	161-29%	71%
International	2-2%	25-27%	34-37%	13-14%	86%
Maquinnaya	32-15%	70-33%	89-41%	23-11%	89%
Mare Island	37-17%	66-30%	81-36%	27-17%	83%
Newport	7-9%	14-19%	29-38%	26-34%	66%
Parris Island	37-13%	74-28%	116-40%	60-21%	79%
Quantico	85-8%	288-28%	466-46%	192-18%	82%
Puolca Point	28-14%	54-26%	69-34%	52-26%	74%
San Diego	191-19%	314-32%	350-36%	128-13%	87%
Wakefield	1-1%	30-26%	45-39%	39-34%	66%
Other Ranges	124-17%	182-25%	263-35%	167-23%	77%
	646-13%	1357-26%	2097-41%	1027-20%	80%
Recruits:					
Parris Island	19-3%	116-18%	321-51%	173-28%	72%
San Diego	14-4%	79-21%	209-54%	82-21%	79%
Marine Corps	679-11%	1552-25%	2627-43%	1282-21%	79%

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MARINE ODDITIES

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Mr. D. L. Dickson, the artist who sketches this feature every month, fell down on the job for the first time since the inception, in January, 1932, of

“MARINE ODDITIES”

Perhaps the fact that he is vacationing in London may have something to do with his failure. It is quite possible that his hosts, the Royal Marines, may have piped all hands to grog too frequently.

We hope Mr. Dickson will be back with us next month.

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If you want to make progress, even hold the job you've got, it's necessary to have *training* — the mental-equipment to do things better than the next man. I. C. S. can help you. Mail the coupon!



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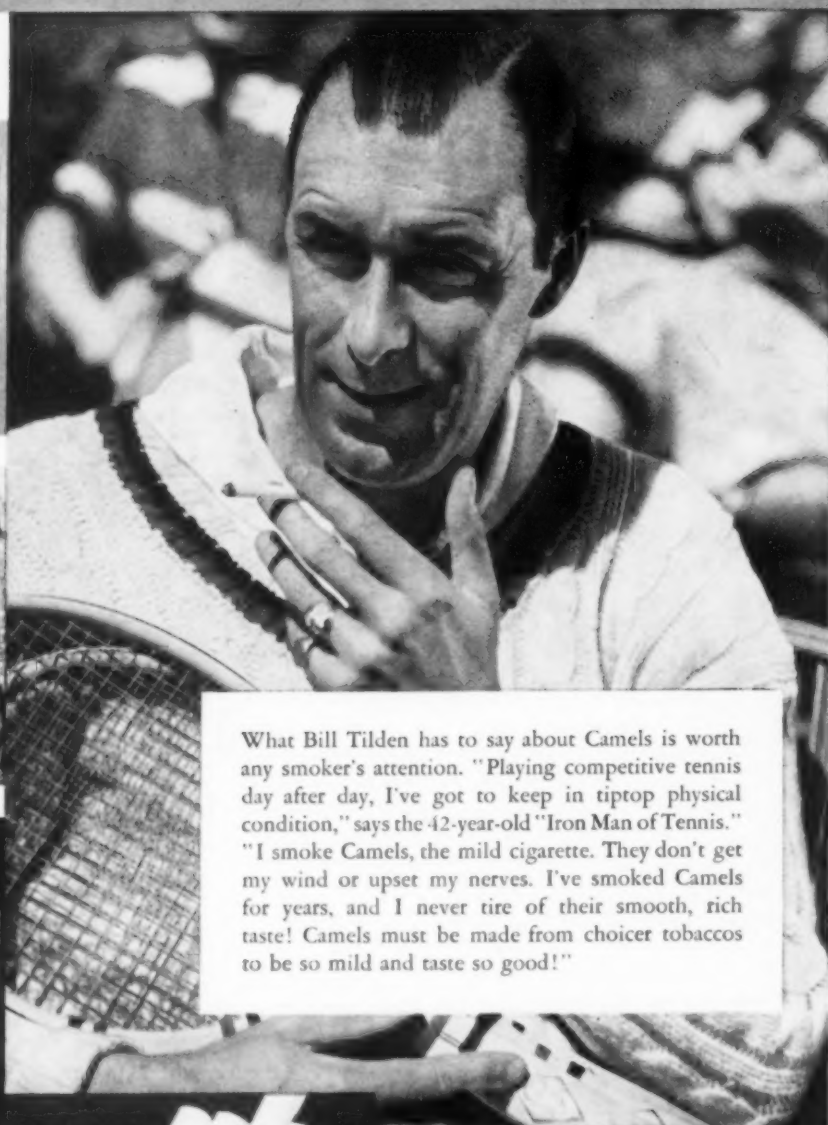
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